

LIFE



DECEMBER 27, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



Another Zero Nearer that *Happiest* New Year!

If you think Zeros don't add up, better revise your pre-Pearl Harbor mathematics . . . and *ask the man who downs one!*

The fighter pilot who has just chalked up his third victory is three long steps nearer the front porch of his home—nearer the girl who's waiting—nearer the happiest New Year a war-tired world may ever know. Every American worthy of the name will back that Zero-eradicator to the limit, with bonds, with bombs, with better fighting planes and equipment.

Greyhound's share in bringing our fighters back to the land they love consists of carrying manpower and womanpower by the millions—supplying the vital transportation that is life-blood to war production. Today, with more than 4,000 Greyhound employees in the fighting forces, another 17,000 are helping carry the war load here at home.

And when this war is over and won, Greyhound will bring 'em back home from seaports and airports and training camps by the hundreds of thousands—to the very doorsteps of the homes they left behind.

After that, look ahead with Greyhound to luxurious, scenic travel on a brand new scale—marked by the economy that made Greyhound famous—made to measure for a new and better world!

Will you give 45 minutes to save a fighter's life?

About 45 minutes after you walk into Red Cross Blood Donor headquarters, you walk out with a glow of pride that won't ever come off . . . for you've given a pint of blood that may save an American fighter's life on some far battlefield. It means so much—yet it's surprisingly easy to do. Write or phone your nearest Red Cross headquarters for an appointment.

GREYHOUND



Free - THIS BRAND NEW MYSTERY...

To New Members of the Detective Book Club

throbbing with high-powered *SUSPENSE!*

the Blackbirder

by DOROTHY B. HUGHES

author of the smash movie hit — "THE FALLEN SPARROW"



"YOU were with Max!—the night he was murdered!"

**Would You Prefer Torture by the Gestapo? Or Arrest by the F. B. I.?
Julie Wanted Neither—So She Fled to THE BLACKBIRDER!**

WHAT would YOU do? Call the police? Tell them that the little Nazi sneak with whom you've spent the evening now lies murdered in the street outside your window? Face a murder charge? Let the F. B. I. learn that you have no passport or legal entry papers? Let your picture appear in a hundred newspapers, so that the Gestapo finds out at last where you have been hiding? Give up all hope of rescuing your lover from the U. S. prison camp into which he has been betrayed by a Nazi frame-up?

OR WOULDN'T YOU DO EXACTLY WHAT JULIE GUILLE DID? As soon as she saw the body lying sprawled out in the street below, she ran back downstairs and out into the street . . . took from the dead Nazi's blood-soaked coat pocket the little notebook in which he had written her name and address . . . and fled!

Twenty-four hours later, Julie was on her way to Santa Fe, headquarters for the famous *Blackbirder*.

Who was The Blackbirder? No one knew. Yet it was a name whispered wherever refugees gathered. It was said that if you paid him enough, The Blackbirder would smuggle you across the border into Mexico—by plane.

Julie's plan was simple. She would contact The Blackbirder in Santa Fe . . . Then find Fran and buy his escape . . . and together they would flee to a new life—via The Blackbirder!

But Julie's plans had not included the limping Englishman who was also traveling to Santa Fe—and on the same train! Nor did she take into account the beefy German waiter who had stared at her so intently the fatal night she went to the beergarten with Max! And she certainly could not foresee that The Blackbirder knew who Julie was, and that *he himself* was already making plans to take her on a long, long trip . . . a trip which could only end in—

But read *The Blackbirder* for yourself! It's the kind of suspense-packed mystery thriller that has a fearful moment on every page and a tantalizing puzzle in every chapter! It was written by the author of *The Fallen Sparrow*—and the smash-hit movie version of that spine-chiller is being cheered by critics everywhere!

How This Club Brings You The Best Mysteries

The Blackbirder is brand new, just published. It's selling everywhere RIGHT NOW for \$2.00! But we want to GIVE you a copy of it, FREE—to show you the kind of topnotch mysteries you can get every month from the Detective Book Club.

Each month this Club offers to its members an at-

tractive triple volume containing THREE modern detective books—for the usual price of only ONE! And EACH of the three is a complete, full-length novel.

Do you realize that about 300 new detective books are published every year? You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But if a mystery is by an author like Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Dorothy B. Hughes, R. Austin Freeman, Frank Gruber, or Frances and Richard Lockridge, it's sure to be good! All of these and many other famous writers have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club.

The selections of the Club are ALL books that sell everywhere for \$2.00 each. Yet, as a member of the Club, you get three of them (a \$6.00 value) for only \$1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds the usual price on those you purchase.

You Enjoy These Four Advantages

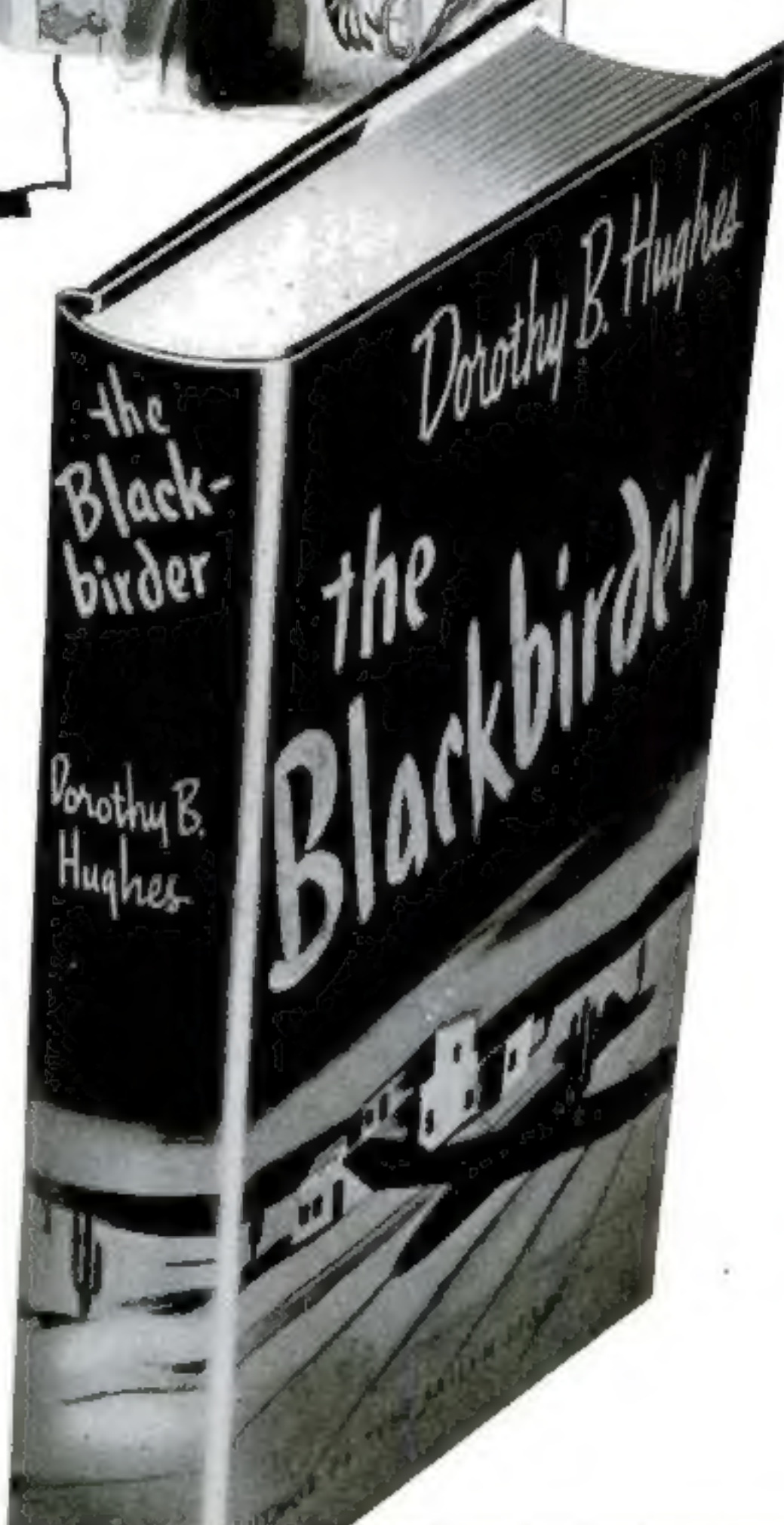
- (1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest modern detective books—by the best authors.
- (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost.
- (3) Your books are delivered right to your door. Each book is fresh, clean, unopened. It will be right at your elbow whenever you are in the mood, to read as leisurely as you please.
- (4) You will receive volumes so well printed, so attractively bound, that month by month they will grow into a handsome library of masterpieces of modern detective fiction.

Mail Coupon Now For Your Free Book

By accepting this FREE copy of *The Blackbirder* now as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will not be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may take as few as four during that time. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

You need send no money with the Reservation Coupon. ASSURE yourself of the privilege now being offered to Charter Members. To get this spine-chilling mystery hit, *The Blackbirder*, absolutely free, AND the current triple selection, address the coupon at once to:

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330 WEST 42ND ST.,
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.**



SEND NO MONEY

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Please enroll me as a member and send me FREE *The Blackbirder*, by Dorothy B. Hughes. Also send me the current triple volume, containing three complete detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period if I so wish. It is also understood that I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and that I may reject in advance any volume that I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I accept I will send you only \$1.89, plus a few cents postage, as complete payment, within one week after I receive my book.

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
(If any)



This week we reaffirm an age-old faith

Under countless star-hung trees a bond finds its renewal
as, in a golden space of time, thousands of thousands of Christmas Greeting Cards
help to brighten the darkness that is in the world
and turn thoughts toward the days of peace that are to come.

Whatever of love and affection clings to Christmas,
we entrust to those cards — bits of colored paper, welcome words —
that come with the most cherished of Seasons.

What do they mean to us who live now in a world at war?

That man can find his fellow admirable and fine.

That decency is felt and longed for everywhere.

That kindness, consideration, care are in all hearts
and but await appropriate moment for release.

These purposes are served, these messages are borne around the world,
across the land, from home to home,
from workers to soldiers, from parents to daughters and sons,
and between old friends, from one acquaintance to the next.

They testify that cards like these can bring new strength
to the hope, eternal as Time itself, that man should live in love,
at peace with all men everywhere.

Christmas is here, but in gentle hearts the Christmas Spirit will live on,
for in them the Christmas Season has no beginning and no end.

All through the year as in December, the joy of being remembered by others
rings sweet toned bells and lights up glittering Christmas trees in every heart.

Nowhere does individual enterprise thrive so well as in a
society devoted to thoughtfulness of others. Our democracy
extends to each and to all the inestimable privilege of showing
consideration and regard for our fellow humans everywhere.

Robert J. Bender
PRESIDENT

GARTNER & BENDER, Inc.
CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

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**In the MARCH of TIME
it's more than HEADLINE news...
it's SIGNIFICANT news!**

Youth in Crisis

Today Americans are asking... Just what is happening to our children while their parents work and fight for victory? A national social problem is faced boldly in this new film.



Naval Log of Victory

Remember those terrific pictures of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor? Now you can see the American fighting reply! In this film, the thrilling panorama of our Navy's part in the drive to carry the Stars and Stripes to Rome, Berlin, and Tokyo.



U.S. Music & the War

Right in the news groove is this report on music in wartime... Symphony or jive, music and musicians are keeping up morale on the home front and war front as they sing and swing for victory!



Released by

20th
CENTURY-FOX

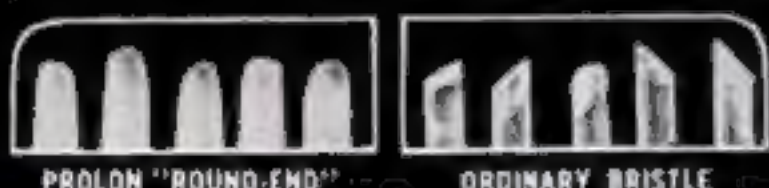
**PRODUCED
BY THE
EDITORS
OF TIME**



**Ask your theatre manager NOW
when he will show these issues**

HIS BRISTLES ARE FINE FOR PAINTING BATTLESHIPS
**BUT PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC
 USES PROLON!**

For years only hog bristle made
 fine tooth brushes. Then Science
 made round-end **PROLON**



Actual Photomicrographs

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic

WITH PROLON BRISTLES
 A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer... it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented

process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money... get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! Users of
 Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price... same package,
 marked with yellow band.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GERMANY AND THE PEACE

Sirs:

Dorothy Thompson's article, "Germany—Enigma of the Peace" (LIFE, Dec. 6), is a remarkably clear picture of conflicting Allied opinion and the turbulent history of Germany since 1914 which produced the "living" German with whom we must deal. Her article, unfortunately, ends there.

To say that war, revolution, counter-revolution, depression, unemployment and social debasement have produced a psychopathic "living" German is to admit an obvious but, to the point in question, an irrelevant fact.

The important thing her article suggests but seems to overlook entirely is: what diverted Germany in 1914 from a society of political and economic security, of wealth, culture and order into a rapacious beast among nations?

Until the cancer of German thought and ideology is isolated and eliminated we are only treating surface symptoms to say that because the "living" German is neurotic our approach to the problem of what to do with him must be thus and so.

What did the German do to himself or what was done to him to develop his neurosis and what must be done to avoid its repetition would be an interesting sequel on which Miss Thompson should be able to throw much light.

JOE WILSON

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

It is fortunate that Miss Thompson's discussion of Germany was preceded by the publication of a well-documented article on the German General Staff.

The solution to the problem of Germany is to break once and forever the factors which make it possible for a General Staff of between 1,000 and 3,000 officers to use the German masses of more than 60,000,000 as a tool of war. We can do this by totally disarming Germany.

As Miss Thompson points out, tremendous problems are bound to arise with Germany so disarmed, for Germany cannot exist in a vacuum. However, these problems will be in no sense larger or more difficult than the problems which we will be called upon to solve all over the five continents. It will be easier to solve all of them with a disarmed Germany than with an armed one.

LEON CROIZAT

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Sirs:

Those poor misunderstood Germans! My heart bleeds for them. I wonder if we are doing right in fighting the Japs, they too were misguided.

One of the worst things that can befall any nation in time of war is over-confidence. It's pretty bad when we start worrying about what to do to Germany when it is still giving the world a hell of a battle and probably will be for some time.

Why not win the war first and do the Monday morning quarterbacking later?
 Y/2C JOHN A. KWASOWSKI, USN
 c/o Postmaster, New York

Sirs:

Miss Thompson very ably shows up the stupidity of those who believe that the extermination of the Prussian militarists—or the capitalists, or the Communists—solves the German problem. She failed, however, to show that the periods of violent self-assertion successively indulged in by Junkerdom, Prussian militarism, imperial capitalism and Nazism have all followed a general pattern and must therefore be considered as deriving from the basic character of the German people. That character is warlike, tribal and gregarious. Hence autocracy and oligarchy have ever flourished, the rule of the few being willingly accepted by the many.

I do not believe that this passivity psychosis is incurable but the remedy does not seem to me to be either in a prolonged military occupation nor in

academic dreams of re-education. One remedy may lie in some solution for the problem of Europe as a whole. However, a strictly European plan may again play into the hands of Germany and her Pan-Europe. In this world of ever-shortening distances only a world solution is possible. A worldwide economic coalition used wisely and justly should be the ultimate control for Germany.

ANDRE MICHALOPOULOS
 Former Greek Minister
 of Information

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

I think Germany will have to be governed with an iron hand, for perhaps as much as 50 years. Force must be open and exercised.

O. J. RAMEY

Lyons, Colo.

Sirs:

Dorothy Thompson's article is the best exposition of the German situation which I have seen. I wish every man and woman in this country could have it to study and think about.

MAX DIEZ

Bryn Mawr College, Pa.

Sirs:

As an Austrian who left Austria because of my political convictions, I want to congratulate you and Dorothy Thompson for the excellent article on Germany.

I hope that Miss Thompson's realistic and deep knowledge may help to build a future Europe.

HERTHA S. KENT

Wyckoff, N.J.

Sirs:

Miss Thompson should be in the State Department.

JOHN MOONS

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Miss Thompson ought to be ashamed of herself.

SGT. JOHN S. WIDDICOMBE
 New Brunswick, N. J.

EAR MUFFS

Sirs:

I was happy to see Selene Mahri as LIFE's ear-muff cover girl on Dec. 8. I happened to direct the Miss New York City beauty contest which Selene won in 1942. Upon discovery that Selene was not yet a citizen of the



SELENE MAHRI

United States, I had to break the news to her that she would be disqualified in her subsequent trial in the national contest at Atlantic City. The gracefulness with which she accepted the news made me sure that one day she would be famous.

Her personality is magnificent. Selene sparkles and is loved by all.

BILL BERNIS

Nashville, Tenn.

Sirs:

With all the valuable and essential things to do with surplus cash, do let us, by all means, invest in a couple of

(continued on p. 6)

There are no men like **JACK LONDON** any more!

From oyster pirate to Jap prisoner...

from the gold of Alaska to the

moonlight of the South Seas...

his was a life of adventure,

of romance, of thrills

beyond belief!

He was a man!



WAR CORRESPONDENT

PIRATE

SAILOR

LONDON'S INTIMATE
LIFE-STORY REVEALED
BY HIS OWN WIFE

LOVER

PROSPECTOR

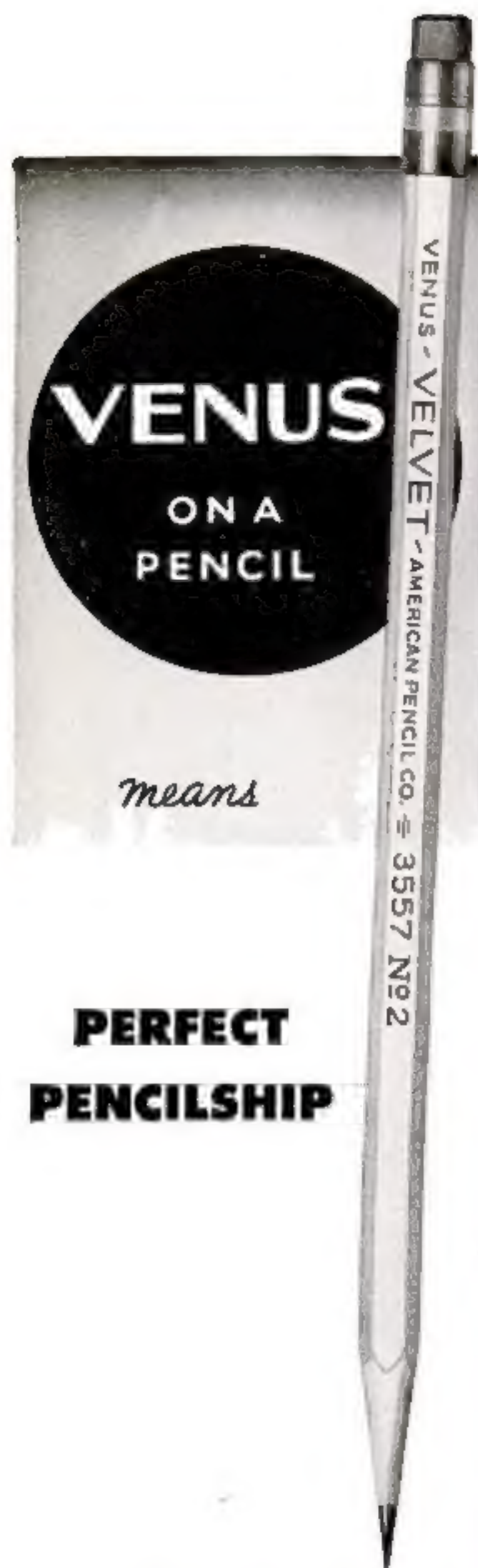
REBEL

SAMUEL BRONSTON presents
MICHAEL O'SHEA ☆ SUSAN HAYWARD
in

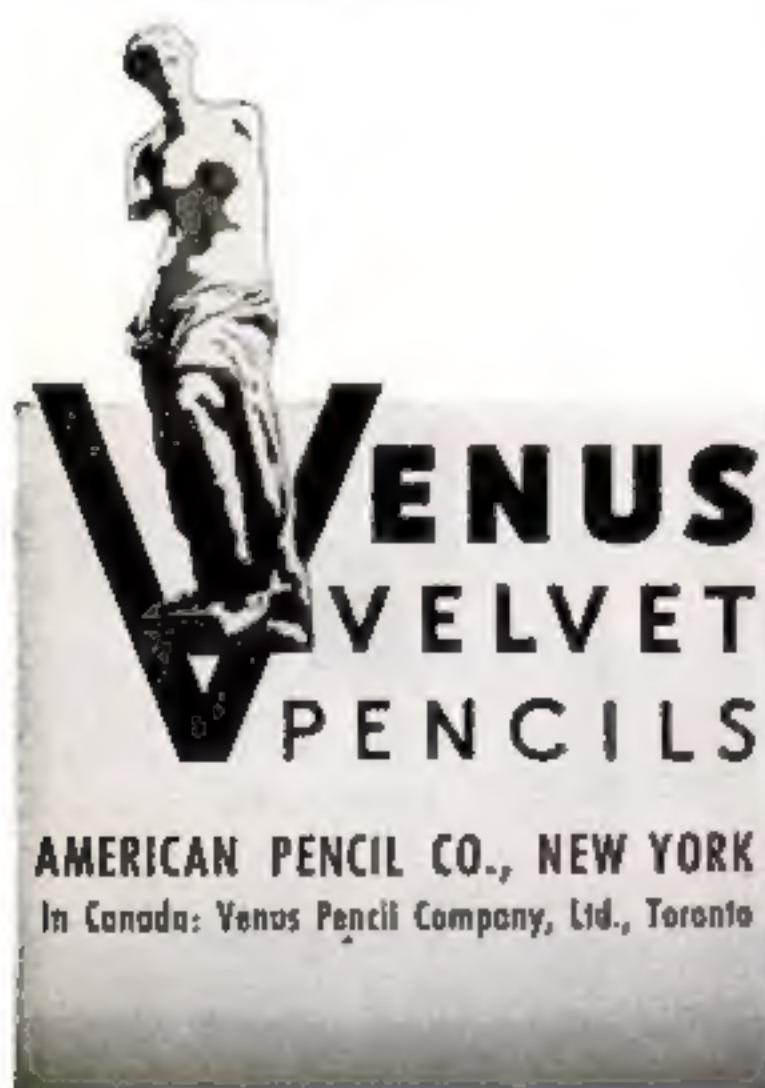
Jack London

with
OSA MASSEN • HARRY DAVENPORT • FRANK CRAVEN
VIRGINIA MAYO • RALPH MORGAN • LOUISE BEAVERS

Screenplay by ERNEST PASCAL • A SAMUEL BRONSTON PRODUCTION • Directed by ALFRED SANTELL
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



SHARP PENCILS make writing easier. Venus-Velvet pencils stay sharp because their lead is "Colloidal"... (fine particles in smooth contact with paper). Simple, isn't it?



LIFE'S REPORTS

THE RAIN QUEEN OF LOVEDU

by JOHN BARKHAM

More than 50 years ago H. Rider Haggard enchanted countless readers with his tale of "She," the sacred queen of an African tribe who could die only by her own hand. Unmarried, sole ruler of her black subjects, the beautiful, light-skinned "She" was endowed by Novelist Haggard with extraordinary supernatural powers. To the readers of the 1880's, it was immaterial whether or not the story was based on truth.

But Haggard knew his African setting too well to depart entirely from verifiable fact. The Oxford University Press recently published an authoritative treatise whose heroine, in many respects, is very like the immortal "She." This study, *The Realm of a Rain Queen* (\$6.50), is the fruit of 10 years of field work by Jan D. Krige (pronounced Kreekee) and his wife, E. Jensen Krige, two of South Africa's leading anthropologists. Jan Krige, who is a nephew of Prime Minister Smuts, lectures on Bantu studies at Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, South Africa. His wife is an authority on the Zulu social system.

General Smuts, a scholar and scientist himself, sponsored the work of the Kriges and contributed a foreword to *The Realm of a Rain Queen*. Wrote General Smuts:

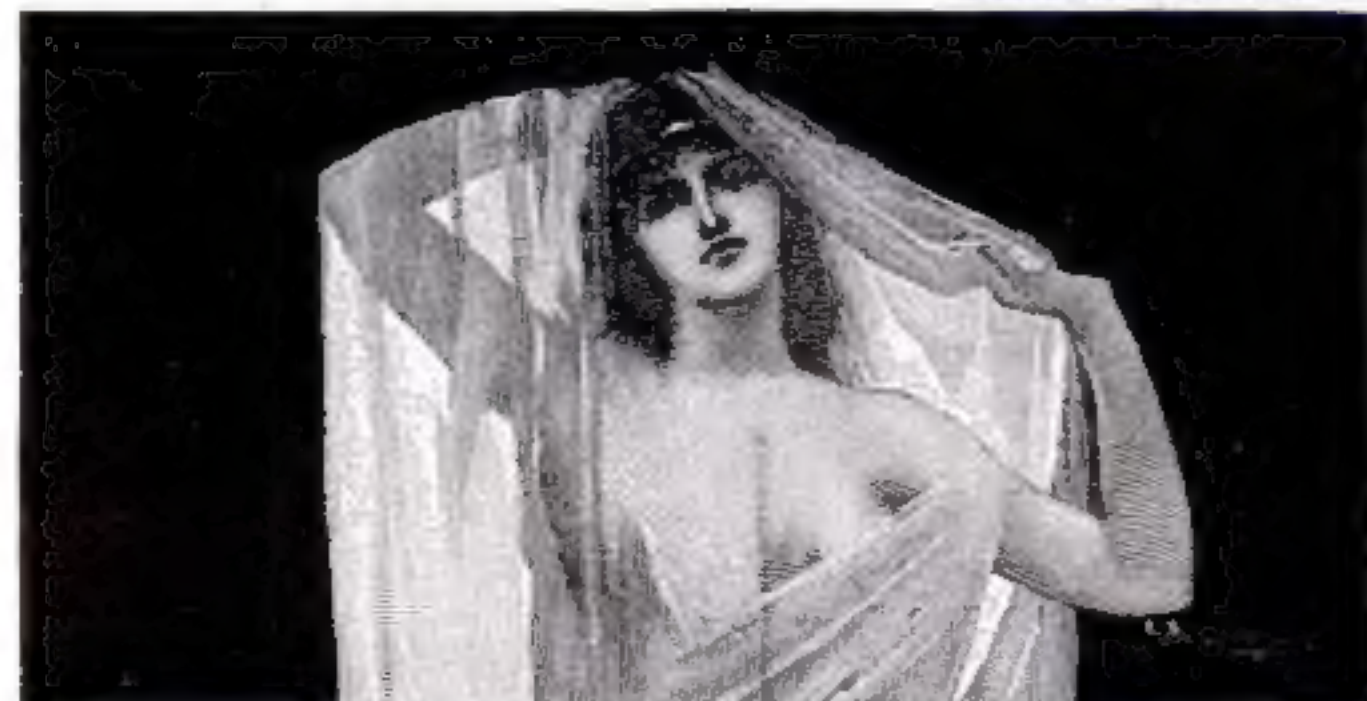
"The Queen [of Lovedu] is the rainmaker par excellence of South Africa and to maintain that position her secret weapon must never be divulged. . . . All the major institutional arrangements in some way subserve the grand purpose of making her the divine 'transformer of the clouds.'"

Until the Kriges published their 335-page study very little was known of the Lovedu tribe, a handful of people swallowed up in the remote, rugged country of the northeast Transvaal. These Bantu number about 33,000 and their reserve of 5,000 square miles is bounded by the Kruger National Park, the escarpment of the Drakensberg mountains, the Klein Letaba River and the Olifants River. Greater tribes overshadow them in organization and power, but the Lovedu persist as a closely knit society though their territories have shrunk with time. The pattern of their ageless society remains unchanged. Whence came the magical rain-making powers of their queen, which were held in awe by more bellicose peoples? How did it happen that a strange tribal ritual of self-destruction was incorporated in the destiny of a female ruling house?

The Lovedu have had three queens, each called Mujaji and each the central figure of the tribe's life. There are few records of Mujaji I, but she ruled from about 1800 for about 50 years. Mujaji II ruled until 1894 and was followed by Mujaji III, who still reigns. The queens never marry but take favored men, usually members of their councils, to be the fathers of their children. Succession being through the distaff side, the male children are either killed at birth or formally excluded from the throne. The queen's eldest daughter is her heiress-apparent.

Mujaji II died of poison, self-administered, in 1894. Before the act, the Queen summoned her councillors, sat silently looking at them awhile, then retired to her hut where she took the poison. After her death her skin was removed for the vital ingredient of the rain

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



"She," shown above, was African dream-queen. Real queen of Lovedu is Mujaji III. Anthropologists say Mujaji is a "wonderful woman, lightish in color and well over 60."

In any event
BUY
WAR BONDS



HERE'S MY
PLEDGE FOR THE
DURATION—

Buy a Bond to
save the nation
A couple more to
stop inflation
More for Hitler's
liquidation
And Japan's complete
damnation
. . . .
I'll have no other
avocation
For the rest of
the duration
Except War Bond
accumulation
Victory is the
destination!



FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH
DELIVERY ASSOCIATION



"Tell Tojo for me... I'm the guy who proved we could make synthetic tires"

"I did it long before Pearl Harbor, too—in that B. F. Goodrich 80,000,000-mile road test"

"Nope," said the Private on post number 4, "the tires I tested weren't the tires you're driving today. They were passenger car tires—and they had synthetic in 'em all right. They were the first such tires ever sold and put out on actual road test in America."

"B. F. Goodrich made 'em. Over half the natural rubber was replaced by their synthetic—Ameripol. I bought a set. So did hundreds of

others. Together we rolled up 80,000,000 miles. I'm glad I made that test. Gives me a feeling of confidence when I see B. F. Goodrich synthetic tires coming through on these buggies!"

Today's B. F. Goodrich passenger car tires are not the tires we tested before the war. Today's tires are made with Government synthetic—"GR-S." And more than 99% of the natural rubber has been replaced by it.

But the big thing gained in the 80,000,000-mile road test was "know-how." This three-year head start has already enabled us to produce a synthetic passenger car tire *almost* as good as a pre-war Silvertown...and it's the best synthetic tire you can buy today.

If you need tires, and can qualify, you may be able to buy a B. F. Goodrich synthetic Silvertown. But remember, please, the Army and Navy still need all the rubber they can get. Do everything you can to save your tires—and don't drive a single needless mile.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio



This One



RY1U-BNO-9AEL

TOMORROW'S *Best* WILL BE THE GIBSON!



Madam, let's look to your future!

We are now engaged one hundred percent in the production of giant gliders, bombs, flares, and other tools of War to hasten the day of Victory; and therefore are making no peacetime products. But we are planning for peace as indicated by this advertisement, so that a high level of productive employment may be maintained after the War. This is a serious objective of our Government to which we subscribe.

Charles J. Gibson
President

What will it be like—your bright new world of Tomorrow? New styles . . . new comforts . . . new conveniences . . . new joy of living! . . . All kinds of marvelous things to brighten your days, to lighten your burdens, to make your life more enjoyable than ever before!

For example, a new KIND of refrigerator—that keeps foods as you want them kept! It will provide different kinds of cold—STRATA Zones—for different kinds of food—moist cold, dry cold, medium cold, sub-cold! It will have unobstructed, wall-to-wall shelf space. It will supply food-vitamin protection—keep food fresh for days longer!

Yes, you've guessed, of course . . . we're telling you about the NEW post-war Gibson Freezer Shelf Refrigerator. We'd like to give you all the details, but—well, just wait and see them for yourself! You won't be disappointed! That's our promise of today which your Gibson dealer will fulfill for you Tomorrow—when Victory is won.



WATCH FOR
TOMORROW'S
NEW GIBSONS

★
BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS TODAY

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Greenville, Michigan
Export Department, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

REFRIGERATORS-RANGES
Gibson

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

pairs of ermine ear muffs. Of all the moronic stories!

CHESTER L. PARRIS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

BURIAL AT SEA

Sirs:

Many, many thanks for the Dec. 6 LIFE's Reports, "Burial at Sea." It must have been gratefully read by thousands. No doubt the average person like myself would never have realized all the details which Sherrod so clearly described. He also caught the dignity and reverence of the ceremony. The whole article was a source of great consolation for the kith and kin of "those in peril on the sea."

ROSE McKENDRICK
East Hartford, Conn.

TARAWA

Sirs:

"Tarawa" (LIFE, Dec. 6) is the best editorial in my time. That's the kind of truth that sets men free!

PAUL HOWARD CONVERSE
Rock Springs, Wyo.

DEAR MARTHA

Sirs:

I've just read the letter LIFE printed for Captain Dick Davison in the Dec. 6 issue. I think you did a wonderful thing for Captain Dick and all the other Captain Dicks all over the world. I'm a new Army bride and the story of "Dear Martha" meant a great deal to me.

JEANNE LICKTEIG
Austin, Minn.

Sirs:

Under separate cover I am sending LIFE one large ear of corn in fair exchange for the essay "Dear Martha."

T/SGT. CHAS. T. KIRK
Virginia Beach, Va.

GLOBAL BALLAD

Sirs:

Published in Letters to the Editors for Dec. 6 was a letter from Sylvia Fischer of New York. She enclosed a little ditty about the rigors of Iceland as described by a soldier. Evidently this "little ditty" is becoming a first-rate global ballad. Here it is as sung in the Pacific:

*Somewhere in the Pacific where a
girl is never seen . . .
Where the sky is never cloudy and the
grass is always green,
Somewhere in the Pacific where the
mail is always late . . .*

MRS. JULIA GREGORY
Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

Somewhere in Guadalcanal . . .

MARGARET SAMSON
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Somewhere in Iran . . .
DOROTHY M. KLIPPER
Baltimore, Md.

LIFE'S INDEX

Sirs:

Some time ago you published an article about watches. The photographs showed a collection of various timepieces from railroad watches to intricate striking watches with calendars. Are your files so indexed that you could tell me the date and issue that this article appeared?

CHARLES H. VILAS
New Haven, Conn.

● LIFE publishes a semiannual index which may be had free upon writing to Time Inc., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, 16, Ill.—ED.

NEW ENGLAND HOUSES

Sirs:

This little sidelight on the history of the Lafayette House (Speaking of Pictures, Dec. 6) in Marblehead may be of interest. Marblehead used to be noted for its perilously narrow streets and the corner by the Lafayette House was



LAFAYETTE HOUSE

singularly fendish. The tale is told that a corner of the lower floor of the house was chopped off to permit the coach of Lafayette to turn the street corner when he came back for a visit as an old man. An architect might wish to restore the house to its original state, which would certainly present a more dignified appearance, but I can imagine the protest that would be raised by our zealous historical society.

PETER EASLEY
Andover, Mass.

Sirs:

Certainly not one of the oldest or most beautiful of New England's houses, this edifice outside of Kennebunk, Maine, is one of the most famous. The story goes that it was built around 1855 and was a wedding present of one of Maine's rich clipper-sailing captains to his young bride. It is often known as the "Wedding Cake" house and as such is pretty much of a treat to any artist's camera.

DOROTHY MEIGS EIDLITZ
Riverdale, N. Y.



"WEDDING CAKE" HOUSE OUTSIDE KENNEBUNK, MAINE



"But they already have a statue in the public square!" protested Elsie

"MADAM," rumbled Elmer, the bull haughtily, "in this snow image of me, our daughter has created a work of Art! We owe it to posterity to have it preserved in marble and set in the Public Square. On the base we can put a little scroll telling of my achievements, and..."

"What's an achievement, mommy," interrupted little Beulah.

"An achievement, darling," answered Elsie, the Borden Cow, "is something you do that's exceptional. Like my pure, creamy Borden's Milk, for example. Giving milk good enough to pass all the strict tests those Borden scientists cook up is an achievement of which any cow can be proud."



Elmer wasn't listening. "Beulah must get her talent from my side of the family," he mused looking dreamily at the snow image of himself. "After all, my great Uncle Algernon was a painter."

"Yes, I remember—he painted fences," said Elsie slyly, "and besides, there's loads of talent in my family too. I don't like to boast, but just think of the talent it takes to make that smooth, luscious Borden's Ice Cream

that everyone's so crazy about. Why, that's not only a grand treat, it's a fine nutritious food as well."



"That's not what I was talking about," spluttered Elmer. "My family were all real artists. Take my Aunt Sophronia—her butterfly collection was the talk of the neighborhood."

"That's nothing," laughed Elsie, "my golden-crueted, creamy-centered Borden's Liederkranz Cheese is the



talk of the world. Honestly...it's the one American-

made cheese that's famous the world over. And Liederkranz is but one of more than 20 Borden's Fine Cheeses each one of which is an artistic triumph on any table."

"How can you think about food when you could be looking at a masterpiece like this statue?" sulked Elmer. "Can't you see how Beulah has captured the very spirit of her father—clear-eyed, virile, dynamic, and..."

"Gracious," giggled Elsie. "You talk the way so many people feel after drinking Borden's Hemo. That's the



new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. It tastes like the most marvelous malted milk—only more so."

"Huh," snorted Elmer. "Forget about your precious Hemo for a minute and tell me seriously what you think of having Beulah's marvelous statue of me done in marble and placed in the Public Square."

"Darling, I think it's a marvelous idea," enthused Elsie, "providing you have Beulah make just one teeny weeny change."

"What kind of a change," demanded Elmer suspiciously.

"Well, I think you ought to be holding a can of Borden's Evaporated Milk in your right hand. Then



we'd have a statue worth looking at. Borden's Evaporated Milk is so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors approve it for feeding tiny babies. And it's a simply wonderful way to add milk nourishment to savory soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. What's more, in your left hand..."

"I get it," sighed Elmer. "Never mind, I know when I'm licked!"

Elsie says: "For peace on earth and a Happy New Year BUY MORE WAR BONDS!"





See Betty Hutton in "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK," a Paramount picture.

*"WOW!
Tastes best!"*

says

BETTY HUTTON



Here's to Betty Hutton for her bounce, beauty and good taste—specially her good taste in colas. Says Betty, "I go for Royal Crown Cola. I've found it tastes best by far!"



Betty picked her winner when she took the cola taste-test. She tried leading colas in paper cups, then pointed to one. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it—2 full glasses, 5¢.

"SPEAKING OF WINNERS," adds BETTY,

"A best bet for my money is War Bonds. Here's why: Every \$3 I invest now will mean \$4 someday. And I'm helping to keep prices down. So buy Bonds!"



Betty Hutton

Copyright 1941 R.C. Corporation

**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**

Betty Hutton

medicine. Then she was buried in a deep grave, standing upright.

Mujaji III has been seen by very few white persons. One of them is General Smuts. These eyewitnesses report that she is "a wonderful woman"—well built, physically strong despite her more than 60 years and lightish in color. All are agreed that she has a decisive voice and a natural air of authority. She has an adult daughter who will be Mujaji IV. But the heiress-apparent angered her mother some years ago by falling in love with a commoner.

The Kriges emphasize that the rain cult is not composed of a few magical passes made by the Queen. It is a whole complex of institutions with ramifications through many aspects of tribal life. Nor is the cult confined to measures taken in drought years to secure rain. Its observances must be kept at all times and a good year involves as much care on the part of the Queen as a bad one.

"The chief actor in the rain cult is the Queen," say the Kriges. "During life she is not merely the transformer of the clouds, but is regarded as the changer of the seasons and guarantor of their cyclic regularity. When she dies the seasons are out of joint and drought is inevitable. Her very emotions affect the rain. If she is dissatisfied, angry or sad she cannot work well, and in 1934-35, when the first summer rains did not come until December, the drought was attributed to her being upset at her daughter's liaison with a commoner. . . . But the Lovedu do not attribute every fall of rain to some special activity or volition on the part of their Queen, but rather believe that she exercises some general control or care which ensures a good season.

"Such being the powers of the Queen, she is the person to be approached when there is no rain, not merely at the beginning of the season. There are various ways of doing this. Heads of districts approach the Queen with a gift, usually nowadays of £1 (\$4.00) or £1.10.0 (\$6.00) in cash and very often bring with them in addition dancing performers to please her and to evoke her pity at the sorrowful sight of people dancing in summer when they ought to be ploughing. The great hardship this entails (for nursing mothers who perform have not time to feed their babies) is thought to melt the heart of the Queen."

Though renowned as the greatest rain-maker in southern Africa, the Queen never works alone. She always has a rain doctor, of whom there are many in the tribe to work with her. She chooses any good doctor, but may change him for another if people complain that the rain is bad, that is, if it is insufficient or accompanied by too many thunderstorms. For these deficiencies the Queen herself is never blamed.

"What the Queen does to transform the clouds and the exact nature of the objects and medicines associated with her work," the Kriges report, "are enshrouded in the greatest secrecy. It is doubtful whether anyone other than the Queen herself is in possession of this secret, for it is bound up with the title and power to succeed to the throne. The secrets are always imparted to the successor just prior to the death of the Queen. The Queen's rain medicines are kept in rough earthenware pots in a part of the village to which few have access. Some of their power is said to derive from a human skull in the rain pot, and there are mysterious horns which are kept in a hut. When these rain horns are placed on the ground, rain falls; when they are hung up it clears up and becomes dry. The medicine in the rain horns is said, when burned, to produce smoke which rises into the air to produce the clouds. . . .

"The chief ingredient of the rain pots is the skin of the last Queen and of important councillors who are her closest relatives. When a Queen dies her body is left for some days in the royal hut so that, when it is rubbed in a certain way, the skin easily comes away. Other ingredients are the fat of the scaly antelope—a royal animal which, when found, must always be brought alive to the royal village—and certain parts of the kudu. Rain pots are great secrets and only after years of friendship were we privileged to see one belonging to a rain doctor. The rain pots of the Queen we have not seen."

The Kriges also make the point that neither contact with white people nor Christianity has succeeded in breaking down the implicit belief of every member of the tribe in the power of their Queen to make rain. True, no Christians take part in the ceremonies for rain, but they harmonize the new with the old faith by the rationalization that the Queen makes rain with the help of God, for they have all seen and can cite corroborative evidence of the powers of the Queen.

But, conclude the Kriges, her powers are not infallible: "That the Queen herself is honest and genuinely believes not only in her powers but also in the outside influences that prevent her from achieving success can be seen in the reply she gave to [a] messenger who came to her . . . with £1.10.0 (\$6) from a onetime district head in her kingdom to beg for rain. 'Go,' she said, 'and tell your master that we are trying, but things will just not come right.' She kept the money, however."



"I'll wait a bit... for his Prince Gardner"

SOME OF YOU, knowing Prince Gardner billfolds and all their advantages, are saying—
"I'll wait a bit for his Prince Gardner."

To you, we express our appreciation for your patience and our sincere regret that, because of war scarcities, we cannot just now provide enough Prince Gardner billfolds to go around.

For the very reasons you thought a Prince Gardner would make a perfect gift for a deserving man, the supply must be limited.

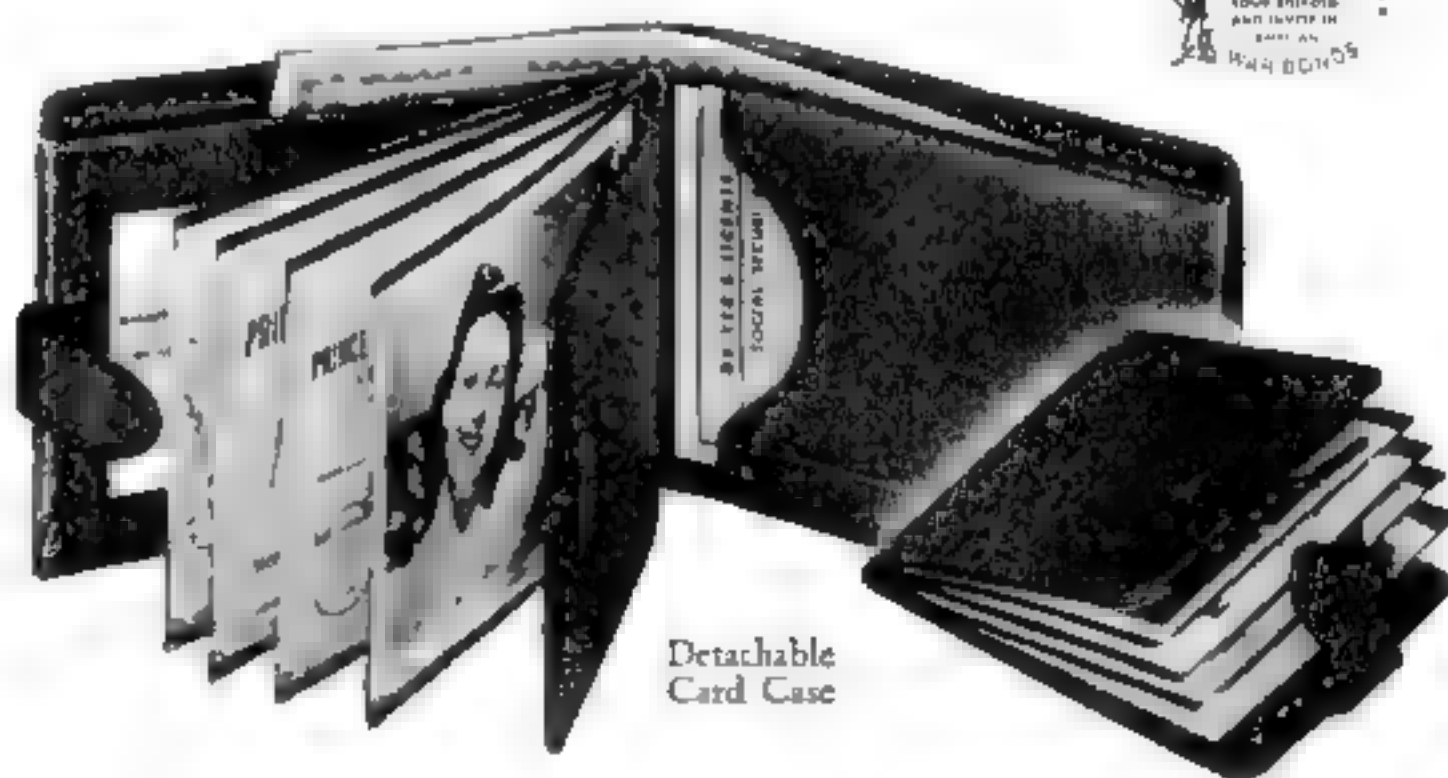
Because only very fine, genuine leathers are used . . . because each billfold is painstakingly made with

"invisible stitching" to eliminate threads where they may wear and ravel . . . because of its handsome design and many convenient features, you choose Prince Gardner.

We know you and he would not be content with anything less than Prince Gardner quality. Nor would we. Nor would the stores who sell and recommend them.

If your favorite dealer is temporarily out of the Prince Gardner billfold you want, ask him to reserve one for you. We promise . . . it's worth waiting for.

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Detachable Card Case



The Registrar . . . Pass Case for credentials and snapshots is easily removable, leaving a wafer-slim billfold for dress. In Hand Boarded India Goat skin; Black, Brown or Gahna Mission Brown . . . \$5

PRINCE GARDNER

The Royalty of Leatherwear

BY THE CREATORS OF THE "INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . ALFRED HITCHCOCK REDUCES AS PLANT EXPANDS

Among the world's more celebrated stout fellows is Alfred Hitchcock, who has never been known as a shrinking violet. A movie director who is a recognized master of eerie suspense, he is also the possessor of an immense flair for self-publicity. For years his balloon-like figure, which resembled nothing so much as the celebrated man in the Michelin tire ad, has brought him a

steady stream of publicity. But Mr. Hitchcock knows that there can be too much of a good thing—even so good a thing as his own waistline. Earlier this year he set out to lose 127 of his 295 pounds. To show the results of this strict reduction regimen, LIFE Photographer Johnny Florea started Mr. Hitchcock and a small plant out at scratch. The pictures shown on op-

posite page are a graphic chart of the plant's increase and Alfred Hitchcock's decrease in size. Several weeks ago, when he had reached a sylphlike 208 pounds, Mr. Hitchcock blandly announced: "I intend pausing briefly at 200 for station identification and for one good meal." Now in England where rich foods are extremely scarce, he is not very likely to deviate from his goal.



AFTER EIGHT WEEKS HITCHCOCK WEIGHS 232 LB.; WHILE PLANT HAS GROWN 45 IN. REDUCING WAS DONE ENTIRELY BY DIETING. READY-MADE SUITS NOW FIT HIM PERFECTLY

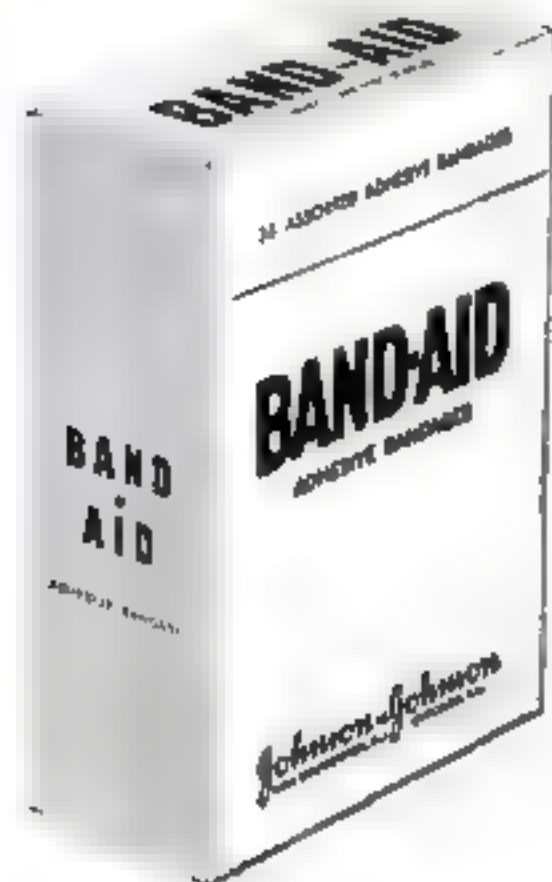
1 When Dad tries his hand at carpentry, to keep out winter winds, and picks up a nasty splinter . . . or



2 Little Sue, racing along the sidewalk, tumbles off her tricycle and scrapes her knee . . . take no chances, mother,



3 Get out your old friend *BAND-AID! Treat the injury properly, then apply this ready-made adhesive bandage to help protect small hurts from dirt, germs, trouble.



4 BAND-AID comes THREE ways. 1—
1. with plain pad. 2—with mercuro-
chrome pad. 3—with sulfa-thiazole pad.
All three come to you STERILE. So why
take a chance with even a minor injury?
Get BAND-AID today and keep it ready.

In 5¢, 10¢, 23¢, 39¢ sizes. Sulfa-thiazole
Band-Aid in 23¢ size only.

BAND-AID

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

*Band-Aid is the Reg. Trade-mark of the adhesive
bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Two lamb chops now constitute entire lunch. Hitchcock was formerly a prodigious eater. "And contrary to rumor," he says, "I've mused everything I've given up."



His only exercise is to touch shoulders feebly. Asked why he is reducing, he replied: "I wanted to be able to dance something beside square dances with my daughter."

LISTEN TO EDWIN C. HILL in the "Human Side of the News" every Tuesday evening.



“Oooh—
what I caught you doing!”

“Take off that hat, you bad girl!

“Yes—I mean *me*. Rushing off to buy sheets as if this were any January! (It’s not being done, this year.) Caught myself just in time!

“I know better. So *now* I’m going to do what I should have done at *first*—go through my linen closet and see how many sheets I *don’t* need!

“Hmm—let’s see. A nice healthy patch’ll fix *this* one. Here’s another I can trim down for Junior’s bed. And this worn-thin one will do if I cut it down the middle . . . flat-seam the selvages together . . . hem the edges!

“Sort of cuts my sheet list to zero! I *can* get along with what I have—and am I glad they’re *Cannon Sheets*! Can’t beat ‘em for good quality . . . sound construction . . . long wear.

“That’s the story, gals. *Don’t buy sheets unless you have to*. If you do, bank on the Cannon name. And take the world’s best care of your Cannon beauties when you get ‘em!”

► Treat ‘em Tenderly!

That goes whether you’re washing, ironing, or using your sheets. Don’t use either sheets or cases for laundry bags. Be gentle about bedmaking—never *yank* sheets off the bed.

► Sometimes Switch ‘em!

Remember to put the top hem at the bottom of the bed now and then—helps distribute wear. And to use all your sheets in rotation makes ‘em all last longer!

► Keep ‘em Clean!

Don’t let your sheets get too dirty. (Hard scrubbing shortens their lives.) For instance—make sure your youngsters don’t sneak to bed with dirty knees!

► Buy ‘em with Care!

When there’s no staving off the day you *must* get sheets, look at *Cannon Percale Sheets*. So soft and smooth—yet they cost about the same as heavy-duty muslin. Grand for wear—because they’re woven with 25% more threads than the best-grade muslin!

► Take ‘em at Name Value!

If you can’t find just the size you want in Cannon Percales, keep your eye on the Cannon label and ask to see Cannon economy *Muslin Sheets*—well-constructed, long-wearing. They’re a *grand value*! (And if you need *towels*, don’t forget Cannon Towels are *super*!)

Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.

► For Victory Buy U.S. War Bonds and Stamps



Cannon Percale Sheets

Made by the Makers of Cannon Towels and Hosiery



On Both Jobs

Today, as he passes the ammunition, a Reliance-made U. S. Navy Shirt is part of his equipment. When the shooting is over, his Reliance Big Yank Work Shirt will welcome him back to his peacetime job! Millions like him, know that Big Yank is the *only* shirt with patented elbow-action sleeves, strain-proof yoke, and convenient cigarette pocket. Fabrics that wear and wear. When you put on a Big Yank, you'll see the difference. Sold by good dealers everywhere.

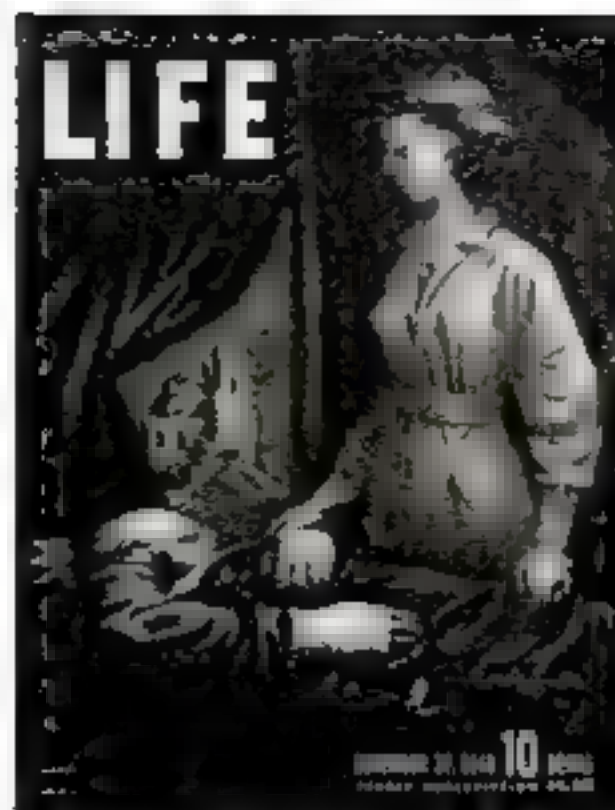
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LIFE'S COVER: The painting on the cover by Fletcher Martin shows a wounded American soldier lying in a tent not far from the front while an Army nurse takes his pulse. Outside in the cold African night, a star shines on the ruins of a church. In this Christmas issue LIFE is presenting *Experiences by Battle*, a 32-page color portfolio of paintings by six well-known U.S. war artist-correspondents.

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 DANCE & ROMANCE
 HIT OF '44!

MONOGRAM
 proudly presents

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in

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Original story by
 Bradford Foster & Scott S. Dunlap
 Screenplay by
 Peter Milne & Paul G. Smith

SHE
 SHE
 SHE

SKATES
 DANCES
 ROMANCES

T*here will always be a Christmas*



SINCE time beyond memory, Christmas has been a day of glad reunion with family and friends. But this Christmas, many familiar faces are missing around America's firesides.

Even at this moment, across the seas and all over the world, millions of young Americans are standing to their arms . . . not only in defense of human freedom but to preserve the right to follow the faith for which Christmas stands.

Though far apart this Christmas, these men and their families are close together in thought.

And here at Belmont, we are made happier by the knowledge that they are brought closer still by the magic voice of radio. Across the thousands of miles between, they hear the same Christmas music, the same familiar American voices . . . the same words of encouragement.

In a world grown so small through swift communication, there is reason to hope that better understanding will, one day, bring lasting peace among men. Belmont Radio Corporation, 5921 West Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois.



Belmont engineering skill and fine craftsmanship are now helping to strengthen American arms on land, on sea and in the air. With victory, Belmont products will be back again—better than ever!

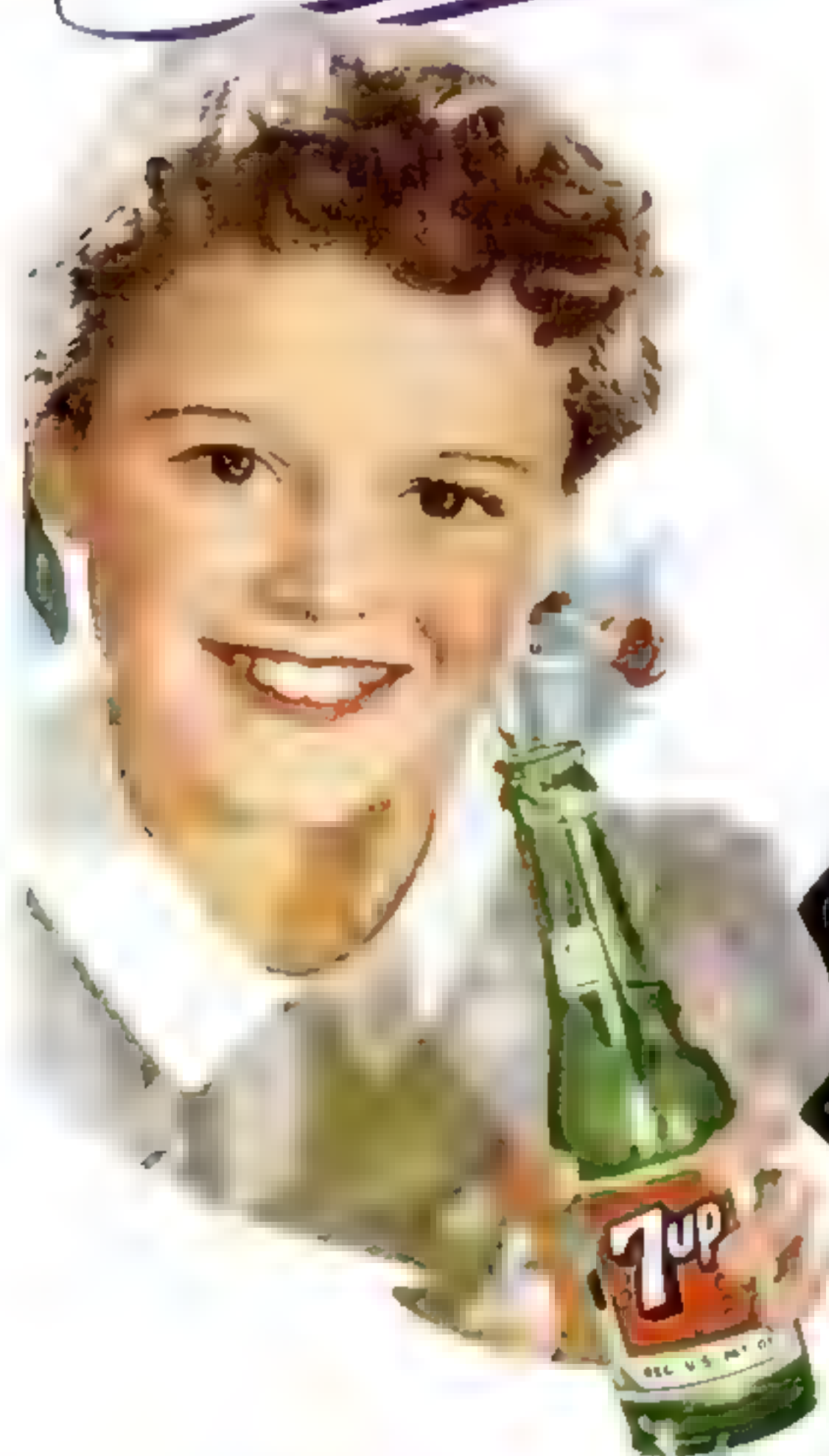
Belmont Radio



T E L E V I S I O N * F . M . * E L E C T R O N I C S

"Fresh up"

*** KEEP
GOIN' STRONG!



"fresh up"
with
Seven-Up

★ If something old will do,
don't buy something new.
Buy Bonds instead. ★

Copyright 1943 The Seven-Up Co.



★ You've got a smile on your face and a smile in your heart when you're feeling tip-top. And a "fresh up" with 7-Up is always a big help.

There's a happy, lively goodness in 7-Up that you catch on the very first sip. You get a "fresh up" feeling that says "c'mon, let's go." In any language, "fresh up" means 7-Up, and 7-Up means "fresh up".

Ask for 7-Up in stores that display 7-Up signs. During wartime the supply is limited. But you'll get your share if you ask for it. "Fresh up" and keep going strong.

You like it . . . it likes you

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LIFE'S PICTURES

On p. 32, in story on Tarawa Aftermath, LIFE's Johnny Florea makes his debut as a war photographer. Formerly attached to LIFE's Hollywood office, where his best story was the *Song of Bernadette* essay (LIFE, April 26), he was assigned to the Pacific three months ago. He was present at a carrier attack on Rabaul and at the Tarawa landings. Before joining LIFE Florea worked for the Los Angeles *Examiner*.

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16-10F Frame brief bag for heavy duty. Will accommodate bulky articles; wide opening allows easy access.

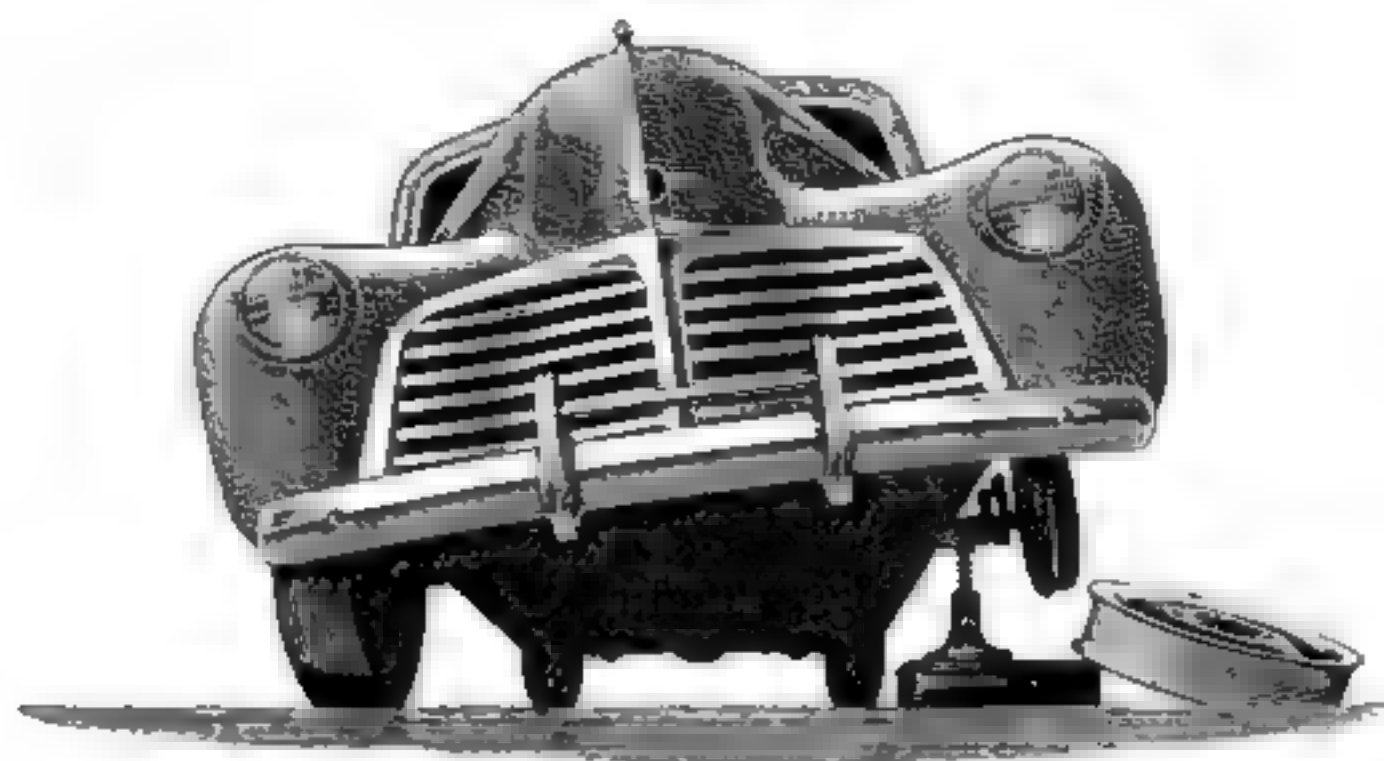
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STEIN BROS.
Manufacturing Co.
CHICAGO

231 SOUTH GREEN STREET
FINE BRIEF CASE
AND PORTFOLIOS
SINCE 1918.



Supposing every car in America had only 3 tires...



SUPPOSING we woke up tomorrow morning and found that every automobile in every garage in America had one flat tire ruined beyond repair...

And not one spare tire from Maine to California to replace them!

Streets would be bare of cars. Tires would be begged and borrowed from door to door. Buses and street cars just could not carry the load. Steel mill furnaces would go cold for lack of men to fire them. Doctors would make no calls. Dinner tables in a million American homes would be bare.

Of course, that isn't going to happen tomorrow, or on any one day...but little by little, it can happen, reaching out farther and farther until all America is paralyzed...unless we take care now.

Why?

Because dealers' shelves have been swept almost clean of pre-war tires.

Because nearly every good used tire already has found its way onto an automobile wheel.

Because, since Pearl Harbor, we have been living on our reserve...and now the reserve of tires is gone. There just aren't tires enough to go around.

Where's all the synthetic rubber?

It's rolling into the nation's rubber mills by the thousands of tons...but first call for all rubber, whether it's natural, synthetic, or reclaimed, must go to the Army and the Navy. Their needs come first. They must not and will not be cut short. Their requirements must be met...in full.

Then and only then can precious manpower be spared to build tires to keep our wartime transportation rolling here at home.

Those are the straight, unvarnished facts.

The only way they can be met is to guard and protect and save the mileage in our tires as we have never scrimped and saved before...to resolve, today, that as far as power lies in us, we will make our present tires last straight on through the war if necessary.

That is our duty and our trust to those who work for us and to those who fight for us.

We appeal to everyone who reads this message to study it...and to act on it *now*.

THIS SIMPLE 3-STEP PLAN MAY KEEP YOUR TIRES RUNNING RIGHT ON THROUGH THE WAR

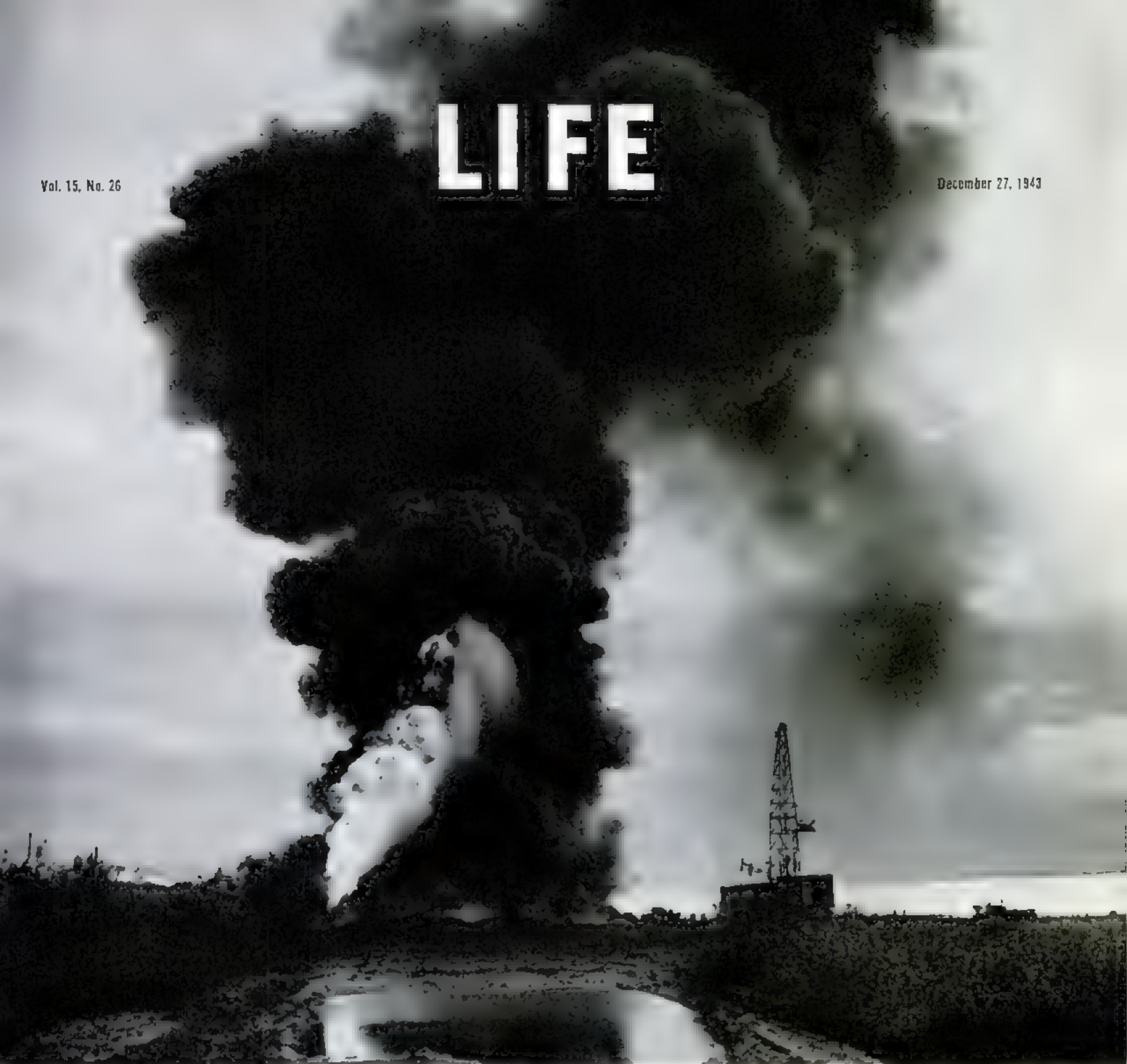
<p>1</p>  <p>KEEP SPEED DOWN</p> <p>UNDER 35 MILES AN HOUR AND AVOID CURBS, HOLES AND BOTS</p>	<p>2</p>  <p>KEEP AIR PRESSURE UP</p> <p>TO 32 POUNDS ALL AROUND</p>	<p>3</p>  <p>RE-CAP IN TIME</p> <p>SEE YOUR TIRE DEALER AS SOON AS YOUR TIRES WEAR SMOOTH</p>
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Listen to the Philharmonic Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

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FIRST OIL, CONTAMINATED WITH WATER, MUD AND ACID, IS BURNED FROM SUBARCTIC WELL AT NORMAN WELLS. STILL WATER OF MACKENZIE RIVER CAN BE SEEN IN BACKGROUND

ARCTIC OIL

FIRST VIEW OF ARMY'S \$134,000,000 CANOL PROJECT MAY BE LAST AS CONGRESS PONDERES ABANDONING IT

The flame and smoke in the picture above are carrying away the first waste gush of oil from a brand-new well. This well is at Norman Wells on the Mackenzie River in Canada's Northwest Territories, less than 100 miles south of the Arctic Circle. It is one of 27 wells thus far drilled through eternally frozen ground into a major and still-uncharted field opened up under the U. S. Army's Canol project. From Norman Wells the Army is building a 4-in. pipeline 570 miles to Whitehorse, where a secondhand refinery from the States is being reassembled. More pipe is being laid to fuel traffic on the Alaska Highway, and from Whitehorse down to Skagway to tidewater.

On these pages you get your first look at the Canol project in photographs for LIFE by Eliot Elisofon. It may also be your last look at it, too, because powerful Washington forces are arrayed before Congress to compel the Army to drop it.

Canol first came to the attention of the public during the past month, under full-dress investigation by the Senate's Truman Committee. Conclusion of witnesses for all agencies except the Army was that Canol has no war or postwar value to justify its \$134,000,000 cost. Its expected 3,000-barrel-per-day capacity, according to Petroleum Administrator Harold Ickes, could be delivered by four tankers.

In lone dissent, Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson declared that the Army, backed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is determined to carry Canol through. This determination can, and may, be thwarted by Congress by the simple expedient of cutting off further appropriation for Canol—just as Congress killed the half-finished Florida Ship Canal and the Passamaquoddy power project in Maine.

Canol is only one of many huge U.S. war investments that may not stand up as postwar projects. For Canol, it may be said, however, that arctic North America, now regularly crossed by Soviet Lend-Lease planes, is established as the postwar flyway to Asia.



CANOL PIPELINES WOULD GIVE WIDE DISTRIBUTION TO NORMAN WELLS OIL

PIPELINE CROSSES UNCHARTED WILDERNESS

The strategy and cost of the Army's Canol project are explained in part by the map and pictures on these two pages. Most massive and expensive undertaking is the pipeline from Norman Wells to deliver crude oil to Whitehorse. Across the forbidding Mackenzie mountain terrain shown here, the pipe is being laid on a route that was traveled for the first time by dog sled last winter. The three lines from Whitehorse to Fairbanks, Skagway and Watson Lake were planned for the distribution of refinery products. If Canol is abandoned, it appears that these three lines may be retained to distribute sea-borne oil supplies, piped uphul from tidewater at Skagway.

Critics who see Canol as a good idea badly executed point out that the original plan projected by the Army's arctic consultant, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, would have taken the pipe across easier terrain from Norman Wells to Fairbanks. A refinery-terminus at Fairbanks would have brightened Alaska's postwar prospects.



Canol pipeline and its supply and maintenance road cut a twisting path in search of footing and easy grade across the

glacier-scoured Mackenzie mountain terrain. Big expense in laying Canol pipe is building of this Canol road. Another is

string of 12 pumping stations to boost oil more than 5,000 feet above its source in crossing mountains to Whitehorse.



Pipe and highway here run through dry canyon watercourse
Spring, the w in some years flood canyon under good-sized riv-

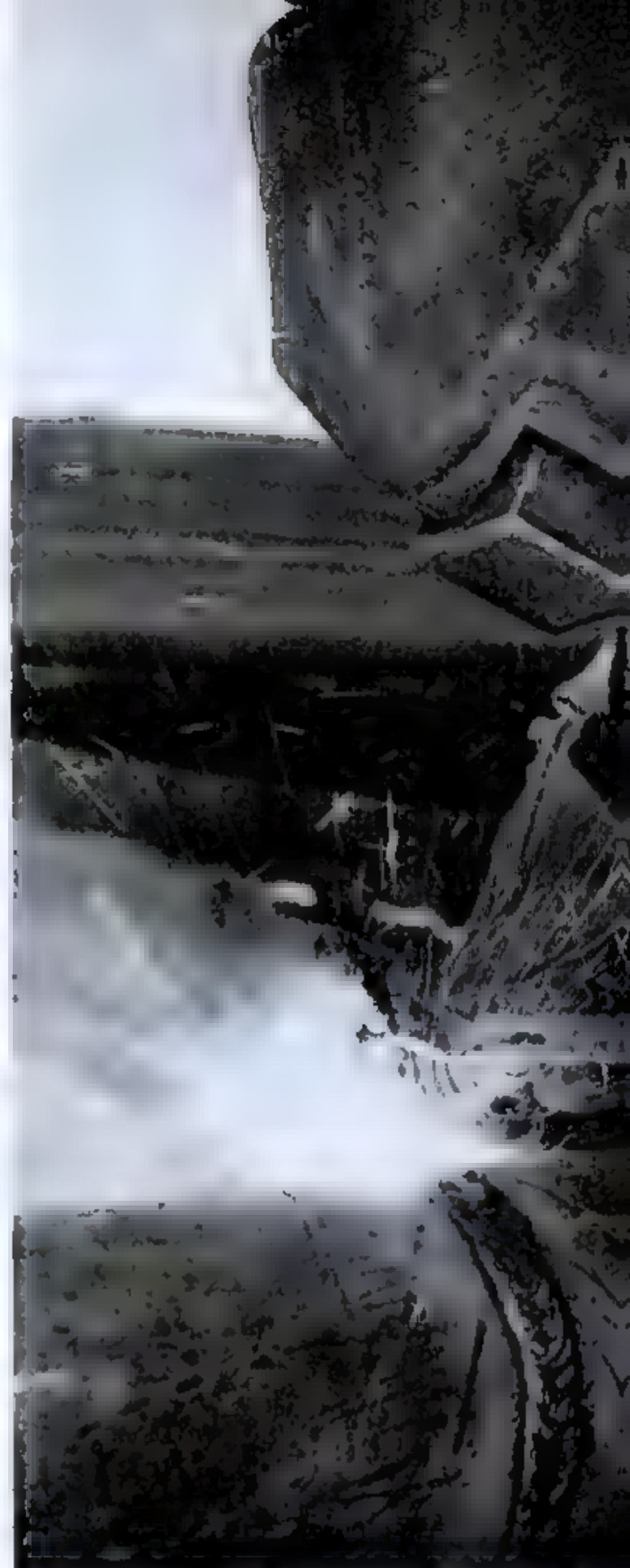
er. Canol field, lying west of major U.S. oil fields, is now part
of an uncalculated reserve which is thought to underlie vast

stretches of the Arctic. Oil has been found at Point Barrow
and has been produced at Katalla on Alaska's south coast.



Miles of Canol pipe are here stock-piled at Norman Wells. The pipe, bulldozers, etc. were freighted, by tractor trail in

winter and river routes in summer, some 1,100 miles beyond the railheads at Peace River and MacMurray (*see map, p. 22*).



Pipe is welded, two 20-ft. lengths into one 40-ft. length, at the Norman Wells stock pile. Truck and trailer trailers (C-



Road dissolves into mudhole as frost thaws and water seeps upward. Thawing is accentuated by preparation for roadbed. This condition bedeviled builders of the Alaska Highway also.



Pipe is unloaded at roadside from trailer. Seasonal advance and retreat of eternal frost made it advisable to lay pipe on the surface instead of attempting to dig trench. Trees are white spruce.



liver pipe to welders on line. Builders under Army contract are Bechtel-Price-Cullahan, syndicate of western contractors.



Storage tank for Norman Wells oil is welded. Oil seepages on river were first noted in 1789 by Explorer Alexander Macken-

zie for whom river is named. First well was drilled in 1892 by Imperial Oil Co., subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey.



Welding unit, its power supplied by generator, sews the pipe together. Norman Wells crude, thinned by dissolved natural gas, will flow in pipe at minus 90° F., well below winter extreme.



Black bear stalks off near abandoned camp. Canol's 4-in. pipe has expected 3,000-bbl. capacity at the rated pressure. A 6-in. pipe at the same pressure would carry 5,000 barrels a day.



Cat-skinners' mess assembles the life workers of the earth-moving industry, the men who drive the bulldozers. These men are at camp out on highway. "Caboose" portable shelter is an eight-bunk shack mounted on sled runners. Workers were surprised by heat and huge insect population of subarctic summer.



Norman Wells base camp is made up of long, permanent bunkhouses as above. Workers (below) enjoy single pastime of wilderness. Highest paid are pipelayers who make as high as \$750 a month with overtime. Lowest wage is \$300 for common labor. For most workers, their wages are almost 100% savings.



SIGN AT NORMAN WELLS CAMP EXPRESSES UNANIMOUS OPINION OF WORKERS

COLD, HEAT, GROUND FROST, INSECTS MAKE CANOL HEROIC CONSTRUCTION JOB

At the Canol recruiting offices in the U.S., prospective workers were welcomed by an admonition from the contractors, Bechtel-Prince-Cullahan, that declared: "This is no picnic. . . . Men lured for this job will be required to work and live under the most extreme conditions imaginable. Temperatures will range from 90° above zero to 70° below. Men will have to fight swamps, rivers, ice and cold. Mosquitoes, flies and gnats will not only be annoying but will cause bodily harm."

Construction crews are pushing the Norman Wells-Whitehorse pipeline from both ends. They move forward much as do columns of troops. In the van go guides who verify surveys and mark the trail for the first pioneering bulldozers. Behind come road surfacers, bridge builders, pole setters, pipe layers and pumping station construction crews. Each gang is escorted by its "caboose" camp, hauled on sled runners by tractors. Eternal frost was messy summer problem in road construction. Bulldozing of top ground layer exposed frost to heat, which thawed road into mud wallow. For this and everything in contractors' warning, Canol will be remembered as one of the most heroic engineering and construction projects of the war.



Girl office worker, Nona Harney from Salinas, Calif., is one of the few women at remote Norman Wells camp. Before Canol started, the Norman oil wells and refinery supplied Mackenzie River local needs with about 25,000 barrels of products per year.

BEARDEN KIMO, COOK, SMOGES THE FEET OF A LEG OF REE
-LEAST MEMBERS OF HAWAIIAN CONSTRUCTION CREW



CHRISTMAS

THE QUESTION IS WHETHER CHRISTIANS CAN MEET THE CHALLENGE OF THE MODERN WORLD

Christmas is here again. Perhaps there will be snow. Or perhaps there will just be cold, bare trees, and the brown earth rolling restlessly toward the horizon. Anyway, Christmas is here. There will be big Christmas dinners—bigger dinners than anywhere else in the world. There will be lights in the windows, and gifts passed shyly from Bob to Mom, from Pop to Cousin Jane. There will be fires in the fireplaces; and fires in the hearts of men and women who share in what is known as the Christian world.

What is the Christian world? We use the word loosely to include many variations of the Christian doctrine, many social mixtures and geographical anomalies. The Christian world, when used in this rough-and-ready sense, includes most of the present Hebrew world, which is within the Christian world. It includes all of Europe, all of North and South America. The Eastern Orthodox Church of Russia and the Balkans is an important element of the Christian world. And even China—or at any rate what is called the New China—has a share in it. Many of the Chinese leaders are Christians; and many of their recent pronouncements about the future of civilization have been more sincerely Christian in spirit than the pronouncements of the Christian world itself.

Symbolically, Christmas marks the birthday of this Christian world. It comes around every year as a reminder that this world exists, that it has a unique and indispensable meaning for every human soul, a definitive role to play in the history of mankind.

The Reminder

Once upon a time, before most of us were born, this annual reminder of the Christian faith was of the nature of a proclamation. It was an assertion. From church steeples the bells summoned the Christian congregations with a confident and authoritative tone. People drove up in sleighs, not merely to observe, but to worship. And from determined pulpits there came fearless pronouncements on sin and salvation, grace and glory, which people believed, and which they took back home with them to their blazing hearths.

But today the reminder is different. It is true that all the forms of Christmas are observed, and even more elaborately than our forefathers could have observed them. The shops—even in wartime—seethe with distracted purchasers seeking gifts. And the churches are crowded and loud with song. But somehow there is an unbridgeable gap between the gifts checked off on painfully compiled shopping lists, and the gifts that the Wise Men brought to the infant Jesus. And today there is a difference in the call of the church bells, which are more advanced musically than they used to be, but whose sound does not evoke in the hearts of the

community the same simple faith in the righteousness of God. And the pulpits, surrounded like little islands by a bloody and godless world, speak with a lesser certainty, a more qualified conviction that the word of Christ has reached the earth and is about to save mankind.

Yes, Christmas is still a reminder. Yet, as a reminder, it is redolent of lavender and old rose, like some precious object dug out of the attic chest, which recalls, in its dear dead way, the happy days when Great-aunt Sarah was young. Indeed, the reminder has taken the form, not of an exclamation point, but of a question mark.

The Churches

And this question which Christmas raises is a momentous and haunting question: what, in modern society, is the meaning of the Christian world? Has it any possible meaning? And if there is some possible meaning, can we, who technically belong to the Christian world, seize that meaning, to realize it in our lives and in our society?

Now there are a few good, positive answers to these questions. The churches, which emerged from World War I with a deep sense of their own shortcomings, have been far more active in World War II than most laymen realize. Many leading churchmen throughout the world, including continental Europe, saw this war coming as early as 1937, and they made arrangements to keep in touch with each other and to carry on their work. One result is that churchmen on both sides can and do communicate for the purpose of preserving the spark of this faith which our civilization is supposed to represent. And another is that, both in Germany and in the occupied countries, the churches, Catholic and Protestant, stand today as focal points of resistance to the Nazis. Of all the institutions of Europe, they alone have survived unamended and uncompromised.

Moreover, almost all the Protestant churches are at present engaged in an important movement which is known technically as the "ecumenical movement"—the word "ecumenical" meaning, in effect, interdenominational and extending over the whole habitable globe. The leadership of this movement is provided by the World Council of Churches, whose chairman is the illustrious Archbishop of Canterbury, and whose membership includes 82 non-Roman denominations in 28 countries. Most of the organizations adhering to the movement, including the World Council itself, have their headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, where they have come together under what is virtually a single general staff.

The ecumenical movement is, of course, somewhat removed from the life of the ordinary parson, whose daily struggles with his

flock and his church budget absorb most of his time. Nevertheless, those who have become interested represent, on the whole, the active and wide-awake minority, which in fact provides the religious leadership of the country. Those members of the clergy, especially, who see the pressing need for a new international consciousness, find in this movement a chance for their parishes, otherwise insular, to play a role in the big world community.

The ecumenical movement is a worldwide attempt to meet the modern challenge that faces Christianity. And it has been much strengthened by certain developments in Protestant theology. Leadership in this field is being provided by a number of theologians of great stature—the Archbishop of Canterbury, for example, Reinhold Niebuhr of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, Karl Barth of Germany, and Nicolas Berdyaev, leader of the Russian church in exile. On the whole there seems to be emerging a more coherent doctrine, occupying a central position between the old Fundamentalists, on the one hand, and the Modernists on the other. Yet this doctrine is no compromise. It is very decidedly a *reassertion* of Christianity in modern terms.

The Reassertion

Prominent in this reassertion is the idea of *community*—a Christian community existing as the nucleus, or heart, of the world community, organically related to it, and inspiring in it a higher spiritual realization. This new theology has veered away from the extreme emphasis on individualism, into which Protestantism developed, toward the acceptance of social values and social obligations which are basically and characteristically Christian. The accent has shifted from the problem of saving the individual soul to the problem of establishing upon the earth a real brotherhood of man.

Along with this community theme goes a much tougher attitude toward Christian responsibilities. The lackadaisical days when it didn't matter much whether you were a Christian or not, may be numbered. If the reassertion grows strong you may have to declare yourself more definitely than you ever expected, as to whether you believe in the word of Christ—or do not. This choice, if it is really forced on the Christian world, may be the choice that leads finally to the long-awaited religious revival; a revival born in the hearts of the citizens of our time, who, when forced to choose, will find no truth, no comfort, and no inspiration elsewhere.

Thus, in the last analysis, the fate of the Christian world must depend upon the ability of the Christian individual to know, and to give expression to, the inner and divine realities of his own existence.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

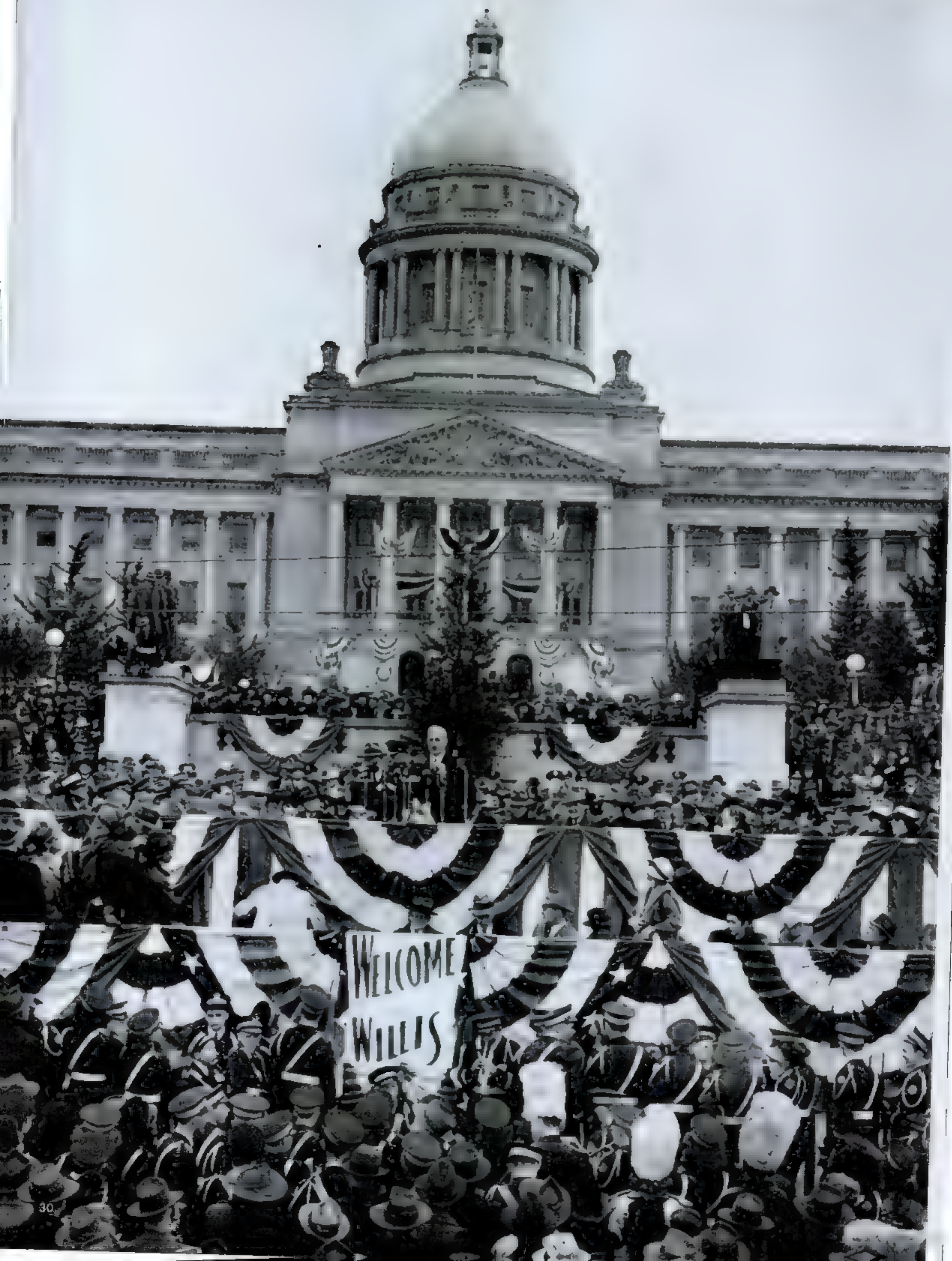
On Dec. 4 near the Marshall Islands a Japanese torpedo plane was hit by AA fire. The picture at the right catches the plane as it crumbles in flames.

This is photographically rare because a second before the plane was in normal flight, and a second later it was a commonplace mass of smoke and

flames. The picture was taken by a Navy photographer aboard a U. S. carrier who probably used the new K-20 automatic, lever-operated camera.



Jap torpedo plane crumbles in flame after trying
to bomb a U.S. aircraft carrier in the Pacific





OHIO'S GOVERNOR BRICKER (LEFT) CAME OVER TO SEE GOV. WILLIS INSTALLED

KENTUCKY G. O. P.

Border state inaugurates Republican governor

Among his last official acts on Dec. 6, Keen Johnson, retiring Democratic governor of Kentucky, restored the citizenship of a housebreaker and a hog stealer and created 125 new Kentucky colonels. Doing this was a lot easier than Mr. Johnson's final act the next day when he handed the governorship over to Judge Simeon S. Willis, who was a Republican. Very few Democratic governors in Kentucky are succeeded by Republicans. Judge Willis is the first Republican elected governor of this border state since 1927 and the sixth in the state's whole history. To the Republican party at large, which believes that his election was a symptomatic reaction against the New Deal, Governor Willis is a happy augury for 1944.

Judge Willis won by only 8,000 votes and there were hardly more than half that many people at his inauguration on Dec. 7, crowding in front of the domed capitol in Frankfort to hear his short, sober speech (*opposite page*). It was a small crowd for a Kentucky inauguration. But the procession took an hour to move past the stand and almost everybody guffawed at the float which showed live hounds treeing a live coon—Republican boast of what would happen to the whole New Deal in 1944.

Kentucky's new 64-year-old governor is blessed with an honest face and reputation, a well-liked wife and a very good-looking daughter named Sally, who is 21 and blonde. Born near the town of Vesuvius Furnace, Ohio, Governor Willis became a prosperous lawyer and, in 1928, a Court of Appeals judge. His home town is Ashland and he never takes any exercise except for some tap dances he learned from watching Fred Astaire in movies.



On the reception line stand the Willis family: Daughter Sally at left carrying a muff; Mrs. Willis greeting her husband's new secretary; the governor handshaking J. Matt Chilton, Republican big shot. Next in line is Robert Foster, New York detective-agency head, who has started Willis-for-president drive.



At his desk, Governor Willis waits for a policeman to bring a bottle of ink so he can pose for some "full-signing" photographs. Below is a preinauguration dinner. At the left sit pretty Sally and her boyfriend flanked by the daughter of the first and the widow of the fourth Republican governors of Kentucky.



HOSTESS OFFERS SALLY AND MRS. WILLIS BISCUITS AND OLD KENTUCKY HAM





After the battle the north tip of gutted Betio looked like this. Recognizable are wrecked LVT's (in water), a group of marines (on road in the foreground), a shattered Japanese blockhouse (near side of marines), a searchlight (right foreground).



This is Betio island at the southwest tip of the Tarawa atoll. On this island, 2 1/2 miles long and not more than 800 feet at

TARAWA AFTERMATH

Betio shows the scars of battle

Last week the U. S. base on Betio island in the Tarawa group of the Gilberts was in operation. Planes used the three-strip airfield. Landing boats shuttled supplies over the reefs. Garrison troops dug new fortifications in the coral.

But the marks of the battle remained. The coco-

nut trees were splintered and broken and their tops knocked off. Shattered Japanese tanks, guns and vehicles rusted in the moist tropical wind. Jap barbed wire sagged on the beaches and Jap anti-tank trenches filled with the rubbish of war. Somewhere too there were the graves of 4,000 Japanese and 1,000 American marines.

At edge of deep water, invasion barges (LST's) are lined up where the coral reef begins. Water from here to beach is only three feet deep, so tanks could be run straight ashore.



Two Jap tank traps crisscross the narrow eastern part of the island. Reinforced by heavy coral posts, they were supposed to stop U. S. tanks long enough for anti-tank guns to knock them out.





its widest point, all the hard fighting took place. The Americans landed on three beaches, one just this side of the long

pier, and two the other side. At the end of the first day they held a beachhead only 20 feet deep. Note concrete underwat-

er antitank barriers and antipersonnel wire offshore of island and craters left on land and under water from naval shells.

The pictures on these pages show what Betio looked like when the Tarawa battle was over. They were taken by LIFE Photographer Johnny Florence who flew with the carrier torpedo planes during the preliminary bombardment and then flew back over the island after all Japanese resistance had ceased. They reveal

for the first time the very small size of the crucial island (2½ miles by 800 feet at the widest point) and the limited area in which the Marine Corps's bitterest fighting took place. They reveal, too, the strength of the Jap defenses and how ready the Japs were to receive the attacking Americans. After looking at the

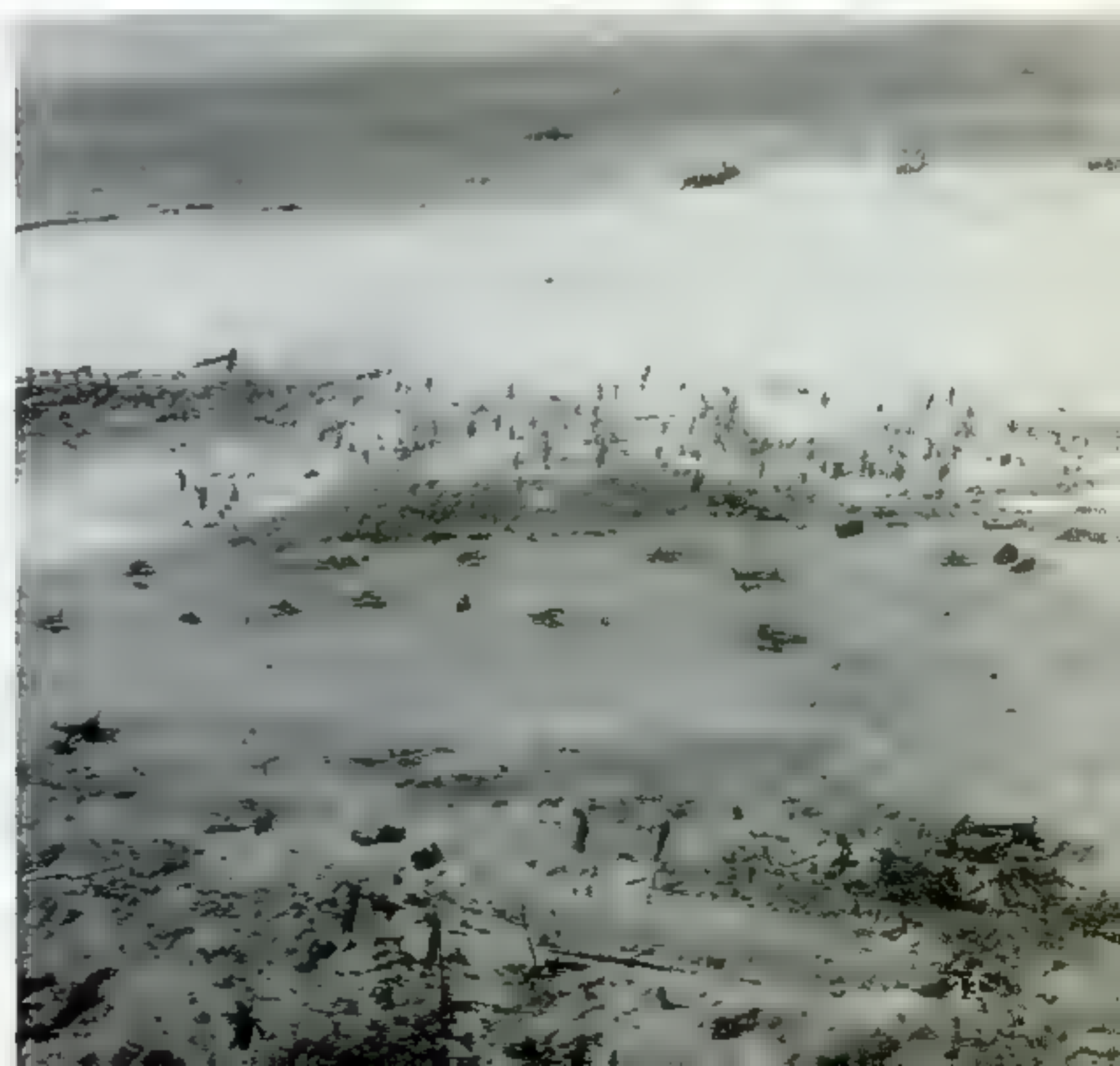
pictures Americans at home may well wonder not why the loss of U. S. lives was so large, but why it was not even larger.

In addition, nothing in these pictures disproves the fact that the road from Tarawa to Tokyo will be as bitter and as bloody as any campaign in world history.

Almost everything here is wrecked. The 16-inch shell which hit at lower left scattered oil drums. Note Sherman tank and battered supply dumps. Unwrecked vehicles are U. S. cars and trucks.



Navy planes began using airfield 4 days after Americans landed. It has one 4,800-ft. concrete runway and two 1,200-ft. coral strips. The planes shown here are Hellcat fighters.





The birched boy was Dennis Craddock, 11. "Birch rod" was bundle of light birch slips.



Chief Judge Mrs. Bentley-Taylor signed incorrect record of the trial without reading it.



Second judge, Mrs. Ainslie, was sure that court record's not-guilty pleas were wrong.



Officer Colyer gave a "decent and humane" birching before doctor. No blood was drawn.

THE STRANGE CASE OF HEREFORD'S BIRCHING

A small episode in British juvenile courts blooms into national issue that troubles House of Commons

In the small English city of Hereford around last New Year's Day three small boys, aged 13, 11 and 10, got hold of some keys and stole \$200 worth of stuff from a railway-men's hut, a tool shed, a truck and a furniture store. They also took some pencils from a schoolroom. Haled before one of England's excellent juvenile courts, the 10-year-old was dismissed and the other two, after due hearing, were sentenced to the care of the Local Education Authority and "to be privately whipped as soon as possible after the court with four strokes of a birch rod by a constable in the presence of an inspector of police

and in the presence of the parents if you desire it."

By last month this trivial case had blown up into a *cause célèbre* that crowded the war for England's attention. The House of Commons had grilled the home secretary about it. Petitions against birching flooded the land. And the learned Lord Justice of Appeal, Sir Rayner Goddard, had conducted an inquiry and issued an 18-page White Paper on it.

The public's picture was that the boys had stolen only the pencils, had been improperly sentenced for all the crimes by four instead of three magistrates, had been cruelly birched without their parents' pres-

ence before an appeal could be made and had been consigned to a hide-out unknown to their parents.

Lord Justice Goddard found that all this was largely nonsense, based on a highly misleading appeal by a Mr. Craze, the solicitor of one boy's father, and on incredibly slovenly court reporting by a novice 18-year-old assistant at the original trial. The boys were said to be happily boarded out on nearby farms where their parents were visiting them. But a conference in London was last week considering reforms in the British juvenile courts, while everybody tried to forget about the birched boys of Hereford.



LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL SIR RAYNER GODDARD (ON BENCH) CONDUCTS INQUIRY INTO TRIAL AND BIRCHING OF DENNIS CRADDOCK. MRS. BENTLEY-TAYLOR RIGHT OF BENCH



"Geronimo!" and they hit the silk!



* The service has developed a system of short, intelligible, and easily remembered words with a strong rhythmic pattern. The name of the series is "Geronimo!" and it's out there to help you get as ready as they say: "Geronimo!"

So Waves of Paratroops, timed by RCA radio, Invade from the Sky!

LEAPING into action with this modern battle cry, "out of the sky they drop, human bombs invading the enemy stronghold from above.

Tens of thousands of skyborne troops battle to earth. As the gigantic saw puzzle of invasion begins to take shape, each piece seems to fit into place with perfect precision.

Commands throwing them into action—indeed their very timing may well have been received by RCA radio-telephone. For no sky invasion could be coordinated without the magic of air radio. In a limited way, RCA military radio ties every element of

the attack into one massive blow.

The job RCA electronic radio is doing on battlefronts all over the world is further proof of the skill that has made RCA radios and radio-photographs the standard of fine performance everywhere. And when victory is secure, look to RCA for instruments we ever greater, thanks to the things we are learning under the exacting demands of war.

TUNE IN RCA's great new show, "WHAT'S NEW?" Full hour every Saturday 12:15 to 1:15 P.M. on Blue Network. Guest stars, music, drama, Thrilling—don't miss it!

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA VICTOR DIVISION • CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

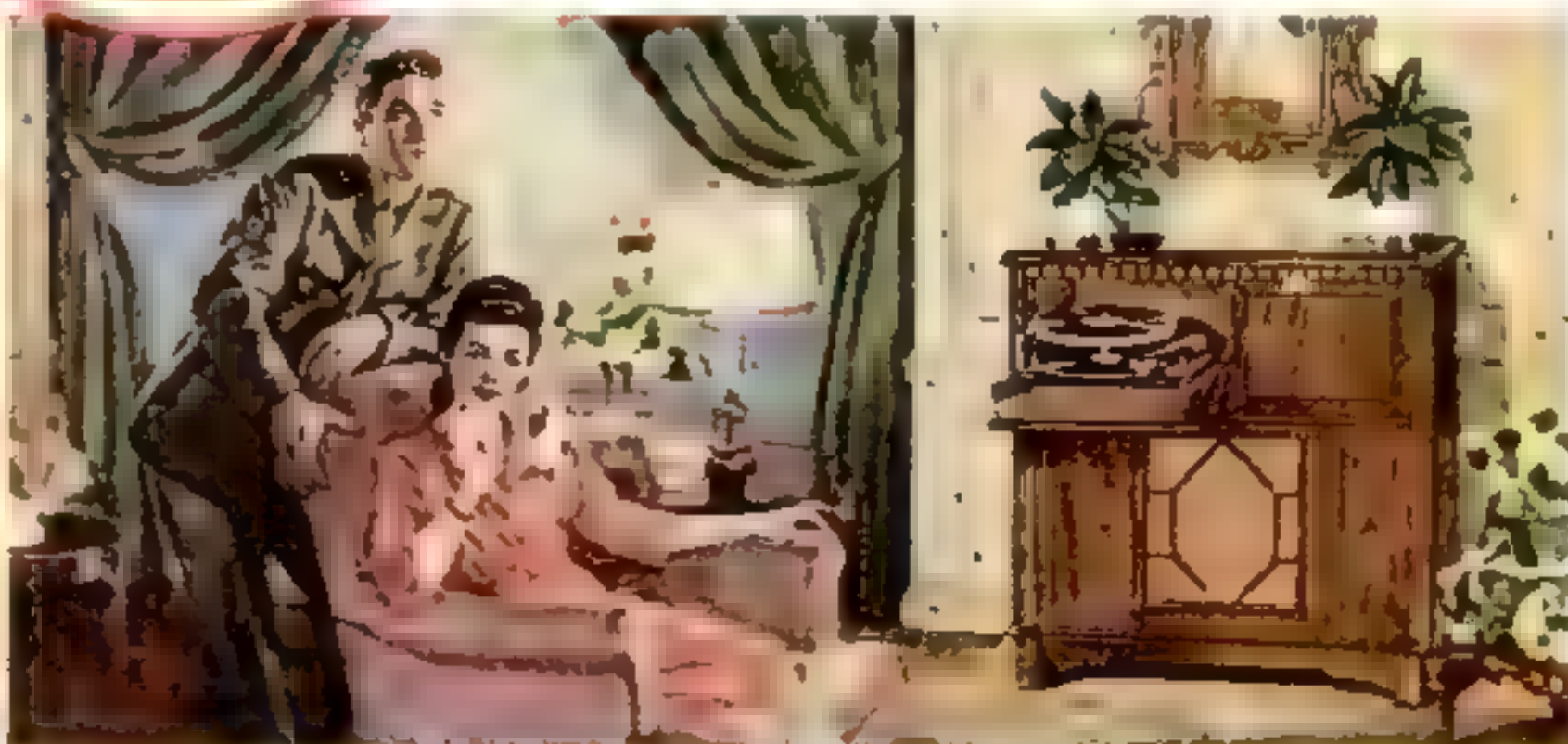


Here is one of the last RCA radio-photographs made before we went "all out" in our work "Beating the Promise" for Uncle Sam in a production drive that began just a few months before Pearl Harbor. There's an "RCA" in every radio's promise!

Uncle Sam says—

**"Stay on YOUR job—
as our Fighters do!"**

Yes, when our men are jumping from the skies and so bravely staying on the hazardous job of winning our war, we too must stay on our home jobs of true production. Remember—every minute counts.





For birds too busy to go South

THAT means just about *everybody*, today. But, even so, we hope there'll be winter evenings when you'll find time to relax and enjoy the heart-warming comfort and solace of a steaming hot toddy . . . made, of course, with that superbly flavorful whiskey, Four Roses.

And we hope, too, that you'll be patient if your bar or package store cannot always supply you with Four Roses when you ask for it.

You see, we are trying our best to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a con-

tinuing supply of Four Roses until the war is won.

In the meantime, our distilleries are producing alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war needs.

So, if you can't always get Four Roses, you'll know why. And with a war to be won, you wouldn't want it any other way.

One thing more—our prices have not been increased—except for Government taxes.

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskeys—50 proof
Frankfort Distilleries Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

FOUR ROSES A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY



For a Hot Toddy that's Super!

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly) . . . four cloves and, if you desire, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . and fill the glass with steaming hot water.



WHILE EATING LUNCH OF ONE SANDWICH, CRACKERS AND MILK, MRS. LONGSTREET EXPLAINS HER WAR PHILOSOPHY TO PRETTY LOREAN BRADFORD, FELLOW WORKER AT BELL

CONFEDERATE GENERAL'S WIDOW

The aged widow of Confederate Army General James Longstreet turned up this month as a war worker at a Bell Aircraft plant in Atlanta, Ga. Nobody seems to know exactly how old Mrs. Helen Dortch Longstreet is, but most newspaper reports put her age at over 80. Even so, she commutes daily in her Nash coupe from the trailer near Atlanta in which she is living alone, to the plant where she is on the regular

8 to 4:45 shift. Usually she wears a black visor cap, black sweater, black slacks, white socks and brown oxfords. Says she, "I am going to assist in building a plane to bomb Hitler and the Son of Heaven to the Judgment Seat of God."

Mrs. Longstreet met General James Longstreet, Lee's right-hand man at Gettysburg, when she was a classmate of the General's daughter at Brenau Col-

lege. They were married at the Executive Mansion in Atlanta in 1897 when Longstreet was 76. After their married life was terminated by the aged general's death in 1904, she embarked on a varied career as reporter, free-lance writer, editor, post-office mistress, farmer, librarian, disbursing agent and politician. In addition to working for Bell, she is vice president of a Catholic group called the Army of Prayer.



You will ride
SAFELY
ON
PENNSYLVANIA
SILENT VACUUM CUPS!

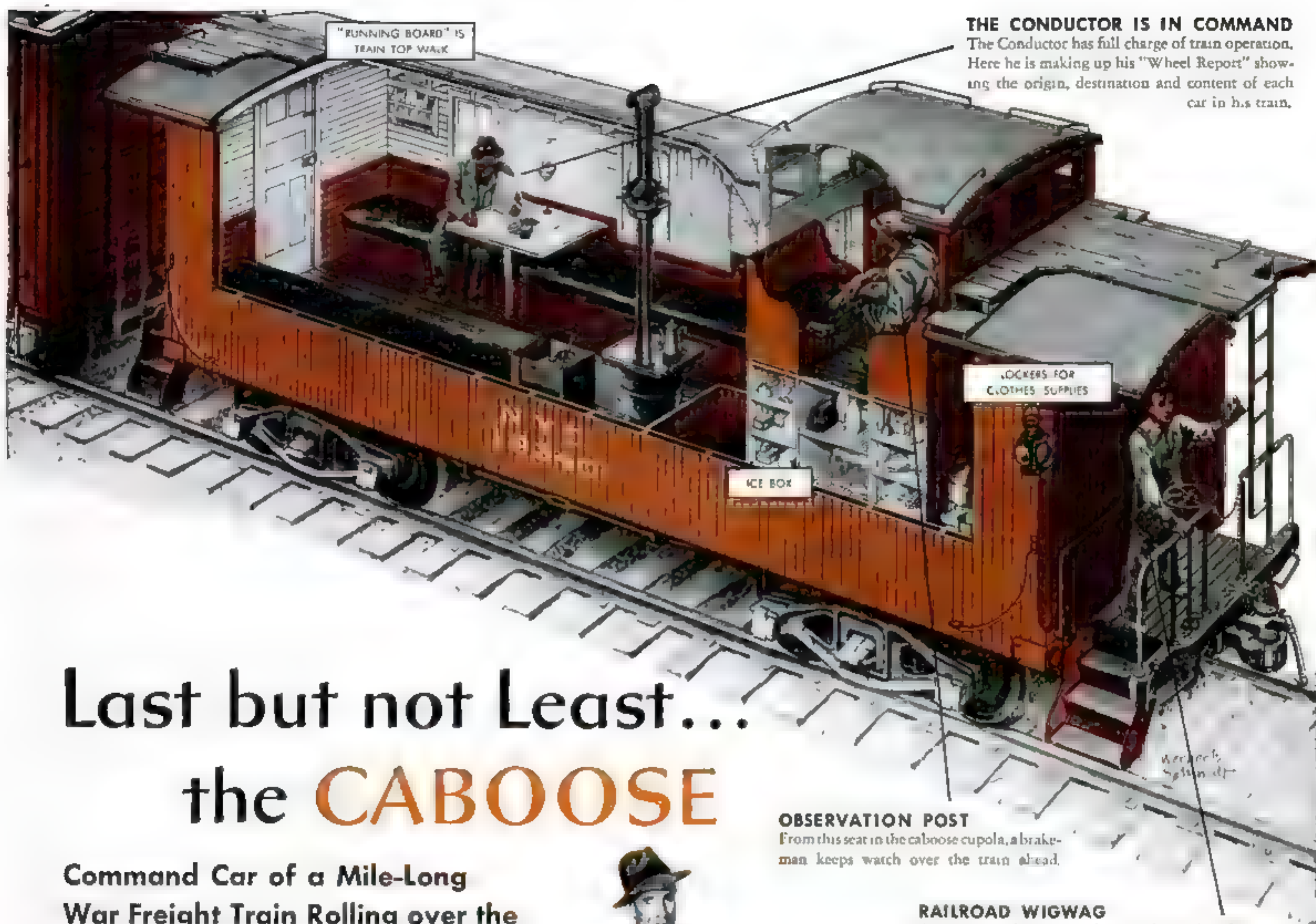
Pennsylvania is one of several associated companies operating the Copolymer Corporation at Baton Rouge, La., the first plant to produce synthetic rubber for the United States Government.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES
MANUFACTURED BY THE
ORIGINATORS OF THE
Silent Vacuum Cup Tire



A small riveting machine is worked by Mrs. Longstreet at a Bell plant. She says, "I was at the head of my class in riveting school. In fact I was the only one in it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



THE CONDUCTOR IS IN COMMAND
The Conductor has full charge of train operation. Here he is making up his "Wheel Report" showing the origin, destination and content of each car in his train.

Last but not Least... the **CABOOSE**

Command Car of a Mile-Long War Freight Train Rolling over the Water Level Route

THIS is a New York Central caboose. Just a workaday little car. Yet it's a *field headquarters* in one of today's most critical battles... the battle of transportation.

Every wartime hour, a thousand freight trains start out over the rails of America. And in charge of each is a train crew in just such a caboose as this.

Sometimes storms lash the platforms and beat against the cupola windows. Sometimes fog or snow blankets the right of way. But you'll find the men of the caboose at their posts... fighting to speed and safeguard those precious, heavy-laden cars up ahead.

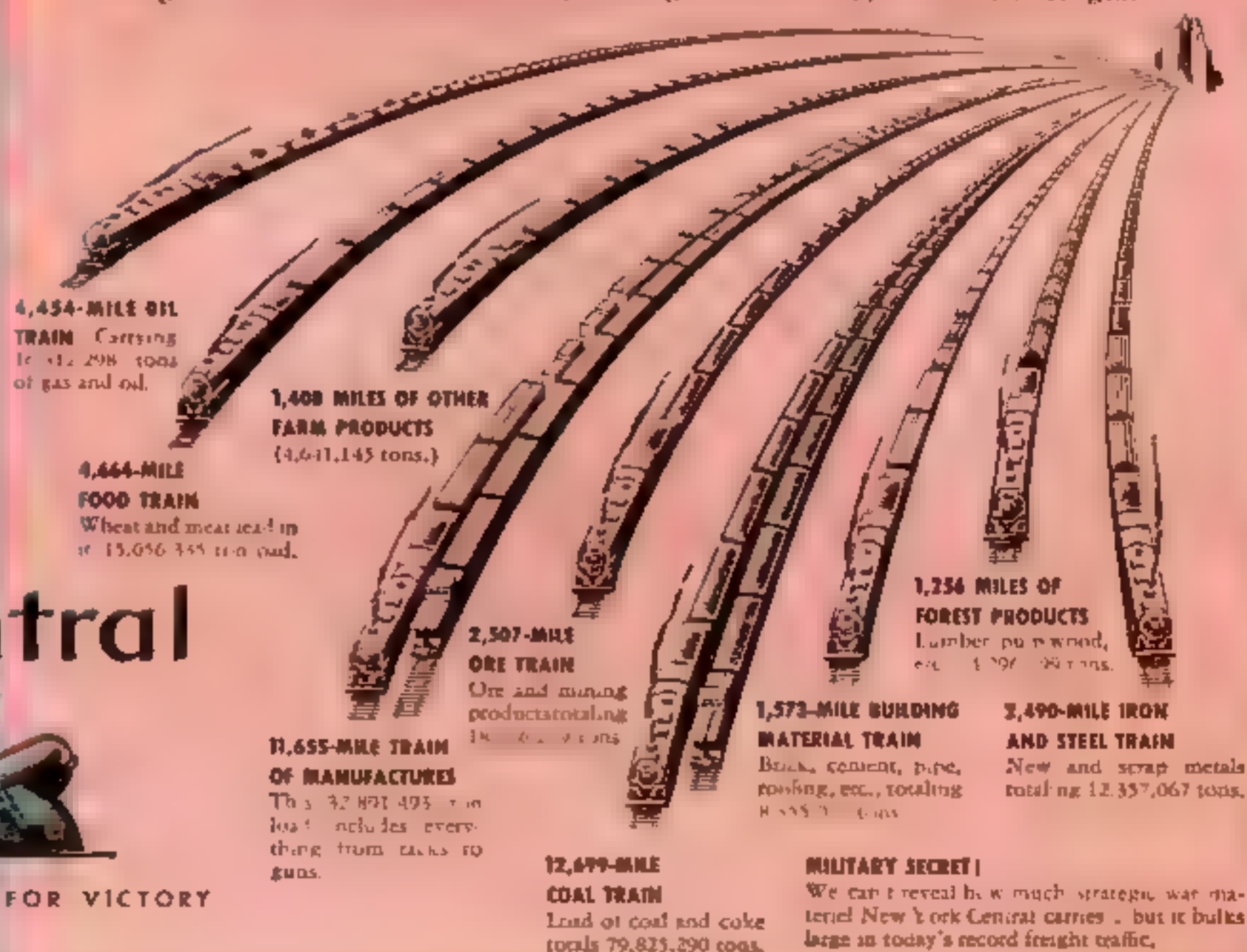
Today, they're helping move the greatest traffic of all time... more than fifty-billion ton-miles a month. It's a Victory task first. But out of it, too, are growing new efficiencies that will mean still finer rail transportation when Victory is won.



OBSERVATION POST
From this seat in the caboose cupola, a brakeman keeps watch over the train ahead.

RAILROAD WIGWAG
At stations and towers, and on passing trains, the men on duty watch each train, and signal to the train crew if anything needs attention. The rear brakeman receives and acknowledges these signals. A raised arm, like this, means, "A. I. okay."

Enough to load all these solid trains, totaling more than 43,000 miles in length.



New York Central

BUY
MORE
WAR BONDS



ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



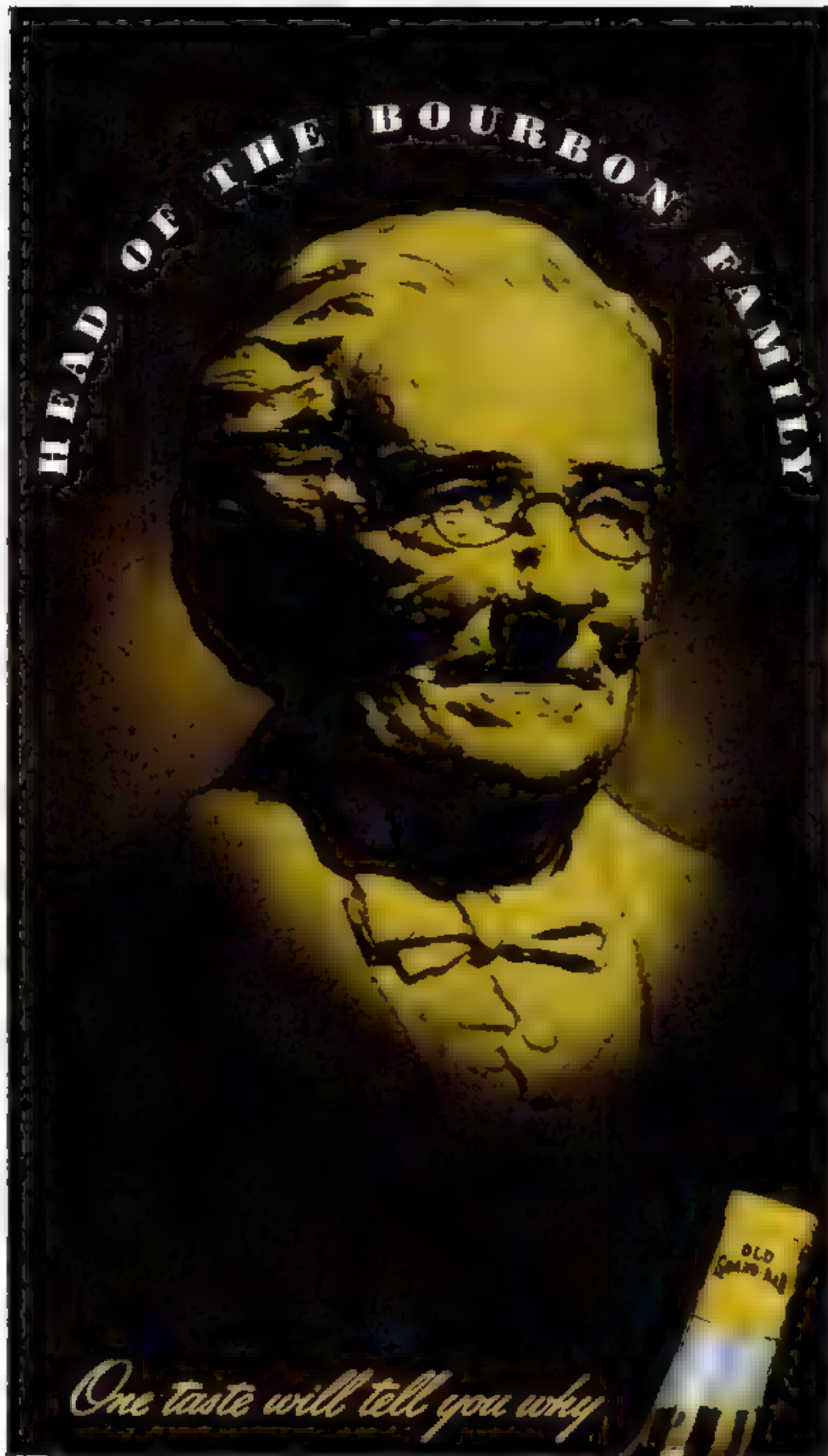
A Nash coupe, which she drives herself, takes Mrs. Longstreet to work. Says she, "I am the most skilful driver in the country. Once I toured California for Roosevelt."



Fan Letters, which started coming in by hundreds when she appeared on the *We the People* radio program, are answered on her portable typewriter in her trailer-home.



General and his bride were photographed like this in 1901. Mrs. Longstreet's father was a Georgia lawyer, who died when he broke his neck falling out of his buggy.

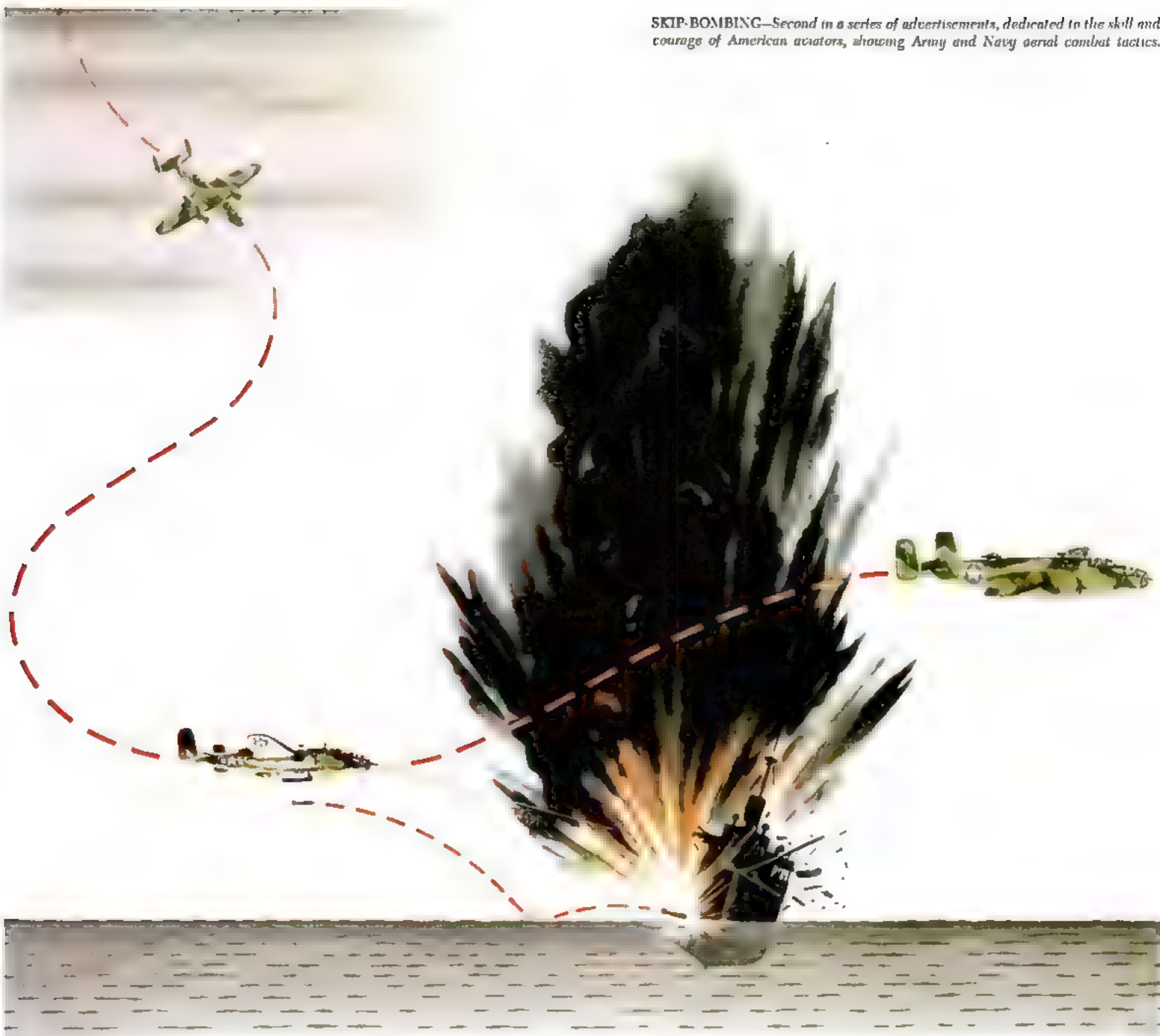


ven in plentiful peacetimes, men prized Old Grand-Dad for its sunny warmth and rare taste. Now the distillery that produced this glorious whiskey is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. And Old Grand-Dad is even more treasured, as stocks laid down before the war are being conserved. We are trying to distribute these ripe and mellow stocks fairly. So when you find your dealer sold out of Old Grand-Dad please call again when he has had a chance to replenish his supply



This Whiskey Is 4 Years Old

SKIP-BOMBING—Second in a series of advertisements, dedicated to the skill and courage of American aviators, showing Army and Navy aerial combat tactics.



HOP... SKIP... and SUNK

How B-25 Mitchell Bombers used a new technique to sink Jap war vessels and troopships

ON MARCH 4, 1943, something new was added to aerial warfare. A Jap convoy of 22 ships was sighted in the Bismarck Sea heading for New Guinea. Carrying thousands of troops, it was escorted by planes and warships. Word was flashed by the observing Flying Fortress to the American Command Post at Buna.

Action followed swiftly. A squadron of B-25 Mitchell Bombers droned for the trouble spot. Then, instead of dropping their eggs from "upstairs" as usual, they tore at the doomed ships at mast height with guns ablaze to clear the decks.

At a distance of mere yards their bomb bays opened, heavy delayed-action bombs plunged into the water, torpedo fashion. Skimming over the surface as a stone is skipped over a millpond, they bull's-eyed many Jap hulls, blew them to smithereens.



FINER FUELS FOR THE AGE OF FLIGHT

Thus, a new and deadly technique—skip-bombing—had been tried and found not wanting—a triumph of American battle sense and flying know-how!

* * *

Shell was first to supply American military aviation with a super fuel—100-octane gasoline—giving our planes new speed and range. Later Shell discoveries vastly increased both the power and output of aviation gasoline. Now, every day, Shell produces more than enough to fuel a bombing mission of 2,400 planes from England over Germany.



*** According to actual figures America is producing meat at the rate of 23 tons every minute — but still that's not enough to meet the needs of war!**

Think of it! 65 million pounds of meat a day . . . more than 24 billion pounds a year. The need for meat in a world at war has reached proportions never before dreamed of.

Meat takes time—precious time—to grow. On the broad ranges and rolling farms it is growing every minute of every day and night. Then it must be transported, processed, inspected, graded, refrigerated, packaged and distributed before it can reach you.

When war came to America, our great livestock and meat

industry was geared up and ready to tackle the gigantic task of supplying meat in unparalleled quantities. The men and women of Swift & Company are proud of the part they have played in that job. All of our resources, all of our facilities, all of our experience have been dedicated to this important task.

In the face of the tremendous demands of our armed forces and our fighting allies there has been less meat, naturally, for civilians here at home. You understand this, of course, and realize that your retail meat dealer is in no sense responsible for it. You have made his job and our job easier by your willingness to cooperate . . . by extending and conserving your meat in every way possible.

You have not been able to buy in the quantities you would like the famous Swift brands of meat which have always been



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM — Voted "best" by America in a recent nation-wide poll, Swift's Premium Ham affords maximum nutrition with minimum waste. You'll enjoy its famous mild, mellow flavor—the result of its brown sugar cure—whether you broil, bake or fry the center slices, bake the butt, or boil the shank.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON — not only assures you that "sweet smoke taste" that has made it America's favorite, but affords an extremely economical and flavorful way to stretch meat points. A single pound provides a main dish ample for several persons when served with vegetables or other plentiful foods.



Swift pledges that these famous products

SWIFT'S BRANDED BEEF — of special value to homemakers. A Swift brand on fresh beef is your guarantee of quality. Look for these brand names when you buy; Swift's Premium, Swift's Select, Swift's Arrow. Although less of this better beef is now available, these Swift brands are still the finest of their type.



tons of meat minute— *still not enough!*

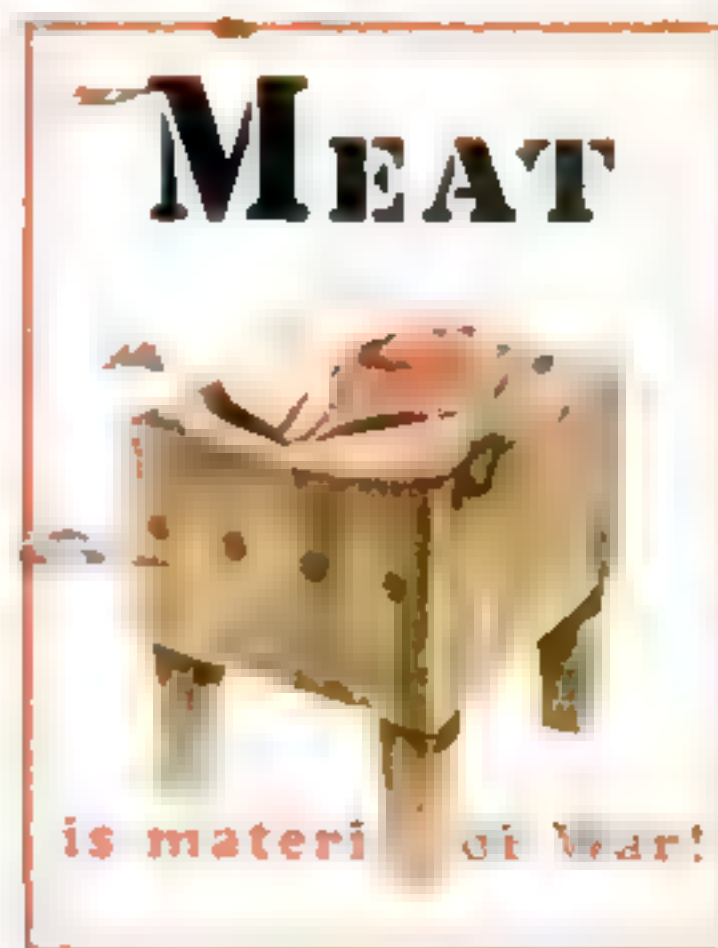
favorites on your table. We regret this and assure you that we are doing everything in our power to so distribute our part of the available civilian supply as to insure that you and your family, no matter where you live, get your fair share.

We assure you, too, that every step is being taken to make products bearing the brands "Swift's Premium" and "Swift's Brookfield" now, as always, the finest of their kind.

Swift & Company

FOOD PURVEYORS TO THE **U.S.A.**

To Help You Conserve and Extend Your Meat, Swift Advertising in Women's Magazines and on the Radio Offers Practical Help and Suggestions.



Swift's Wartime Policy—

We will cooperate to the fullest extent with the U. S. Government to help win the war. We will do everything possible to safeguard the high quality of our products. Despite wartime difficulties, we will make every effort to distribute available civilian supplies to insure a fair share for all consumers all over the U. S.

Your first duty to your country **BUY WAR BONDS**



will continue to be the finest of their kind

SWIFT'S PREMIUM POULTRY—Turkeys, Chickens, Geese, Ducks, Capons. They're the "pick of the flocks." Specially selected by an expert judge of quality, every Swift's Premium bird is meaty, juicy and tender . . . delicious to the last morsel. For stewing, you'll find Swift's Golden West Fowl particularly fine.



PREM This delicious meat by the makers of Swift's Premium Ham is made from Premium quality meat, sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way. Prem is a particular wartime favorite because it's all meat and no waste. It comes ready to serve cold or can be made into a delicious hot meal.



SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD SAUSAGE—with the real old-time flavor. Truly fine pork—delicately spiced. This famous brand comes in Regular Size links, the bigger, super-tender Dinner Size (with the skins tendered in pineapple juice!) Patties. Every ounce of nutritious Swift's Brookfield Sausage is good-eating!





A war bond is the best present you can buy for anybody — and about the easiest to buy, too. It's a gift that becomes more valuable as time goes on . . . its purchase helps speed the return of our boys . . . and will help provide jobs for them when they're back.



WE'RE SORRY....

your Christmas list included an Ingersoll Watch. We are making Ingersoll watches now, of course, but they are hardly suitable for gift-giving. For these "watches" ride in the noses of ack-ack shells to release deadly ex-

plosives in sky-paths of the enemy. Though the life of this "watch" is only a matter of seconds, each is made with the same fidelity to precision required for the finest timepiece. Their accuracy is checked to 1/100 of a second. *Watch Ingersoll!*

Ingersoll



WHILE OLIVE (AUDREY CHRISTIE) ACCUSES SALLY (MARGARET SULLAVAN) OF TAKING BILL PAGE (ELLIOTT NUGENT) AWAY FROM HER, HE HIDES IN KITCHEN AND LISTENS

"THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE"

John van Druten gives the theater a comedy that has wit and wisdom

To a wheezing Broadway season has finally been administered just what the doctor ordered—a mature comedy deftly written and beautifully performed. John van Druten's *The Voice of the Turtle* fills the prescription perfectly. The story of a week-end in the lives of three ordinary people, it is as smooth and polished as the pebbles on the bed of a cold, swiftly-moving stream. Margaret Sullivan plays a young actress who struggles vainly against her growing love for Elliott Nugent, a soldier on weekend pass who finds at the last minute that his date with her friend, Audrey Christie, has been broken. The plot is neither novel nor especially suspenseful, but it is handled with wit, wisdom and enormous craftsmanship.

The Voice of the Turtle demonstrates Mr. van Druten's magnificent ear, sharp perception. Its dialogue is as true as Christmas and every bit as heartwarming. Never cosmic nor burdened with a message, it deals with the little things which are part of people's hearts. The whole play has the enchantment of the coming of spring. Miss Sullivan's performance is a marvel of skill and feeling, while as a brassy, impudent girl whose distrust of her face makes her rely upon her figure, Miss Christie is wonderful. But to Mr. Nugent go top honors. Most servicemen characters in current plays behave as if they were stationed at the Stork Club. Mr. Nugent's soldier in *The Voice of the Turtle*, however, acts as if he's in the Army.



Arriving for his date with Olive at Sally's apartment, Bill finds that she has made another engagement. She tells him that she is married and must meet her husband. When Olive leaves, Sally (left) invites him to stay and have a drink. He finds he enjoys her company.



From his little black book, Bill selects telephone numbers of girls whom he knew in civilian life. He learns that one is in uniform, another is married and a third has moved. He gives up in desperation. Coming back into the living room, he invites Sally to have dinner with him.

"The Voice of the Turtle" (continued)



Bill stays overnight. New York's hotels are full and anyway it's raining. He gets the living-room couch. She tells him the puganas are her brothers. Later he learns she has no brother. He confesses his recent unhappy love experiences; they are in mood for "rebound" affairs.



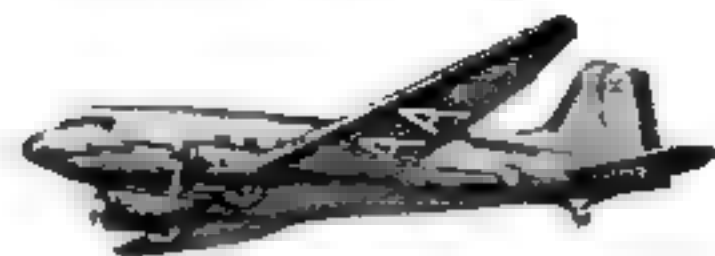
For the second night in a row, Sally invites Bill to stay at her apartment. He accepts, then suddenly changes his mind. He goes into the bedroom to let her know that he is leaving. When he kisses her she says, "There is a beast in me too." Some sparks out as they kiss again.



Realizing that Bill likes Sally, Olive comes to Sally's apartment to try to reclaim him. While Olive is telephoning in the bedroom, he sneaks out and then re-enters (above) to disguise fact that he has spent the night there. When Olive tries to get him back, he tells her it is no use.



The voice of the turtle is heard when Sally finally admits she loves Bill. Here they sit down to mchyscorse and champagne. Play's title comes from *Nong of Solomon*: "The winter is past... the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."



Thanks

As we redouble *our* efforts to meet the war demands, our passengers keep pace with *their* cooperation. Many non-priority passengers, often at great personal inconvenience, give the right of way to those with priority. For this you have our thanks and the thanks of the nation.

During the past year, Flagships have shortened millions of miles, saved countless hours, and immeasurably expedited our nation's war activities. Yet in relation to available space, we have transported more passengers, more cargo and more mail than in any previous year—more in volume and more in importance!

But all of the credit for this unprecedented job does not belong to members of American's own organization. Thousands of you have continually helped to make it possible. You have slept in seats, instead of berths and you have often surrendered those seats, in order to enable us to carry

a greater number of the most essential travelers. You have made reservations as far in advance as possible and in many other ways you have inspired our personnel and made it even more of a pleasure to serve you.

War is a severe teacher. It has taught, among other lessons, that when time is of the essence, there is no substitute for the speed and freedom of movement of air transportation. *Without it, America would be greatly handicapped.*

When will this war end? *When we win it.* We face the new year with increasing evidence that the most effective use of airplanes, both at home as well as overseas, is *indispensable* to victory. We also see in aviation's prodigious war progress the promise of finer and faster passenger and cargo planes, equally *indispensable* to a rapid rebuilding of a better world.


A. N. KEMP
President

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS UNITING CANADA, U. S. A. AND MEXICO

AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.

EXPERIENCE BY BATTLE

by JOHN HERSEY

The paintings on the following pages give new answers to age-old questions. Ever since Cain killed Abel, men have tried to figure out what strife is all about. Having killed, they have wondered why. Having been brave or craven, they have analyzed what made them that way. Having suffered, they have examined themselves to see what scars suffering would leave.

Man is endlessly curious about conflict. He tries to reproduce it and savor its sensations in sport—in bullfights, boxing bouts, wrestling and fencing matches. American football is war in miniature. Man's everyday life is so full of small ridiculous strife that when something really awful like a military battle comes along, he is much moved by it. He writes verses about it. He sings about it. He becomes a soldier and he writes letters home about it which he thinks really ought to be published some day. Or if he has the talent, he paints it.

There has never been anything quite like this LIFE collection of war paintings. For one thing, there has never been anything quite like the war they distill. Since the Cain-Abel bout, which involved only two adversaries, strife has been getting progressively more complex until, in this war, man has achieved a fight which reaches into every terrain, every climate, every altitude, and into every department of man's endeavor. Once upon a time, a man had to have sinew in his arm and heart to be a warrior, and that was about all. To be a warrior now, a man generally needs professional training in supersonics or aerodynamics or even politics.

And so one of the remarkable things about this portfolio of paintings is that it takes us into almost all the theaters and modes of war. Each battleground and each type of warfare has a distinctive effect on the men it involves. These pictures bring out the differences. They are universal war, but they are also particular war.

Another quality these pictures have is their truth. They were all painted by men who themselves felt and saw what they put down with their brushes.

Very little war art has had such authenticity as this. The men who did the reliefs of Assurbanipal's fierce Arabian campaign in his palace at Nimrud may have gone along to war, but they obviously fixed up their sculptures to please the boss. *The Bayeux Tapestry*, which shows some scenes from William the Conqueror's invasion of England, was woven together from soldiers' first-person stories by the ladies of William's court. Turner did his sea battles because he loved violent color, not violent action. The American John Trumbull served for a time as Washington's aide-de-camp, and he did take part in one active skirmish, but he did his Revolutionary paintings in later life and under the pronounced influence of Benjamin West, a stay-at-home whose war canvases were based on hearsay. The nearest American precedent of this series is Winslow Homer's work on the Civil War, which he did on commission for *Harper's Weekly*. World War I was practically over before this country sent its artists (most of them illustrators) to cover it.

The men who did the work that is presented on these pages, by contrast, are either fighters themselves or carry accreditation as artist-correspondents. They have all been to war fronts. Lieut. Dwight Shepler went through Guadalcanal and served as a deck officer in the sea battle of Santa Cruz. Paul Sample as war correspondent went on a patrol cruise in an American submarine. The smoke of the battle for Hill

LIFE herewith presents a 32-page color portfolio of war paintings by six American artists assigned to the various land, sea and air fronts to report on what our fighting forces do and see in action. What they also think and feel is the subject of accompanying text by a LIFE correspondent who has seen combat in the Solomons and in Sicily.

609 in Tunisia had hardly blown away when Fletcher Martin studied the ground with the men who took the hill. Floyd Davis flew along on a U.S. raid on Hamburg. Aaron Bohrod hit the beaches of Rendova and Lieut. (j.g.) Mitchell Jamieson hit the beaches of Sicily with the first assaults. These men were warriors who carried strange weapons—rolls of canvas,

tubes of precious turpentine paints, brushes, pencils and notebooks.

A further strength of these paintings lies in the fact that the artists are in no important way different from our fighting men. These artists are not long-haired, loud-talking aesthetes. They are normal, healthy, peace-loving men. Their biographies (page 84) attest that most of them have been through rough times. One of them worked as a field hand, road worker, fruit picker, lumberman. Another once sold score cards in a ball park. Two have held boxing titles. Two of them are in the Navy in this war and two others were in the last war. Our fighting forces are made up of men like these. We are winning this war with an army overwhelmingly civilian. Before the war we had only about 400,000 men in our armed forces. Now we have nearly 11,000,000. The gap has been filled by grocery clerks, garage mechanics, college professors, housewives, linotype operators, office boys—and painters.

Therefore the reactions of Shepler, Sample, Martin, Davis, Bohrod and Jamieson are altogether typical. A critique of their paintings, a discussion of why they used sepia here and vermilion there, would interest only professional artists. Their reactions, suggestive of the reactions of soldiers and sailors to each theater and each type of fighting, may be more useful as a kind of appendix to their paintings. Therefore that is what appears in words with the pictures.

The thing which is important in the pictures on the following pages is not their technique, their design or their content, but the careful blend of those things which is mood. A painting is a kind of memory—of an event, of a place, of an idea—and if it is good, it will give the person who sees it a pang quite like that of a vivid memory. "Painting pictures of the war," says Paul Sample, "is no different from the year in and year out painting at home. All paintings stem from one's experiences and feelings." And if a skilful artist's experiences and feelings have any real importance and depth, the paintings which stem from them should give to all those who shared the experiences a sense of sharp recollection, and to those who did not, a sense of having been through something very like the original experiences.

Men who went through the historic Sicilian landing will not look at the picture on the opposite page and exclaim about Mitchell Jamieson's clever use of rope perpendiculars, foiled by the heavy diagonals of the davits and the bright diagonal of the fire ashore. Rather they will remember the sepulchral voice on the ship's public address system that morning: "First wave, get in your boats, first wave, get in your boats." They will remember the fire burning grimly in Gela ahead. They will think of the coldness of that dawn, of the huddled feeling in the boats, of the vomiting and swearing men, of the awesome cliché in every mind as the boats were lowered: "This is it."

The same applies to paintings which follow. They will give some men a memory and others an understanding of experience by battle.





"BOMBARDMENT—GUADALCANAL." In the "First Anniversary Hate Shoot" (Dec. 7, 1942), Marine artillery units are celebrating not only the memory of Pearl Harbor, but their own bitter feelings about the Japanese. The gunners pat and caress each shell as they shove it home and they slam

the breeches shut with a curse. Most of these men have never seen a Jap except the ones in the prisoners' enclosure, and maybe some dead ones. But they feel well acquainted with the enemy, and they do not like what they know. As each of these howitzers goes off, the men shout their hatred.



"TORPEDOED." A Japanese midget submarine has slipped up to Lunga Point and put a torpedo into a supply ship. The signalman on the platform ashore is too busy to watch the terrible fire. As damage control men fight the blaze aboard, ramp-boats cluster at the quarter and go right on unload-

ing as if nothing had happened. The ship will be saved but the enemy has, with his cunning and stubbornness, delayed and harassed our effort. Artist Dwight Shepler did well to choose a Japanese success for his subject: in the first months on Guadalcanal, the Jap kept the issue seriously in doubt.



"ACTION ON THE RIVER." Here Artist Shepler has done a masterful thing; he has not only painted a group of marines—the "point" of a company crossing a sluggish river to secure the far bank—but he has also succeeded in giving a sense of the Jap. You cannot see the enemy, but neither

can the marines. He is somewhere in that yellow-green mass across the river; he is part of the mass. The marines cross the river one at a time to keep from giving the invisible enemy more than one target in midstream. They hurry on the far bank for the cover of logs and hummocks, then inch forward.

GUADALCANAL: THE JAP

Guns are not usually emotional. One does not think of 155-mm. howitzers as being happy, depressed, touchy or angry. But on Guadalcanal one day last year every piece of American artillery spoke from dawn to dusk, and the soldiers thought they heard emotion in what the guns said. The emotion was hatred. The day was the anniversary of Pearl Harbor. The men called the day long barrage the "First Anniversary Hate Shoot."

Our men want to beat the German enemy, but their reason for wanting to, however impelling, is mostly intellectual. Their reason for wanting to beat the Japanese is almost purely emotional. When our men throw grenades at the Germans they count: "One thousand one, one thousand two," but when they throw them at the Japs they count: "One Jap dead, two Japs dead. . . ."

The mere idea of the Japanese enemy does things to our men and these things are not always temporary, not just frenzies of rage or fits of courage. Some of our men are different after they meet the Japanese, and will always be. In a report on the marines who fought on Guadalcanal, a Navy psychiatrist named Lieut. Commander E. Rogers Smith said: "The strain and stress experienced by these men produced a group neurosis that has not been seen before and may never be seen again. . . ."

Call it neurosis, call it hatred that consumes men and never leaves them, call it whatever you wish, the feeling of men who have fought the Japanese is permanent and terrible.

There was in the beginning quite a lot of fear in this hatred. Men

Paintings of the Solomons campaign by Navy Lieut. Dwight Shepler reflect the feelings of our fighters toward their fierce enemy

can the marines. He learned a few words of English so that he could scream them like a parrot in the night. As one of our men said, the Jap had "the face of a Siberian tiger and the heart of a trapped rattlesnake." He never gave up. He seemed to eat almost nothing and yet fight like an animal, or rather like the whole animal kingdom compressed into a nearly human frame. You seldom saw him till he was dead, and then when you stumbled onto his corpse, he surprised you by having intimations of humanity about his person: a flag inscribed lovingly by friends, a snapshot of a girl.

As time passes the fear lessens, though the hatred does not. In place of fear there has begun to be contempt. The men who have met this enemy recently on Attu and in New Guinea may be permanently taken with hatred, but they have not been changed forever as were some of those marines who fought so long on Guadalcanal. What looked at first like fanaticism in the Jap begins to look as if it were largely lack of imagination. What seemed to be incredible perseverance has turned out to be mostly stupidity.

For American soldiers, who know their duty when they see it but who love life so very much, the Japanese warrior code is beginning to be a thing of pity. It says: "Duty is weightier than a mountain while death is lighter than a feather." The marines who fought on Guadalcanal wanted only to live to fight victoriously another day and, after the fight, to be happy and relaxed and American for many other days.

fear most what they do not understand, and the Jap was a total mystery when our men first met him on fighting terms on Guadalcanal. He climbed into

SANTA CRUZ

Sea warfare is where man has a hard time staying human. He has to fight against becoming a gadget, an invention, a weapon, an improvement.

There is probably no more complex piece of machinery in the world than a battleship, and when one fights as hard as the *South Dakota* fought in the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands last year, the men aboard her become bits of machinery attached to her complexity. Your battleship sailor is not a "salt." He does not lounge around splicing rope ends or mending canvas or feeling the wind with a wet finger. He is a mechanic. He is an electrical genius. He is a radio bug. He is a ballistics expert. Logarithms are his meat. Everything he touches is metal, and he likes the feel of an oily rag on polished steel.

He may not comprehend all the gadgets he uses. He may not quite understand the impulses of a radio wave, but he knows that if he turns such-and-such a knob, so-and-so will happen. The way in which he gradually becomes part of the machinery, as if his flesh were alloyed with it, is this: he gets to depend more and more on the machinery and less and less on the ability of his own mind to make the same calculations. You can hardly blame him for this when you consider, for instance, that the wiring plan of a range finder and fire-control calculator looks a little more complicated to a layman than the wiring plan of Manhattan Island. When a sailor gets thinking about the way all those wires figure things out faster than his eye can follow the dials, he naturally becomes a little humble, perhaps even depressed, about the wiring plan inside his own skull.

This is why he has to keep a constant vigil, aboard a battleship, to maintain his human qualities.

Quite properly, the battleship makes a number of concessions to his manhood. In fact the battleship is not only a complex weapon: it is a floating city of men. It has a movie show and a soda fountain. It has a hospital, known as "sick bay." It has a butcher shop, a bakeshop, a carpentry shop, a print shop, a tailor shop with four sewing machines and a barbershop with six chairs in it. It has a telephone exchange. It has a power plant capable of lighting a fair-sized city. It has a post office that takes \$2,000 worth of stamps to sea on each cruise. It has four or more stores where a man can buy everything from underwear to perfume for his girl. It has in its disbursing office a bank that handles (on one ship) \$531,582.80 cash each quarter-year in pay alone. It has a church, whose altar may be rigged next to an ammunition hoist. The chaplain, as ship's welfare officer, doubles as insurance salesman and has written more than \$3,000,000 worth. The ship has a library in which a man can read, according to taste, *Black Creek Buckaroo* or *From Galileo to Cosmic Ray* or *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. It has a laundry to which you might not want to send silk pajamas, but which gets things clean the rugged way. It has a police force complete with jail, called the brig. It has a fire department, and even a burning wastebasket is a four-alarm fire on a ship; and a sanitation department, which gets rid of waste in an incinerator, and a garbage grinder. Its Welfare Fund is like a Community Chest. It has a very active school system. It even has a brass band.

And yet even the daily life in this floating city is circumscribed by machinery. The air the men breathe is not the sweet salt air of the sea: it is air-conditioned. The men always walk on metal. The hum of motors is a constant obligato to their conversation. Their home is a steel locker. They get their beautiful naval orders—"Sweepers, man your brooms: clean sweep-down fore and aft. . . . The smoking lamp is out. . . . Chow down!"—by loudspeaker. Many men seldom see the light of day: their sun and their moon are electric.

The link with human things for these battle-ship sailors is slender but very real: it is the memory of home. The link is not made, as links are aboard ship, of steel. It is of paper. It consists of mail from home. Sometimes a Christmas card does not catch up with a battleship at sea until May, but when it comes it still means Christmas, home and love.



"AIR DEFENSE" is Lieut. Dwight Shepler's painting of U. S. S. *South Dakota* in the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands, Oct. 26, 1942. The artist served that day as a deck officer aboard an antiaircraft cruiser like the one to the right of the battleship. The fight began at 11:12 a. m. Over his ship's speaker system,



Captain (now Rear Admiral) Thomas Leigh Gatch asked his crew if they were ready. Bulkheads below shook as the men shouted: "Aye, aye, sir!" There were 20 planes in the first wave and 40 in the second, half an hour later. Only one, a torpedo bomber, got through. It was just getting set to drop its payload

when shells clipped its wings off and it threw its torpedo over the stern. At 12:19, 24 more planes came. Captain Gatch said: "Our ship was cutting circles and figure eights and other maneuvers without name." One 500-pounder hit a forward turret and it blasted knocked Captain Gatch out. The ship survived.



"SURFACE WATCH" shows a submarine riding the waves on a moonlit Pacific night. Lookouts are scanning the horizon with glasses, and there is not much they can do during their four hour watch to keep themselves from getting wet and lonely. Tropical nights have been painted more sentimentally than

this, but Artist Paul Sample has tried to express the topside mood of submariners. It is bleak on the conning tower, and submarine men prefer the warmth and companionship of their crowded quarters below. The submarine itself is uncomfortable and awkward on the surface. Waves twist it there, and



the deck is awash and is no place for men to walk. When the submarine dives, motion stops and the closed-in men feel secure from attack. Out on a Pacific patrol, Sample was quickly infected by this feeling. He wrote in his journal: "It was pitch black and very windy and rough and very lonely up there."

SUBMARINE WARFARE

Paul Sample paints the vessels and the life of sailors who live in the closest confinement, and therefore the tightest companionship, of all our fighting men

There is barely room in a submarine for human flesh and spirit. That is why the man who fights underwater is affected, probably more than any other fighter, by men—by the ones with whom he is so closely imprisoned in hazard.

This man is not a pale, silent, dehydrated person, as he is so often pictured. He is like any seagoing man: healthy, cocky, profane. He has plenty of time to shave, but he is a man, he grows a beard. He is better fed than most fighting men. He is in his early 20's. If he is a really good submariner, he is an extrovert, a noisy, cheerful guy. The only thing that makes him different from other Navy men is the compactness of the community of 60-odd men in which he lives.

No matter where he is aboard his ship, no matter what he is doing, he can almost always reach out and touch another man. If he sits playing cribbage in the forward torpedo room, he needs only to turn his head to have his face warmed by the breath of a sleeping friend, and if the sleeper seems to be in bed with a torpedo, that is just part of a submariner's intimacy. After meals his dining room becomes his clubroom, and he sits at table elbow-to-elbow with others reading westerns or shooting the breeze or listening to the dismal tinkling of a samisen on a Japanese radio program.

And yet he does not hate his confinement. On the contrary, he prefers it. That other, upper world of the conning tower is something he explores only in line of duty. It is a foreign, lonely place. If he has a night watch above, he wears dark glasses to adjust his eyes before he goes up, and his world turns artificial and queer. The dripping steel up there is unfriendly and so are the stars, and he ducks to avoid the chill sea spray. He would rather be below, shut in with his kind.

He and his fellows are interdependent. Every man on a submarine has a job when the ship dives: even the cook must "secure" the galley sink. Under vague battle lights men stand about absolutely immobile, speaking their parts—reading gauges and meters and repeating the readings, giving and repeating orders—in muffled voices, like whispers echoing in a deep well. And the engineering officer stands with a sober face, for he has computed the weight of everything that came onto the ship, every orange and all the fuel and each man, and he has made his calculations as to exactly how much water must be let into the ballast tanks so that when the ship goes down she will weigh exactly the same as the water she displaces, and will trim. Each man reports readiness at his station, and each knows that if he goes wrong he will throw away his own life and those of his friends. As the last red light on the panel known as the Christmas Tree flickers over to green, the diving officer reports: "Pressure in the boat; green board, sir." The captain speaks. The gentle whine of electric motors replaces the roar of diesels. There is a thunder of water roaring into the ballast tanks, and of air venting obscenely on deck. The ship settles. She trims all right. The captain kids the engineer; "Just luck, you bum." But the engineer's face shows that he knows he has done a good job, and enlisted men nearby are glad for him and even feel that they have helped a little.

This feeling of having helped is perhaps the key to the submariner's pride in his job, and to his insistence that there (*continued on next page*)



"SKIPPER ON THE BRIDGE" is a portrait of Commander Roy Benson. He not only controls the ship during attacks, but he is the ship's doctor and father and heart. Little things he does—chinning himself on the conning tower in the afternoons, puffing quietly on a cigar on the bridge, kidding his men about their girls or their parents—set the tone and maintain the morale of the whole ship.

is no other duty in the Navy he would like as much. Every man on a submarine feels that he is part of an attack. When the general alarm sounds through the ship, it only takes a few seconds for the news to go from man to man like an electric charge jumping gaps: "Tanker, big one...big tanker...tanker..." All through the ship men brace themselves and from time to time their eyes meet. They hear the captain's voice: "Fire one!" There is a long wait. Then the shock of distant explosions. All cheer, and an enlisted man loses his head and rushes up to the captain and pumps his hand and shouts; "You hit the bastard, you hit him!" But elation modulates quickly into alertness. The ship dives deep. When depth charges walk toward the submarine, the men punctuate the thuds with whispers: "Whew...oh-oh...that was close...we're okay now..." And at that moment the crew is especially compact in spirit, for there is no intimacy quite like the knowledge that the ship you share with your friends may at any moment serve also as your common coffin.

In moments of relaxation, personalities are not only integrated; they become common property. The redhead who laughs so much infects every man on the ship with his cheer.



SUBMARINE "A" is the crew of 110 men, usually crowded together like a club, and the men resent outsiders. When a long time comes, they report quietly aboard, with little excitement or fear. As the submarine leaves the base, the men are ordered smartly out to sea, but by the time the ship has

reached the harbor mouth, they are dispersed at once, watching the boat slip away, comparing notes on the times they had at the Royal Hawaiian, already making some vows and plans for their next leave. There is surprisingly little ceremony about their departure; only the gulls are out to see them off.

The men who hear the engineering officer describe over and over that last enchanted evening in San Francisco all feel as if they personally danced with his girl. Pin-ups peeping out from between the wheels and gauges are not personal property: they are public loves.

And all through the closeness of feeling runs a strong, essential thread: the leadership of the captain. Aboard a submarine, more than on any other naval vessel, the skipper *is* the ship. He can afford to be informal, to let his men wear sweaters and skivvies, to call them by their first names, even to tolerate joshing of his own foibles, because he knows that his men will be self-disciplined, since each is so important to the survival of the ship. He can be considerate; perhaps he will call the torpedoman who loves sketching to the periscope to see Mt. Fuji. If one of his men falls very sick at sea, you may find him in his room—which is cluttered with cigar boxes and clothes, snapshots of his girl and pictures taken through the periscope—with a book open, looking up the words he dreads: "... we therefore commit this body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come ..."



"SUBMARINERS" Fireman Second Class John Gavin, a French-American (standing), and Seaman Second Class Charles Schaub, a German-American, take the air together on the conning tower of a U. S. submarine. Submariners are not pale, silent introverts, as they are often described; they are like these men and like any American sailors, husky, hearty, hard-working and yet easygoing.



"OFF WATCH" shows crew's quarters in the forward torpedo room. It also shows the confinement of submarine life. In this tiny space there are 19 men. Some are sleeping, some play cards on a checkerboard, some lounge and shoot the breeze. The interior decoration of their home consists of tor-

pedoes, valves, ducts and gauges. There can be no race distinctions in such a compact community, and the Negro mess attendant bunks with his white companions and plays cards with them. Life in submarine quarters is informal: men go shirtless and are either barefoot or wear special-issue sandals.



"PATROL'S END" shows submarine returning from patrol. A band plays things like *Beer Barrel Polka*; officers wait to go aboard for reports; sacks of mail and boxes of fresh vegetables and fruit are carried on; and the men speak their greetings to their friends ashore. Only men on the dock wave.

"SHEETS OVERSIDE" Men who have been promoted to chief petty officer are tossed overboard by crew mates after submarine has tied up and first bustle of arrival at home base is over. Men get word of promotion by wireless at sea. Some new chiefs object, but all get drunk.





"MAIL" is just as important to submariners as it is to the men in foxholes. First thing that goes aboard a homing submarine, immediately behind the squadron officers, is all the mail which has accumulated while the crew was at sea. Ship mail catches up with surface vessels at sea, but Navy has

no postmen who are willing to deliver mail to the mouth of Tokyo Bay. Here men are seen reading their letters all over their submarine, on the deck, with legs over the side, leaning against gangway, sitting in open hatches. As they read their mail pennants fly at the conning tower in celebration of successes.



"ALGIERS BOMBING" was painted on a balcony of the Aletti Hotel, from which Fletcher Martin watched it. A huge convoy has just come in, and two snooping German planes audaciously try to hit some of its ships. But the

convoy and its escort throw up a terrifically tight antiaircraft barrage. A gray smokescreen is fading away over the docks in the foreground. Out over the breakwater a barrage balloon has been hit and falls burning. No ships are hit.

HILL 609

On the eve and morning of May Day, 1943, there was a fight on Hill 609 in Tunisia which some day will be known for its worth: it not only unhinged northern Tunisia but also gave American soldiers real confidence in themselves. It left a mark on the men who fought there, as truly as if the number 609 had been branded on their faces.

No man sees the whole pattern of a battle. What affects him is the tiny part of the action which swirls and crackles around him. This is the story of one such tiny episode on 609.

Two platoons of the 34th Division, just a handful of men, moved in the pitch-black night of April 30 to join the American forces which had already taken part of 609. The men had seen the hill by day, and their minds did not enjoy the remembered image of what they had to climb. They stumbled through thick shrubbery, over rocks, into an olive orchard. When they thought they had reached the place where their comrades were supposed to be, they stopped and listened. There was no one around. They moved on a little farther. They began to have a feeling that they were not alone on the hillside. They listened again. This time, close at hand, they heard a man stub his toe and swear softly in German.

They realized they were mixed up with the enemy. They withdrew and waited. Later in the silent night a lieutenant named Good took a sergeant and went back to the same spot. They found that the Germans had also withdrawn, the enemy must have been just as scared as the Americans. An hour before dawn Lieut. Good got the other men and they dug in. They sat down in their slit trenches to wait.

As the first gray light exposed the grimness of 609, they saw some Germans coming at them. They began to fight the Germans, and the skirmish lasted about half an hour. Suddenly a terribly thick black cloud engulfed the whole hill, so that men could not see how far their own rifles stretched in front of their noses and action stopped in the darkness, as if a moving-picture film had broken. Under the leadership of an Hawaiian lieutenant, some of the Americans groped for strong positions from which to resume the fight. They chose a pile of rocks beside a mule track, and crouched behind it.

The Germans looked for cover too. They chose a rock wall. Wind suddenly tore the cloud away and the light came back on. The Americans peeped from behind their rocks and saw Germans only 15 yards away. The wall the Germans had chosen was just the other side of the path from the American position. A horrible quick point-blank fight followed. The Americans killed enough to win. That is how the survivors of those platoons happen to have Hill 609 written all over their faces now.



THIS IS HILL 609 FROM THE SOUTHEAST, A GRIM, INHOSPITABLE OBJECTIVE WHICH PROVED



FIRST LIEUT. MARVIN A. GOOD, 28, who scouted for the Germans after both sides got mixed up in the night, was shoe salesman in Shenandoah, Iowa.

SECOND LIEUT. FRANCIS J. KENYON, 26, once a stock clerk in New York City, has that Hill 609 look: sad, proud, determined and old for his age.

NORTH AFRICA: REAR

The rear is where plans are made and forces are gathered. It is also the area of desks, of boredom, petty jealousy, frustration, of a sense that things are not going well. Whether the place is Washington or Algiers, the rear is the same.

Algiers has in fact been a little Washington. It has been worth a man's life to get a bed in the Aletti Hotel. The city has had more eagles and stars of rank than you could shake a salute at. It has had some bureaucrats, too, lenders and leasers and such. It also has had cascades of paper work very reminiscent of Washington. Near the front all you have to do to take a trip by air is to ask a pilot if he will carry you, and he says yes; but in a headquarters city you have to wait for your orders, apply for a priority, get a ticket and take your place on a waiting list. Men in fighting areas protest that they despise "drinking ribbons"—decorations that stand for campaigns, length of service, good conduct and so forth—but when the same men got back to Algiers they began feeling properly heroic and they put on their own ribbons. Life in Algiers, like life in Washington, has been a nightmare of getting passes, making appointments, filing applications, trying to get people on the phone, answering questionnaires, identifying yourself to guards, trying to find a desk to work at or a bed to sleep in—and above all, fighting skirmishes and delaying actions

Fletcher Martin's paintings of Algeria and Tunisia show the strange visit of war to a land of Arabs, heat, boredom, flowers, old buildings, dust and harsh, inhospitable hills

with little military personalities.

The main difference between Algiers and Washington, apart from degree, is that Algiers has had air raids, which have been infrequent and more a show than a terror.

Rear areas between Algiers and the front have not been quite so bad. There the life is more or less outdoors and quasi-athletic. But papers can get just as piled up in a headquarters villa by the sea in Italy as in Algiers. Administrators in tents can take their shirts off but that does not make their tempers any longer. The motion of a convoy of vehicles, even if it be toward action, sometimes seems unbearably slow and frustrating to the men in it.

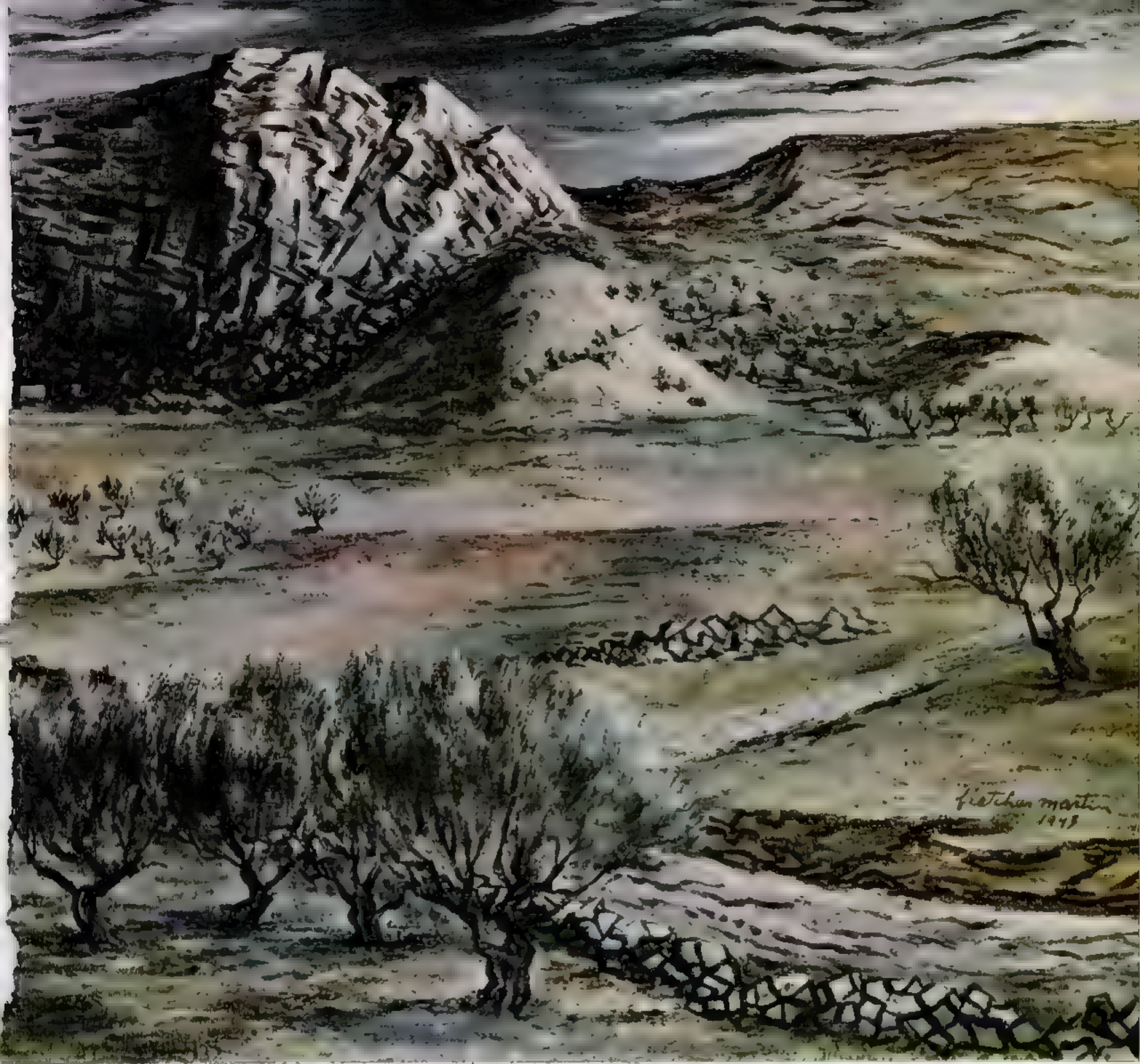
And so to many men in the rear areas of the Mediterranean—or of any theater—the war seems much like what it was back in the States. They still have baskets on their desks marked "Incoming" and "Outgoing," and the income always seems to exceed the outgo.

The trouble is that these men have no way of knowing what heroes they are. Physical hazards are comparatively easy to take, especially if you can see others taking them beside you. But boredom is bad. The very absence of danger is bad, for danger keeps a man's mind on the danger, not on himself. It is painfully true of this war that they also serve who only stand around in the rear and wait, wait, wait.



STREAM CROSSING on the road to Tunis shows a by-pass built by engineers after enemy blew up an ancient stone bridge near the mill beyond. Strange procession of jeeps, peeps, half-tracks, tanks, oxcarts, Arabs and

soldiers moves across the waterway, which is several miles behind the front lines. Light traffic uses the timber roadbed and steel bridge, while heavier vehicles ford the stream. Soldiers strip and wash away the dust of a campaign.



TO BE THE KEY TO BIZERTE. SKIRMISH OF THE STONE WALLS WAS FOUGHT IN OLIVE GROVE JUST BELOW CRAGS AT THE UPPER RIGHT



SECOND LIEUT. FRANK COCKETT, 29, picked off Germans who tried to flank Americans. He is Hawaiian, formerly a tax clerk at Wailuku, Maui.



SECOND LIEUT. LLOYD L. HARDY, 21 of Dayton, Ore. was railroad brakeman. These men took Martin over Hill 609 a few days after the battle.



SECOND LIEUT. ELDON WILSON, 21 was once a cook from Alva, Okla. This battalion lost two-third of its original strength in Tunisian battles.



SKIRMISH OF THE STONE WALLS high up on Hill 609 took place early in the morning, just after the cloud blew away (*see p. 14*). Americans on

the right can be identified by round helmets and green uniforms. At one point in the battle three Germans tried to confuse the Americans by getting

around behind, but they were shot by Hawaiian Lieut. Cockett. The Germans had insufficient cover and began to pull back. A Stuka flew around the cliff



and went back and forth strafing. The Americans lifted up their machine guns and fired at it until it began to smoke and went away. Two Germans came

out with their hands up. One of our men jumped out to get them. He was instantly killed. Then other men had to go out and kill both the Germans. A

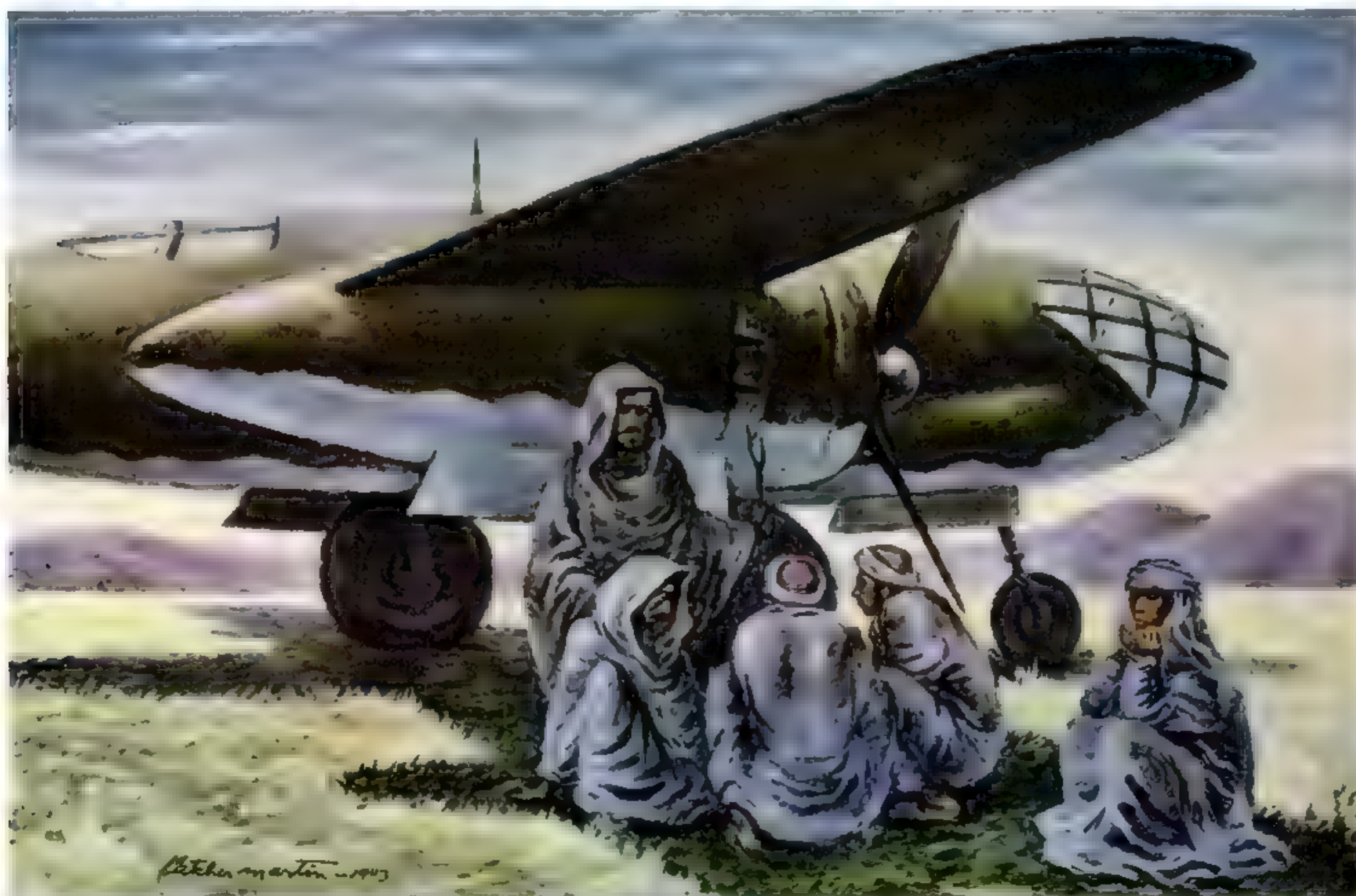
sergeant stuck his head up to look for more Germans, was shot between the eyes. Finally, when the Germans had lost about 40 men, the rest gave up.



REDHEAD PICKING FLOWERS sums up Americans at war. In background is a smashed German troop carrier, the ugliest and most complex vehicle the Nazis use, now just a twisted witness to Allied power. The young soldier, with some flowers already tucked in his bandana, is homesick as he picks others.



PRISONERS FROM CAPE BON are carried to an enclosure along the road near Mateur in a long convoy of American trucks. They pass three black Nazi crosses—and they force an Arab family off the road—a woman carrying her goods and her suckling child, a girl with wood, sheep and a calm camel.



ARABS ENJOYING THE SHADE of a bomber's wing afford an ironic commentary on their people. Here is a Douglas A-20 (Boston), a marvelously intricate climax of man's invention. Yet to the Arabs it is nothing but a place to get out of the sun. They are completely incurious about all the gadgets and

gear of this plane, or even about what makes it fly. All they want is to squat in the shade. On the battlefield it was the same: Arabs would wander out under murderous fire to tend their sheep, or they would meander unconcernedly on a ridge sown with mines to scavenge from dead soldiers there.



FIRST DAY IN BIZERTE. Fletcher Martin writes: "Bizerte was a shambles, a dead town. Nearly every building was wrecked. A wounded German prisoner said the bombing during those last days was so heavy and constant that no one could eat or sleep. He said all the soldiers had decided it was

there they would die." This painting shows the estuary of Bizerte's deep harbor. The truck belongs to the men who took Hill 109, who hurried at having to work like devils cleaning up Bizerte after coming out of that battle. This mosque was wholly crushed, while the pier across the water was untouched.

SATURATION OF HAMBURG

Floyd Davis, who flew along on a raid over Hamburg, catches in his paintings the aviator's sense of remoteness from his target, and of his constant hazard

A pilot has two kinds of enemy—the one on the ground whom he tries to destroy and the one in the sky who tries to destroy him. He is all too well acquainted with the one near him in the air, but he is a stranger to the one on the earth below. It is this peculiar remoteness from the people of his target that makes a bombardment pilot the kind of man he is.

The aviators who took part in the terrific series of attacks on Hamburg late in July and early in August this year did not see the people of Hamburg as they went over with their bombs. All they saw was a kind of impersonal aerial photograph slipping out from under them, the lakes called Inner and Outer Alster, the streets too numerous to name, factories marked on their target charts, and cool little clouds over everything. As the days wore on they were guided to the city by a pillar of smoke nearly four miles high, but even the smell in their cockpits of Hamburg burning did not give them much sense of human suffering; it just cut down visibility and was an annoyance.

High in a plane even the most introverted man can get no sense of the human enemy below. One of the most articulate aviators of this war, the Frenchman Saint-Exupéry, says: "Look down on the earth from 33,000 feet, and man ceases to exist. Man's traces are not to be read at this distance." Even the bombardier in a medium bomber, at a medium altitude sees through the perfect crystal of his sight mere shapes of concrete, steel and wood. Even the strafing, hedgehopping alone in a fighter plane, sees only a blur of trees in a bivouac area where he is supposed to be hunting men, or a blur of gray shapes when he brushes a destroyer with bullets, because his speed prevents him from looking into the face of his earth-bound enemy.

And so when men come back from raids like those on Hamburg, they do not say: "The faces of the people in the streets of Hamburg were ugly with pain." They are not in a position to see that or to say it. They say—and it is there in the newspapers every day—something about the other enemy, the sky enemy: "They came at us from all directions. . . . They were like a swarm of bees." Or perhaps they talk about flak, which is just another kind of enemy in the sky. It is quite natural that they should have their minds on the aerial rather than the groundling enemy, when you consider the losses. One would hardly expect that the fliers who went along on the Hamburg raids, in which 88 bombers carried nearly 700 airmen and \$74,000,000 on their last ride, should think about anything but the air enemy. Those 700 lost airmen are a statistic to most people; to the fliers they were companionship.

Our aviators do not only suffer losses; they also inflict more than they suffer. And when they do, they experience the most intimate and unforgettable contact with the enemy: they see him slump in his cockpit, and sometimes they even get a glimpse of his dead face.

When pilots talk about what they see on the ground, their statements are vague: "We could see a glow for 60 miles . . . a cauldron . . . pillars of dust. . . ." It is not the job of the public relations officers at the various airfields to send in quotations expressing a mood. And yet, standing around with the fliers as a Red Cross girl hands out doughnuts



"HAMBURG RAID" shows a flight of Fortresses moving toward their targets in the intricate pattern of varying altitudes which gives the fliers their great-



est protection from both flak and fighters. Dark bursts of flak can be seen all through the formation. At this extreme altitude, rivers are just little trickles

and towns mere splashes in the general green. Up here aviators wouldn't lose all track of man if it were not for friendly and enemy planes nearby in the air.



"PLANE IN DISTRESS." A Fortress comes back from Hamburg with a burning engine and with some wounded crew. As other planes circle around the field waiting their turns to land, the hurt bomber takes a preliminary run over the landing strip, dropping flares to warn ground personnel about the casual-

ties. Below an ambulance stands by to take them out and, because the pilot and copilot may be wounded and therefore unable to make a good landing, a wrecking tractor is also beside the runway ready to drag the plane off the runway if it crashes. The long bar in front of the tractor is its towing hook.

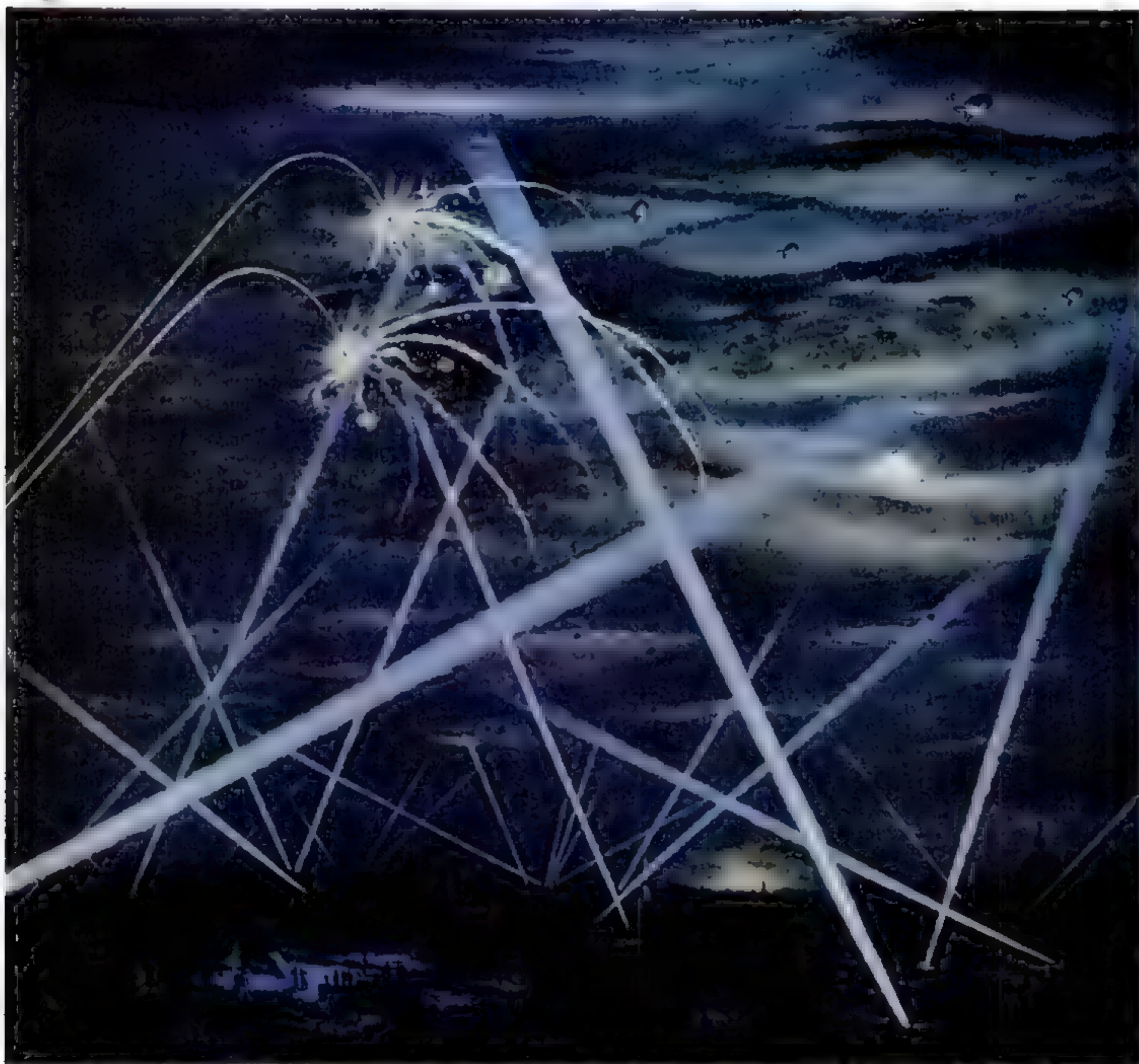
or beer when they return from a mission, you can hear pride in their voices. The men who raided Hamburg were proud of the way they had done a tough job: nine raids in ten days, 10,000 tons of bombs dropped, raids far more concentrated than Guernica, Rotterdam or Coventry; seven square miles devastated, more bombs dropped in just over a week than were dropped in the entire blitz on London in 1940-41.

But the aviators did not — and probably should not — speak of these facts in human terms. The pride in their voices was audible; the thoughts in their minds were not. They did not have to see the faces in Hamburg's brazier to realize what was going on thousands of feet below. American fliers are not cruel or insensitive, far from it. Most of them are naturally gentle, kind and generous. If they do not talk much about the damage they do, it is because their job is impersonal. It has to be. They have to keep it that way. They cannot dwell, audibly or inaudibly, on its awful effects.

It was not for our fliers to see in their minds' eyes that Hamburg

was as bad as the seventh circle of Dante's hell, where flakes of fire fell on naked sinners. They could not afford to spend too much time imagining the scene in the tunnel under the Elbe River, where thousands of people had taken shelter, at the moment when a bomb burst one end and the water rushed in. As fliers with an important job to do they could not afford to have nightmares about people driven from shelters by heat into an ocean of flame outside; or about the city gradually dying—water no longer running, gas gone out of the mains, telephones silent, bus lines stopped, food distribution crippled—finally a city populated by people either dead or blank in the face.

Aviators have in common with all front-line fighters one of the deepest feelings which comes out of experience by battle. It is an unwillingness to talk—or even to think too much—about the human side of what they have to do to the enemy. It is best that this should be true. The war will end sooner for aviators, and their scars will heal quicker, if they can concentrate coolly on hitting the enemy carefully and well.



"RETALIATION." After nearly every raid on the continent, a handful of German planes sneaks over Britain. A light German force is greeted with a warm reception here as it comes in over London. Searchlights, flares and anti-aircraft light up the underside of the clouds and of the city's many bar-

rage balloons. The profile of London can be seen dimly against the horizon; with the dome of St. Paul's standing up on the right. A post office burns on the other side of the city. In foreground, air-raid spotters stand calmly on top of a building, watching the raid and reporting the progress of enemy planes.

RENDOVA: THE JUNGLE

Most American soldiers are used to the good hard feel of sidewalks under their feet. They are civilized. For these men the jungle is awful. For the men who stepped ashore on the beach at Rendova, one gray day last summer, the jungle was another world.

If you should happen to arrive in the jungle on a rainy day, as the men did on Rendova, you will think more than you want to about moisture. Everything gets wet. Clothes get soggy, shoes squidge. A steady drip falls from the back of the helmet to the back of the neck. Things made of leather seem to mildew and rot before your eyes. Food spoils. Arms rust. Damp skin invites fungus, the dhobie itch, athlete's foot, pinta. You get prickly heat. It will take your body about six weeks to adjust itself to the humidity—that is, if you are in good condition; otherwise longer; perhaps never.

Aaron Bohrod's paintings of the first landings in New Georgia bring home the dankness, the rot, the confusion and the fears of fighting in a primeval world

There is water, water everywhere, and still you have to drink. The hot and selfish air, not satisfied with the moisture it already has, draws more from your body, and you crave water and salt. But jungle water can give you typhoid, paratyphoid, dysentery, cholera or undulant fever. The sluggish creek in which you fill your canteen may have dead men upstream, and even if it does not and you think about it enough, you can taste Jap in it. You have to put chlorine or iodine in it and take salt with it. Sickness is the alternative.

Sometimes the rain suddenly stops and the sun comes out. The sky above is like a pale blue magnifying glass and it focuses the rays

of the sun squarely on you. You wish it would rain. It does, very soon, and then you wish the intolerable sun would come out again.

Night falls and you are still wet. The white man is sensitive to slight changes in temperature and a night breeze, which is not cool but merely warm, hits your dampness. If you are not careful you get a cold, a sinus infection, pneumonia.

And when it is dark you do not have to imagine things. They are really there. A corporal of Marines has this advice for newcomers to the jungle: "Get used to weird noises at night. This jungle is not still at night. The land crabs and lizards make a hell of a noise. . . And there is a bird here that sounds like a man banging two blocks of wood together. There is another bird that makes a noise like a dog barking."

The big creatures of the jungle—croco-



"THE LANDING." Near the skeleton buildings of what was once a large coconut plantation, a barge disgorges its huddling men. At the rear of the landing craft a Seabee bulldozer stands

ready to run ashore as soon as there is any kind of beachhead at all. This is terrain that needs a few strokes of the bulldozer's blade and a mat road of tough wire mesh before trucks and ambu-

lances and field guns can come onto the beach without bogging down. Now the men take cover, for they do not know yet where the Jap has hidden himself in the tangle just beyond the plantation.

diles, caimans, wild hogs—probably will not bother you unless you bother them. But the little creatures, who depend on you for a living, do not wait to be bothered. You will probably make the acquaintance of *Anopheles*, *Aedes* and *Culex*, who are the meaner brothers and sisters of the mosquito family: they bring you malaria, yellow fever, dengue fever, filariasis. You may also meet some ticks, sandflies, fleas, lice, mites, bloodsucking flies and kissing bugs. You will find yourself getting very attached to the leech. He is about an inch long when empty; he can penetrate one thickness of cotton cloth to get at you; and your only satisfaction is applying the coal of a cigaret to him and watching him curl up and drop off. Unfortunately you may get an ulcer from his sucking place. There is a lady fly who lays her eggs in your food. You eat it. Her larvae hatch in your bowels. You get diarrhea. In the morbid way of a soldier with "the G. I.'s" you examine your stool. It crawls. The jungle is not a nice place.

With regard to these things, there is a touch of bitter humor in U. S. Army Field Manual No. 31-20. It says: "Climb a tree if mosquitoes or other insects are too bad near the ground." (continued on next page)



"BRINGING IN THE AMMO." All day long soldiers unload ammunition, rations and other supplies onto the beach. In the last greenish moments of the day these soldiers struggle ashore

with a last batch of mortar shells. There is one 60-mm. shell in each compartment of the cloverleaf case. The shells are heavy, and there is jagged, treacherous coral under the men's feet.



"UNLOADING BARRACKS BAGS." Like a bucket brigade, this line of soldiers stands at the edge of the corrupt jungle and gets in the personal belongings which will make it possible for

the troops to make their homes ashore. Just as war production has priorities, so does unloading. Ammunition has priority over rations. And food over these "B" bags. The fact that this barge and

others down the beach are unloading duffel indicates that landing has been fairly well consolidated. Soon the men will be able to get out of their mud-covered fatigues into some dry clothing.



"TAKING COVER." When the landing occurred it was just beginning to get light, and it was raining hard. The assault troops ran across the beach as quickly as they could to take cover. They

cautiously crept forward through barbed-wire entanglements into natural entanglements. Now a single man rises, makes a dash of about 20 feet and throws himself down on his belly in the rain

soaked earth. At intervals other soldiers will follow his example. Artist Bohrod went through all this with the troops, and so the wetness and tense feeling of this painting are things he felt.



"MACHINE GUNNER" sets up the tripod for a water-cooled .50-cal. machine gun. This is in the early moments of action and everyone's movements are still cautious. The man behind the gunner holds a brass water cooler into which gun barrel will fit.

There are trees in the jungle which would not be too hard to climb even without the pole-climber's jacks which the Jap sniper taught us to use. They are dripping with tangled vines and have arching roots. There are other sleek trees, like the bamboo, which even a lizard would not climb on a rainy day. The tangle of the jungle, even the comparative order of the plantation palms fringing the shore, is wild and forbidding. There do not seem to be many flowers. Just great, nameless, shapeless trees and solid undergrowth—and a dank, rank odor. On a landing you can smell the jungle from several miles at sea.

In the maze of the jungle you should never be far from a compass, a watch and a machete. If you cannot follow a trail or a stream bed, you will have to hack your own trail. You can cut several cords of wood going a hundred yards. If you get lost, you may find a native. You must be careful to ask him questions which make him give information, not just a yes or a no. You must ask him: "Where does this trail lead?" rather than "Is this the trail toward Munda?"

You cannot depend on maps to give you proper trails because one season of falling trees, swelling streams, eroding soil and new growth is enough to change paths beyond recognition. When in doubt follow streams, for they usually lead to fertile coastlands and small settlements. You ought to know how to swim before you go into the jungle, because many streams are not fordable. And you ought to take some gear or dynamite to fish with, because you may run out of rations.

The jungle seems to be full of poisons, as if its rottenness had festered and become evil. Plants of beauty have a hidden sting. There are the nettle and the cow itch and the beach apple. A "fire ant" comes out from the heart of the pretty acacia and stings you. Spiders, scorpions and centipedes usually do not kill you but they are not pleasant bedfellows. By the shore there is coral and if you slip on it and cut the heel of your hand, infection may set



"MARCHING THROUGH NEW GEORGIA." A patrol sets out to mop up Jap groups still in the hills. The men are dressed in camouflage outfits which they variously call leopard suits, carnival

suits, monkey suits and zoot suits. The cloth is hot because of the dabs of green and brown dye which seal up the weave, and each man carries two canteens against the humidity. The artillery

piece in the background beyond will soon be turned against the Japanese stronghold at Munda across the bay. The man in foreground is engaged in popular pastime of foxhole-improving.

in, the place may swell and your whole arm will get sore. And there are always snakes.

If you come on a pal of yours in the jungle writhing beside a trail and pointing at two red spots on his leg, you take a razor blade and make crisscross cuts about a half-inch long and a half-inch deep at each fang mark. You apply a tourniquet between the bite and his heart. Then you apply a metal suction applicator to each crisscross cut and with a little rubber bulb pump out the poison. If you do not happen to have a razor blade and a snake-bite set like this handy, as you probably will not, you will just have to make the cuts with a jackknife and suck the crisscross places with your mouth. But make sure that there are no cracks or sores in your lips, or you may die too.

As you can see, the jungle is a horrible place for mere existence. But our men also have to fight there. And if that sounds easy, just remember that they prefer any and all of the hardships listed above to the Japs. Besides, some men get a curious, psychological quirk about fighting in the jungle. The shut-in, trapped feeling they get in the jungle also gives them a trapped feeling about the war, as if they would never get out of it. The stifling vegetation seems to hold time back. Looking across the African desert, standing on an open hill in Sicily or Italy and looking down onto an open plain, men can see the avenue ahead. But in the encircling, limitless jungle there seems no way out, no end.

Let it be said to the eternal credit of our men that they live in this jungle, and fight in it too, cheerfully. As they move forward they crack innumerable jokes. They are able to notice beauty in the jungle. Even the toughest of them look at the livid sunsets and remark that they wish their mothers could see those skies. When they bivouac they put defiant little signs up on the trees by their tents: *Broadway & 42nd, Coral Gables*. And as they slogged onto the swampy beaches of Rendova in the New Georgia Islands last summer, even the boys from the South were singing *Marching Through Georgia*.



"C RATIONS" shows a man in a dilemma. He has just opened a can of meat and beans. Someone has yelled: "Air raid!" His face is a mixture of hunger, boredom and fear. He cannot decide whether to go on eating or get down into his soggy trench.



"NEW GEORGIA SKY." In the first day's air fights over Rendova, American aviators claimed 101 Japanese planes, at a cost of 17 of our own. Dogfights took place all day. Men stood on the fringe of the jungle watching the thrusts and parries and maneuvers. Most of

the fights seemed to the groundlings to be inconclusive, and when a plane did fall it was often too far away to tell whether it was ours or theirs. But the fact that the fights were going on, and that the Munda-based Japanese were mostly kept away, was comforting.



"WOUNDED PRISONER." In cleaning up New Georgia, American troops killed thousands of Japanese. They only captured eleven. Ten of the eleven were wounded, as this man was. The bearers look at him with distaste as they carry him out. Bad as the jungle is, the soldiers hate the Jap more.

"RENDOVA RENDEZVOUS." When Aaron Bohrod found these three Japanese dead, blood was still oozing from their wounds. Officers already had searched them. Says Bohrod: "Coming onto some of our own casualties, with hands twisted and marble-like, I found them to look just as dead as the Japs."



SICILY

Lieut. Mitchell Jamieson pictures the first campaign of invasion, when present success and ultimate victory were clearly visible to our troops for the first time

Sicily was the place where our men were able for the first time to look on the war's horizon and see victory there, as plain as a mountain.

A soldier has to have a little success along with his food and water and sleep, or else he stops being a soldier. That was what happened to the Italians. They failed and failed until they neither could nor would fight. The Allies themselves had had to take a lot of lickings, relieved only here and there by a tentative success like Guadalcanal or a stunt like the Tokyo raid or a bumbling preliminary like North Africa. But when the troops hit Sicily, they carried success along with them in their landing craft.

For one thing, they had numbers. The mere sight of the fleets which made the landings gave them a sense of inevitable victory. Over 2,000 vessels crept up to the beaches at H hour. Most of these craft had not even been designed two years before. They were odd, ugly things with animal mouths and unromantic names: LST's, LCT's, LCI's, LCM's, LCVP's. But they were legion, and they were packed with great numbers of men, weapons, vehicles. Seeing the amphibious trucks, which the men called ducks, and the amphibious jeeps, which they called seeps, churning back and forth from ship to shore unloading things for days on end, seeing planes overhead all the time and knowing them to be friends who kept the enemy from coming over in mass, seeing many men file ashore upright and at ease—these sights gave our men confidence that now, at last, they had a sure thing.

The way the so-called "enemy" population received them was also a tip-off. Old Italian peasants stood beside the road saluting, not with the Fascist salute, but hand to forehead, back stiff, proud and hopefully republican. Little children ran through the streets shouting for caramels, being given C-ration candies, and then adoring the Americans. Women came up with bottles of wine. Young men whose shoes showed they had just deserted from the Italian Army rushed up and hugged our men, calling them deliverers. Such spontaneity and warmth from the Italians, who were supposed to be allies of the real enemy, were just hints of the way the peoples of Europe must be feeling. And our men knew that such feeling as that could not lose.

There was, besides, another sign: the attitude of German prisoners. These were not the haughty Nordics of accidental capture such as our men saw in the days of German success. These men walked across the lines. They were hollow-cheeked, tired, desperate. Many had been in the Army against their wish nearly a decade of their prime. They shivered when they heard guns go off. The old myth that the Nazis had hidden the facts from them, persuading them that Germany held Cairo and would soon take London, did not obtain here. Here the prisoners knew—they admitted they knew—that Mussolini was out, that the Italians hated them, that the Russians were headed for the Dnieper. When they were asked what they thought they were fighting for, some of them grimaced bitterly, twisting the facial scars of other campaigns, and said: "Hitler."

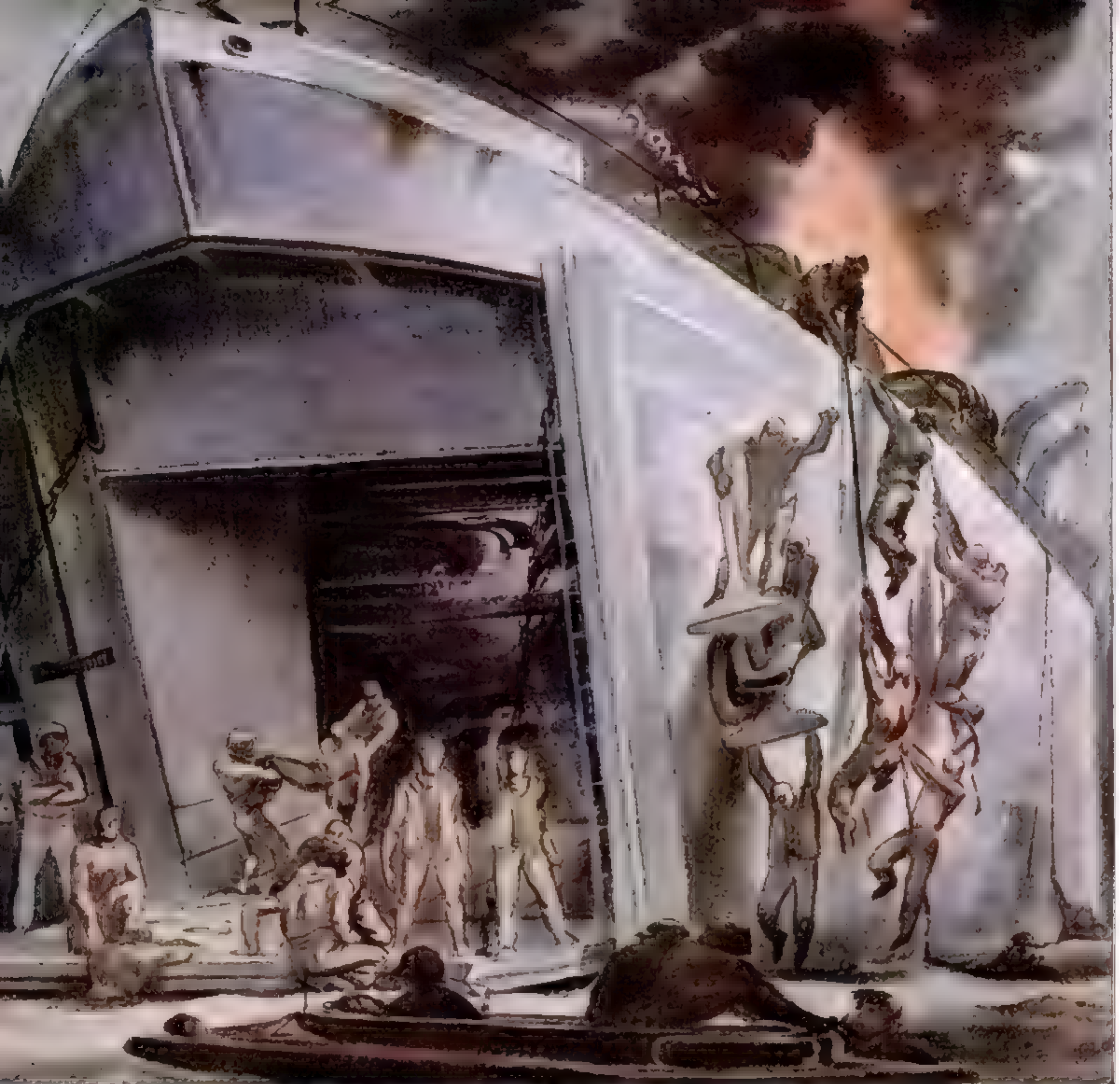
All this made our men fight harder and better than they had fought before, for it is easier for a soldier to charge a hill when he is certain he can take it than it is to defend one when he knows his main force is already pulling back. It also made our men talk more than ever about getting home. Some of the men in the rear areas went so far as to predict that they would be home by Christmas. They are not home yet, and no rifleman in the front lines seriously thought they would be. But now they mean it when they say they intend to be home by Christmas, 1944.



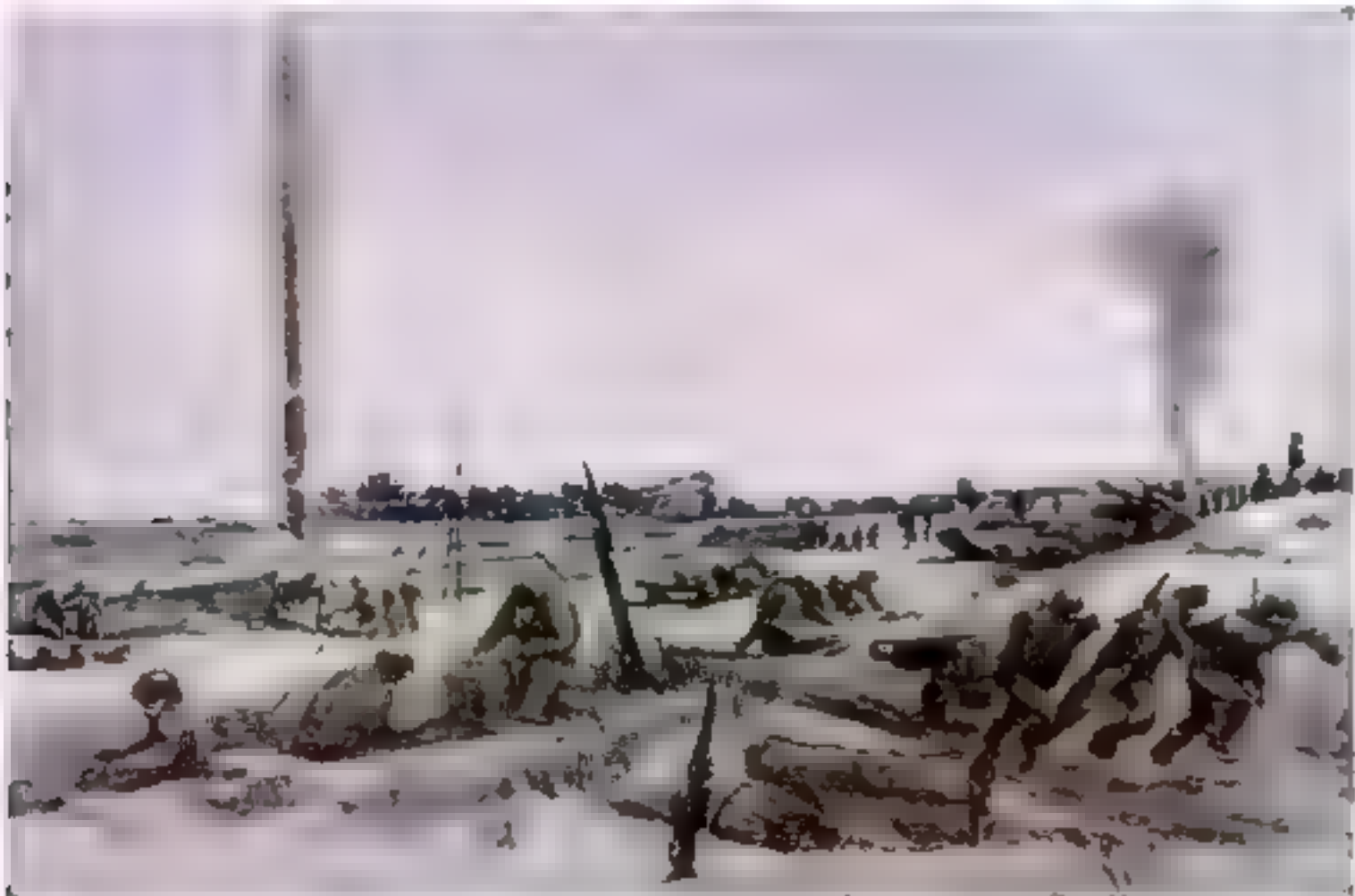
AN LST, HIT BY A BOMB ON FORWARD ELEVATOR, LIES 50 YARDS



"DIGGING IN." A shore party burrows in on the seaward side of the dunes about 25 yards from the water. A radio operator sets up his portable outfit. Down the beach an LCI lands its troops in face of fire from an enemy pillbox.



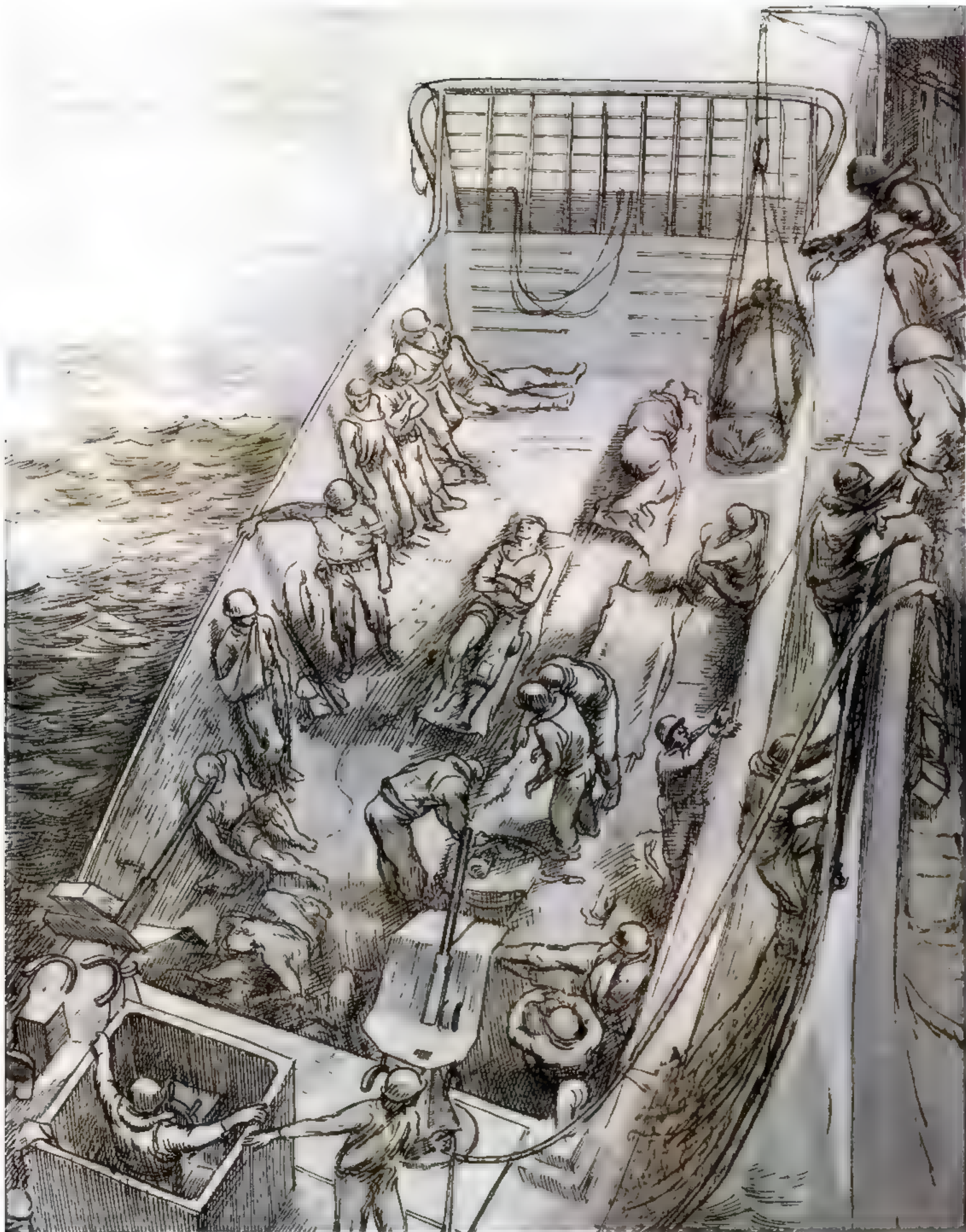
OFFSHORE AS MEN CLAMBER DOWN ROPES AT THE BOW WHILE OTHERS WAIT TO BE TAKEN OFF THE RAMP BY AMPHIBIOUS DUCKS



"BEACH NEAR GELA" gives the sense of numbers which made soldiers confident: troops filing ashore, trucks running along a pontoon causeway, wounded being evacuated, ships in the distance, men rolling out burlap for a beach road.



"MOVING UP" shows the troops advancing beyond the dunes. Italian prisoners, some wearing French helmets and nondescript uniforms, are under guard. One of their wounded receives medical aid and another is searched for weapons.



"TRANSFERRING WOUNDED." First casualties in Sicily, many of them paratroopers, are brought out to their transports in a lighter. Seriously wounded men are put into steel and wire-mesh litters and are hoisted up on davits. Walking wounded sit or stand listlessly waiting their turn to go up.

A couple of Medical corpsmen climb up to the ship to take care of wounded aboard. The coxswain stands in his armored turret. All of these men are battle casualties; in later phases our troops suffered heavy losses from malaria. These men are headed for base hospitals in Africa, some for home.

THE WOUNDED

Pain is the common denominator of war. Suffering is the subject which a veteran of Guadalcanal can discuss understandingly with a veteran of Italy, an aviator with a submariner, a four-star general with a seaman third class.

Men who are injured on the field of battle behave, by and large, with extraordinary uniformity. Their first reaction is a kind of rage. Men who can still walk say: "I'm all right, let's go back and get those bastards." As the process of evacuation begins, they seem to feel a queer elation, and their eyes sparkle, perhaps because front-line war is over for them for a time, perhaps merely because their adrenals are working overtime.

Then they are brave about their hurts, spectacularly, theatrically brave. All the way to the aid station they discuss what got them and they talk about the ones who have been left behind, dead. They almost never talk about home, never name beloved names, never call

Sketches by unknown artist of Guadalcanal and by Navy's Jamieson show the experience of war that is common to all theaters and all types of fighting—physical suffering

for mother or sweetheart. If they want somebody, it is almost certain to be a pal or a commanding officer. This is right and natural, for pain is immediate, and so are the thoughts that go with it.

Gradually they turn their minds inward on the pain. Litter patients almost always keep asking the bearers to "move that leg over just a little," and then, "move that leg back, would you, bud?" Any change of position seems a refuge from pain, which creeps through the body and is followed by a state of shock.

Eventually the wounded get to the aid station, the field hospital, the evacuation hospital, the station hospital and perhaps to Walter Reed or Letterman back in the States. And the hurts mend, more or less, and the men have the mark of war on them. They feel they are living reminders of war. The Purple Heart which they wear is not only the common symbol of all experience by battle, but is also a badge of hope that some day men may live together without the urge to maim and kill.

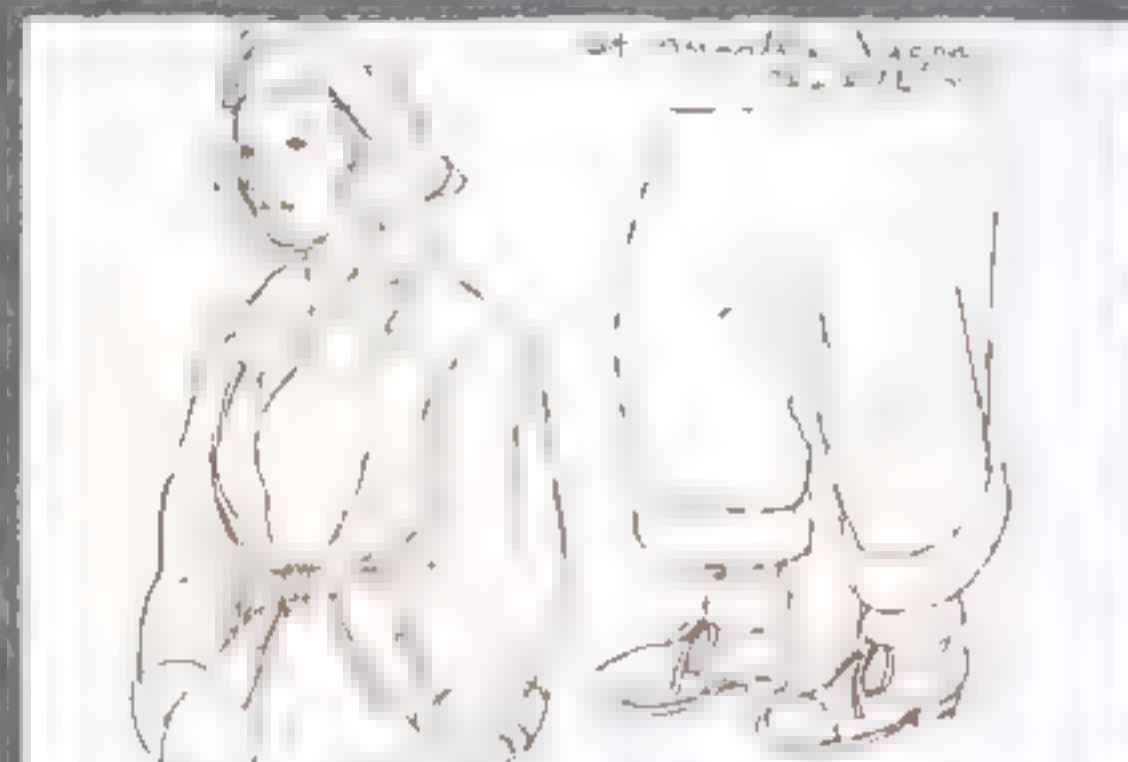


"STRETCHER PARTY" was sketched on cardboard by a Marine private at an aid station on Guadalcanal. He had helped bearers bring a wounded man out of the valley in which the third battle of the Matanikau River raged. When he had finished it, he handed his sketch to a medical corpsman

and went back down into the jungle. He had signed the sketch illegibly, and to this day no one knows who the artist was. It is believed that he was killed, for the men at the aid station never saw him again. The private's primitive, powerful sketch may well become one of the most famous works of art of the war.

WAR ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK

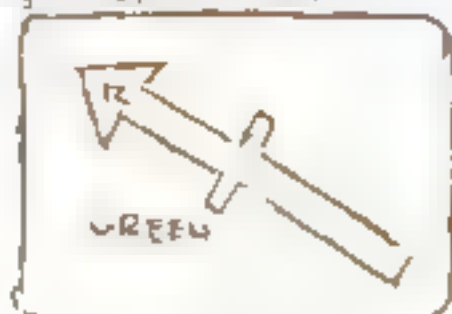
The paintings you have seen on the preceding pages could not actually be painted on the battlefield: there is no time or opportunity to set up an easel or dabble on a palette under fire. All an artist can do is to jot down notes in his sketchbook that later give him either details or whole paintings. These pen and ink sketches are from notebooks of Fletcher Martin, who did the North African paintings for LIFE's war portfolio. Some are hasty shorthand notes, others are careful descriptions of machinery or terrain. In preparation for his 14 North African paintings Fletcher Martin made about 200 sketches.



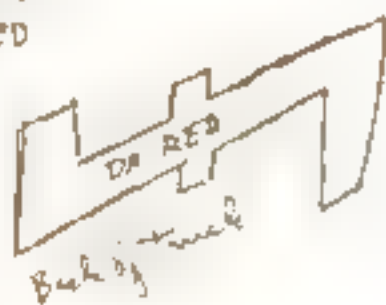
MARTHA PEGRAM SUGGESTS NURSE ON COVER

55? V2 - 1st 76 hrs.
900 on lot
May 27

On back of troop carrier

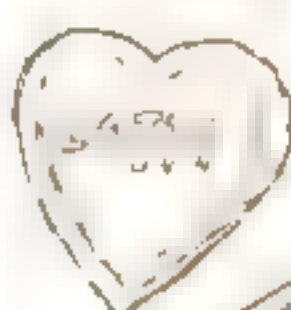


WHITE + RED

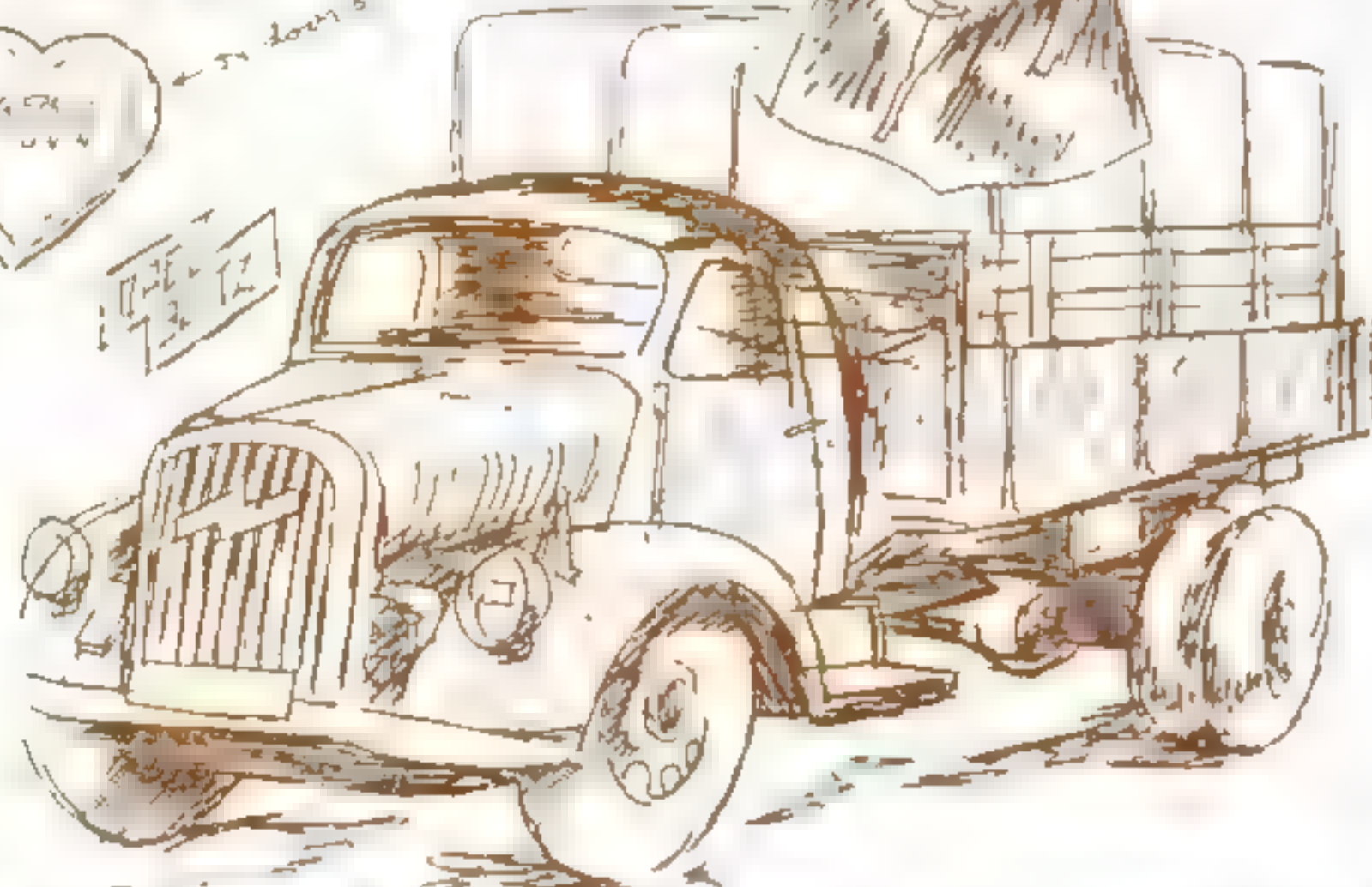


Right front fender of gas vehicle

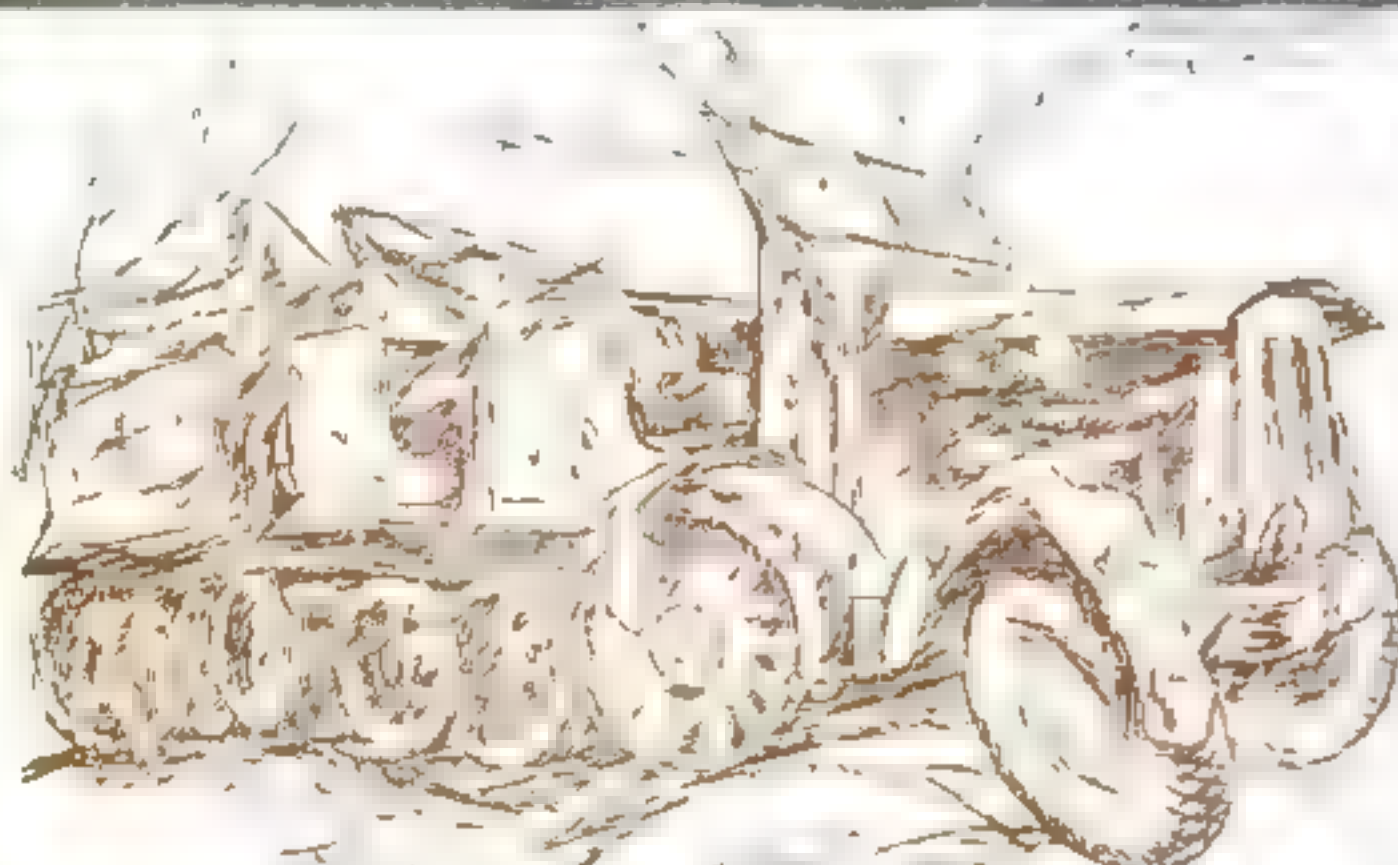
Symbol of infernal Corps on vehicles



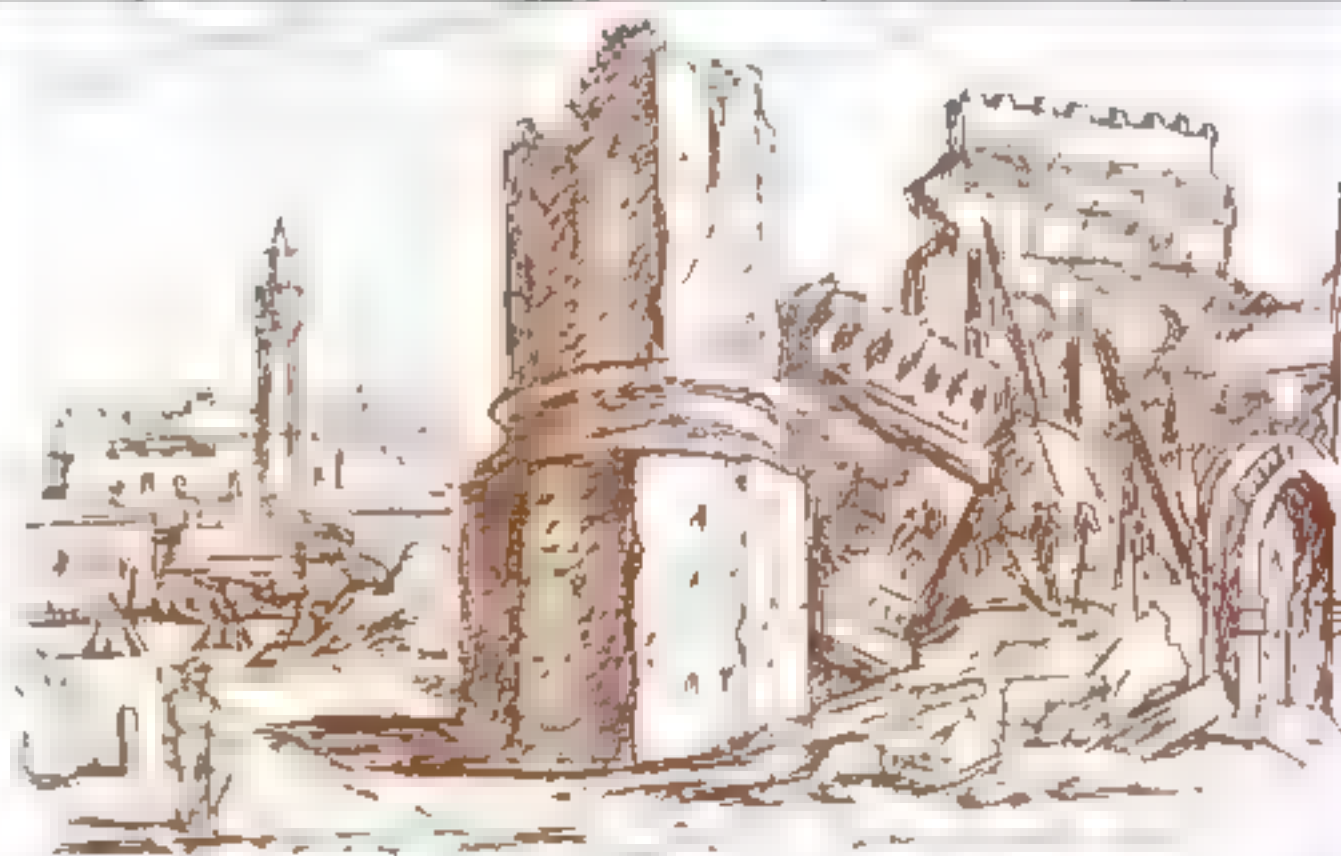
on door of truck



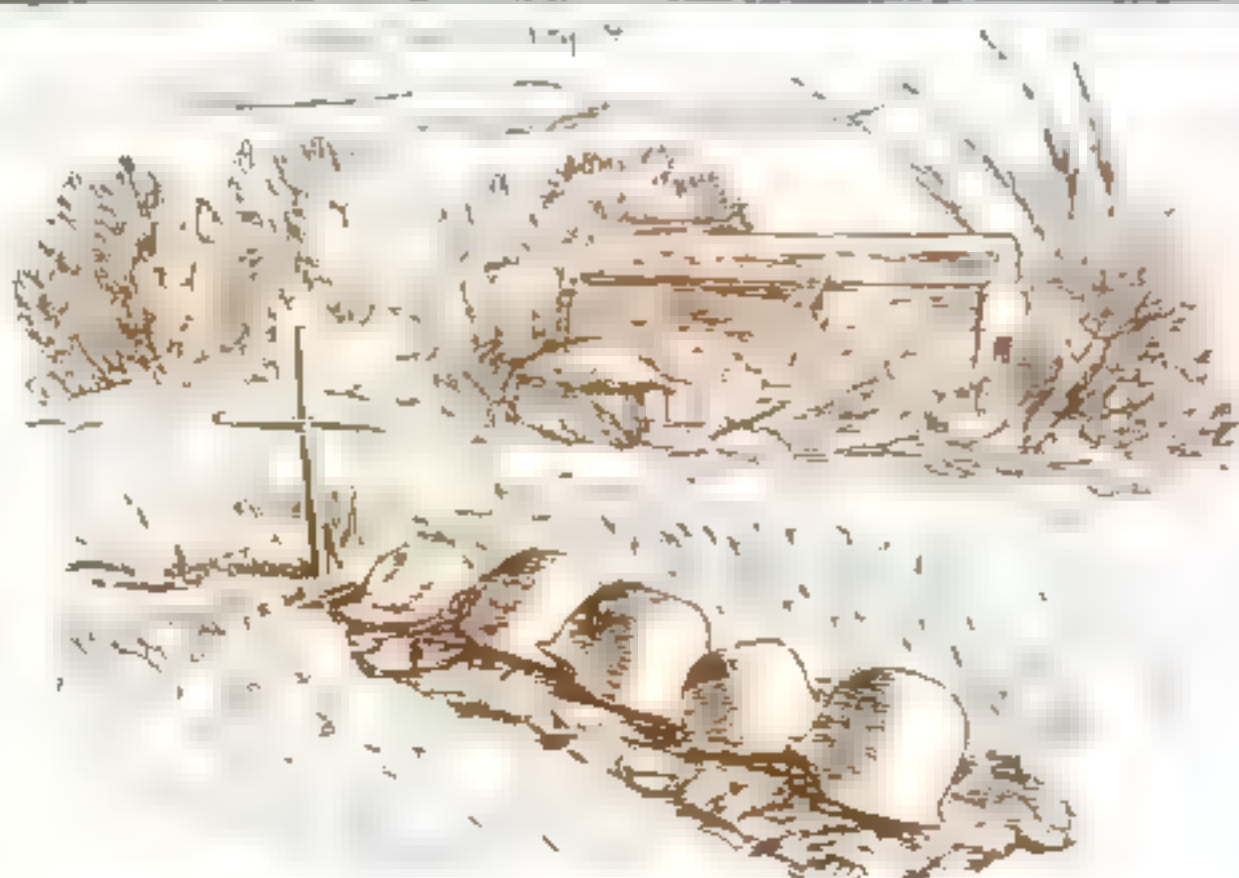
SKETCH OF GERMAN TRUCK IS SURROUNDED BY COLOR NOTES ON NAZI EMBLEMS



THIS PERSONNEL CARRIER IS IN PAINTING OF A FLOWER PICKER



PAINTING OF RUINS IN BIZERTE FOLLOWS THE SKETCH CLOSELY



FOUR GERMAN HELMETS AND ONE CAP MARK TUNISIAN GRAVE

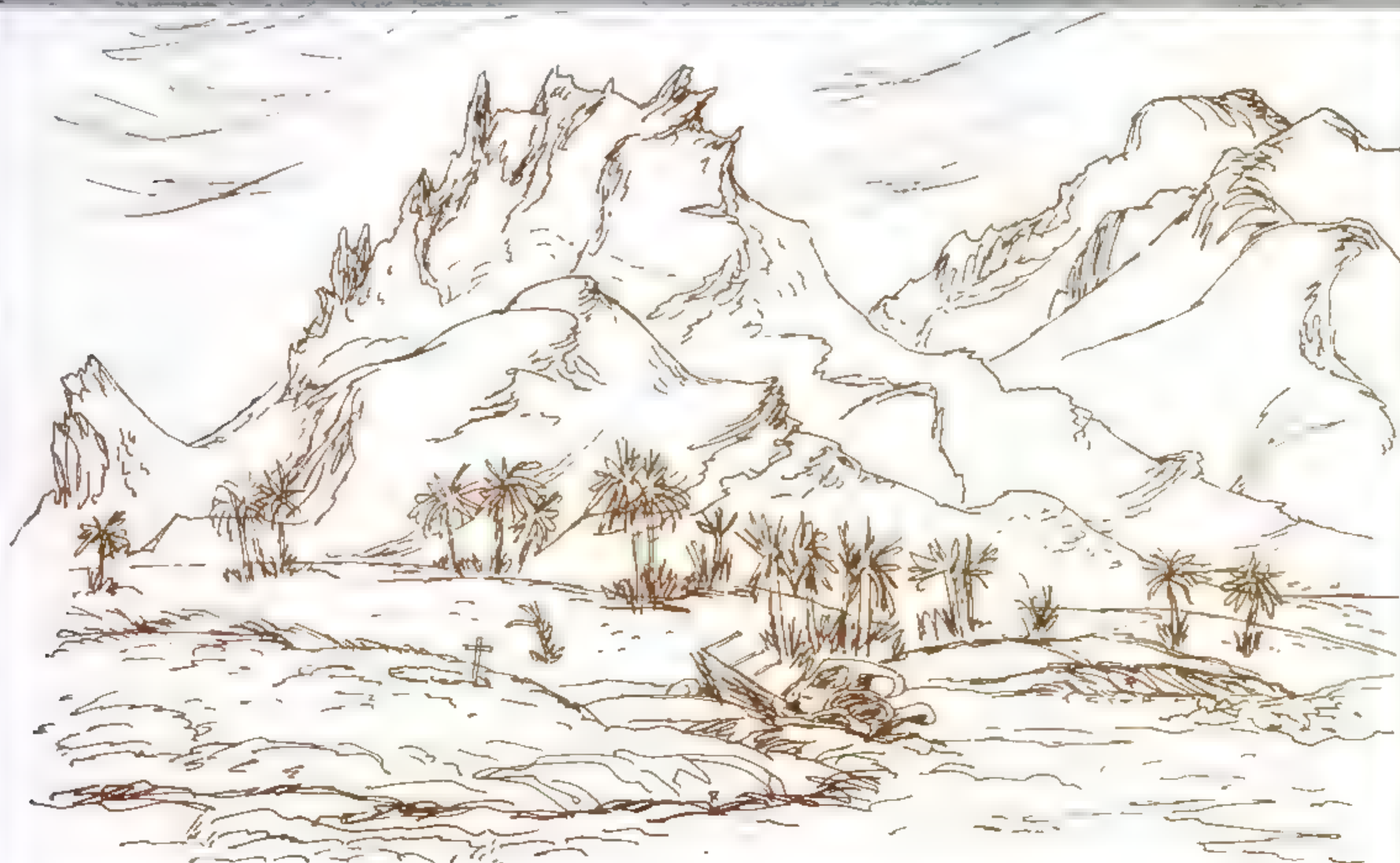


DEAD JERRY RESEMBLES A GROTESQUELY TWISTED RAG DOLL



*German prisoners visit
Prisoner camp near Bizerte - May 1943*

CONSIDERABLE DETAIL WENT INTO SKETCH OF FIELD KITCHEN WHICH, LIKE PRISONERS IT FEEDS, WAS CAPTURED FROM GERMANS



Faid Pass

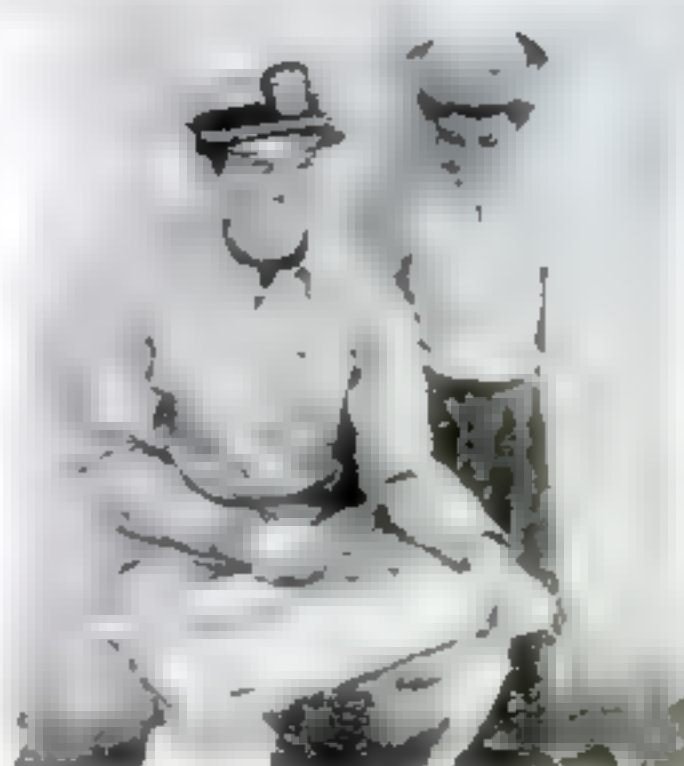
ARTIST NEEDS CAREFUL NOTES ON SUCH MACABRE TERRAIN AS TUNISIA'S FAID PASS, SCENE OF A FAMOUS BATTLE LAST FEBRUARY

THESE ARTISTS PAINTED EXPERIENCE BY BATTLE

MITCHELL JAMIESON

The invasion of Sicily was painted by Lieut. Mitchell Jamieson (*right*). Jamieson himself was one of the first to set foot on Sicilian shore from an LST, like the one shown on page 78, in the early hours of dawn on July 10. He went along on this expedition as official artist-reporter for the U. S. Navy.

In 1939 Jamieson was a struggling artist in Washington, D. C., working as a night watchman at the Corcoran Gallery of Art and painting by day. He was still a night watchman when the Section of Fine Arts discovered him and commissioned him to paint a mural for the Marlboro, Md. Post Office. Later he painted a mural for the Willard, Ohio post office and another for the Department of Interior Building. In turn, the Navy discovered Mitchell Jamieson, in 1942 commissioned him to paint action pictures of the Navy at war.



DWIGHT SHEPLER

Sitting on the deck of the cruiser from which he fought in the battle of Santa Cruz (pp. 52, 53) is Navy's official artist Lieut. Dwight Shepler of Everett, Mass. with one of his sketches of the U.S.S. *South Dakota*. Like all other Navy artists, Shepler is a trained seaman as well as painter. He was serving as deck officer during the heat of the Battle of Santa Cruz when his ship was hit by a Jap bomb which went through the cruiser's fantail and exploded below. Immediately after the fight Shepler went on duty as an artist to record the scenes of the battle. Six weeks later he made his eyewitness records of Guadalcanal (pp. 50, 51). Before the war Dwight Shepler shipped out to sea as a mate and assistant navigator on a schooner that was bound for the Galapagos Islands. Then, too, he painted when not on active duty, just as he is doing today.



FLOYD DAVIS

LIFE readers are already familiar with the work of Floyd Davis who painted the famous canvases of "Bermuda at War" (LIFE, Sept. 21, 1942). Last May LIFE again called upon this artist to report in art on what England looks like during the war. Upon his arrival there Davis visited the American Eighth Air Force Bomber Command and found the fliers in the midst of preparations for a raid on Hamburg. Davis hung around and made sketches. When, on the morning of July 25, a great armada of more than 250 planes flew across the channel in America's first raid on Hamburg, Floyd Davis was in one of the Fortresses. What he saw is reproduced on pages 68 and 69. Returning safely to England he then set to work on his real assignment—the painting of England itself at war. These will appear in a later issue of LIFE.



PAUL SAMPLE

Last March Paul Sample left his wife and child in New Hampshire for his fourth trip as war artist-correspondent for LIFE. He had already done paintings on board an aircraft carrier in the Atlantic and a series of canvases on naval aviation (LIFE, Jan. 4). This time Sample set out for the Pacific to paint an American submarine base. There Sample, like his fellow artist Floyd Davis, embarked on a secret mission—submarine patrol in the Central Pacific. He was the only reporter on board. From quick notes and sketches made in the cramped quarters of the sub during this trip he later developed the paintings on pages 54-59. For these war-reporting jobs for LIFE Paul Sample asked for leave of absence from his regular peaceful duties as Artist-in-Residence at Dartmouth College in Hanover N.H. where he has been painting since 1938.



AARON BOHROD

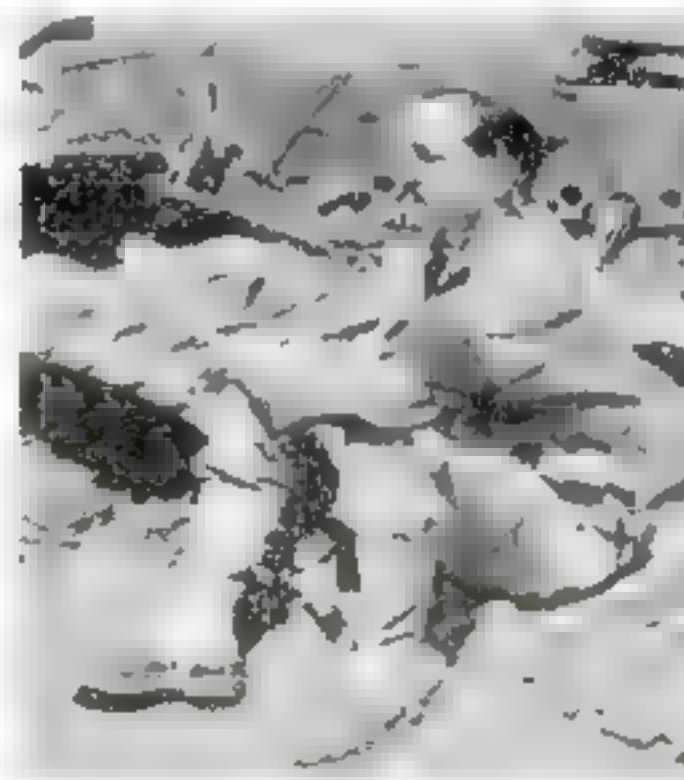
The paintings of jungle fighting on Rendova Island in New Georgia were done by Aaron Bohrod last August while the actual battle was still going on. Bohrod was in one of the first boatloads that hit the beaches of Rendova in the face of Jap fire. There, like every other soldier, he had to dig his own fox-hole and fight for cover. And there, living in the pup tent shown at right, he painted his stirring pictures of this great campaign.

Bohrod left his home in Chicago to go on this assignment as artist for the War Department, returned as LIFE's correspondent when the War Department's project was ended last June. Recently appointed Artist-in-Residence at Southern Illinois Normal University, he has asked for leave of absence to continue reporting the war for LIFE. He is now preparing to set out on another assignment.



FLETCHER MARTIN

Sitting on the wreckage of a Nazi tank near Mateur in North Africa, Fletcher Martin is shown here making one of his sketches which he later used in developing his paintings of the North African campaign. As war artist-correspondent for LIFE Martin arrived at Casablanca just as the Germans began to fall back before American and British armies. He followed the battle to Algiers, Tunis, Cape Bon and Mateur. At Mateur he was the only correspondent to report the spectacular story of the critical assault on Hill 609 by two platoons of American troops. Returning to the U. S. in June he completed his canvases and painted the picture of the wounded soldier reproduced on the cover. The original painting of this is now on exhibition in New York's Midtown Galleries where Fletcher Martin is having his second one-man show.



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Pure Chlorophyll and
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Presents a controlled
examination of beer from bitter
Just the Kiss of the Hops.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

*..none of
the bitterness*



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Star of hope

The engagement diamond on her finger is bright as a tear—but not with sadness. Like her eyes it holds a promise—of cool dawns together, of life grown rich and full and tranquil. Its lovely assurance shines through all the hours of waiting, to kindle with joy anew at their reunion. It will hold doubly precious significance throughout their happy life to be.

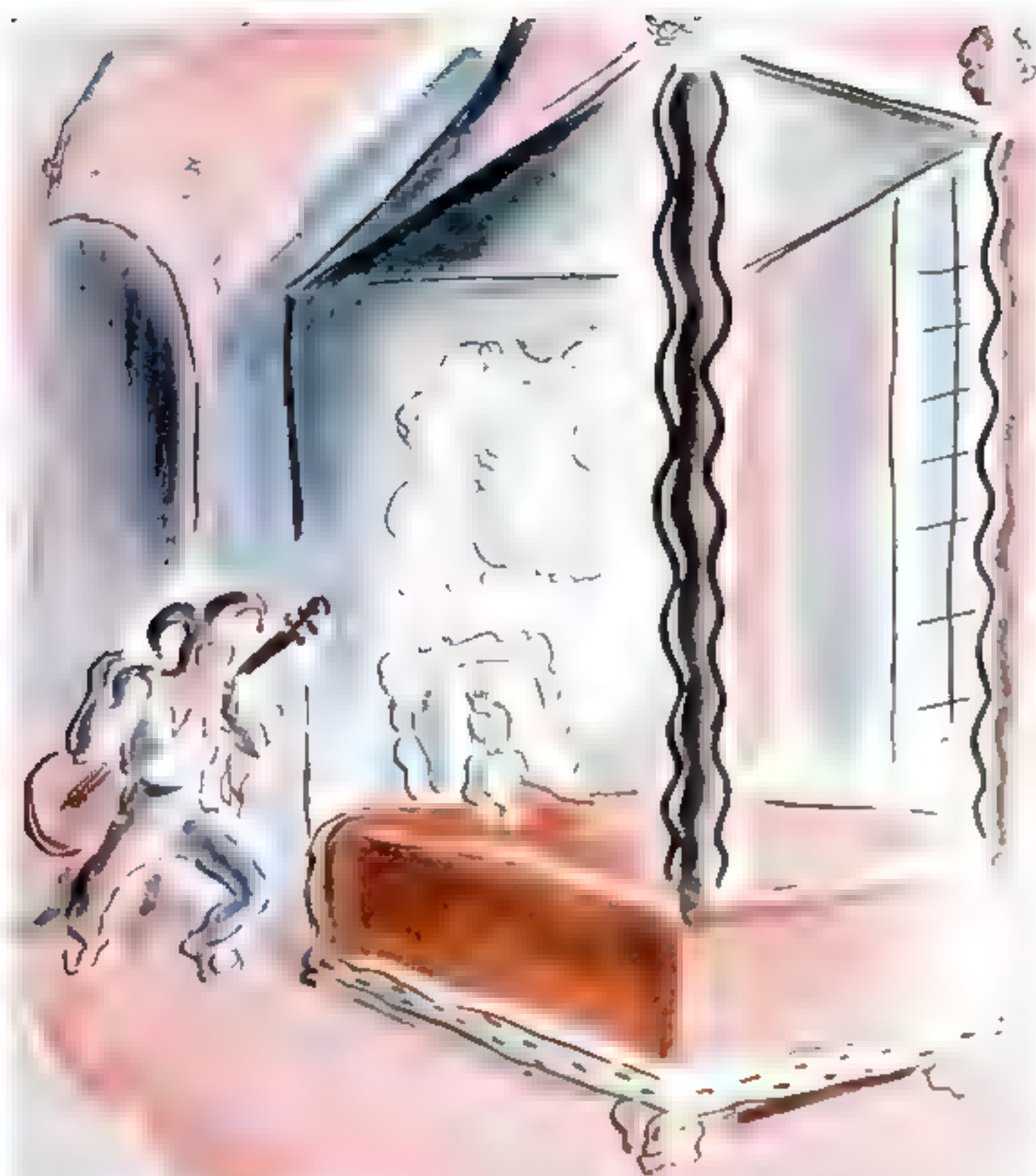


"SHEWY," PAINTED BY PETER LAUCK FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

One-half carat		\$200 to \$350
One carat		\$400 to \$800
Two carats		\$1050 to \$2500

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds, including federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production — come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Consequently, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.



JAMES THURBER'S "MANY MOONS" (HARCOURT, BRACE, \$2) IS ILLUSTRATED BY SLOBODKIN



"FRANZI AND GIZI" (JULIAN MESSNER, \$2) IS ONE OF BEST JUVENILES OF ANY YEAR



other cost

CHRISTMAS BOOM IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Because toys are scarce and dollars plentiful, more children are getting books for Christmas this year than ever before. A small gallery of illustrations from some of the season's more colorful children's books is shown on this page.

Publishers were not fully prepared for the Christmas demand, but by the judicious use of better titles from other years they mustered a good variety for children of all ages and for parents of all tastes. Two of 1943's more popular juveniles, for instance, have been Margery Bianco and Gisella Loeffler's *Franzi and Gizi* (upper right), published in 1941, and Feodor Rojankovsky's *The Tall*

Book of Mother Goose (left), which made its appearance last year.

Other books which children are lucky to get this Christmas are Arthur Ransome's *The Picts and the Martyrs*, Virginia Lee Burton's *Katy and the Big Snow*, *Don't Count Your Chicks* by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire and Robert McCloskey's *Homer Price*. *The Little Prince*, a sophisticated fantasy by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, has attracted special literary attention. The best juvenile of the year is James Thurber's *Many Moons*, which has all the gentleness and simplicity of a genuine children's classic. At the upper left is one of Louis Slobodkin's illustrations for this fine book.



"SING FOR CHRISTMAS" (DUTTON, \$2.50) HAS PICTURES BY GUSTAF TENGREN



ANOTHER SONG BOOK, "HUMPTY DUMPTY" BY H. A. REY (HARPER, \$1), HAS INGENIOUS SCORE

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Dubonnet...the world famous drink

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available sweet or dry

HOW TO USE DUBONNET...

When holiday hospitality calls for something special, try the celebrated flavor of Dubonnet for mixing drinks that are interesting, distinctive... economical, too. Here are four popular Dubonnet successes...

DUBONNET STRAIGHT: serve well chilled, no ice.

DUBONNET HIGHBALL: jigger of Dubonnet, juice of 1/4 lemon, add ice cubes, fill with soda, stir.

MERRY WIDOW: 1/2 Dubonnet, 1/2 dry Vermouth by Dubonnet, serve well chilled, no ice, add twist of lemon peel.

DUBONNET SHERRY: 1/2 Dubonnet, 1/2 dry Sherry, serve well chilled, no ice.

TUNE IN! "Your Dubonnet Date with" XAVIER CUGAT, every week over the Mutual Network. See your local newspapers for day and time.

HOW TO USE VERMOUTH BY DUBONNET...

Vermouth, sweet or dry, in the great tradition of Dubonnet...for 97 years a name that has meant quality. See how it improves the flavor and balance of your favorite cocktail...or choose it as a cheerful gift...Vermouth by Dubonnet is always a prized package.

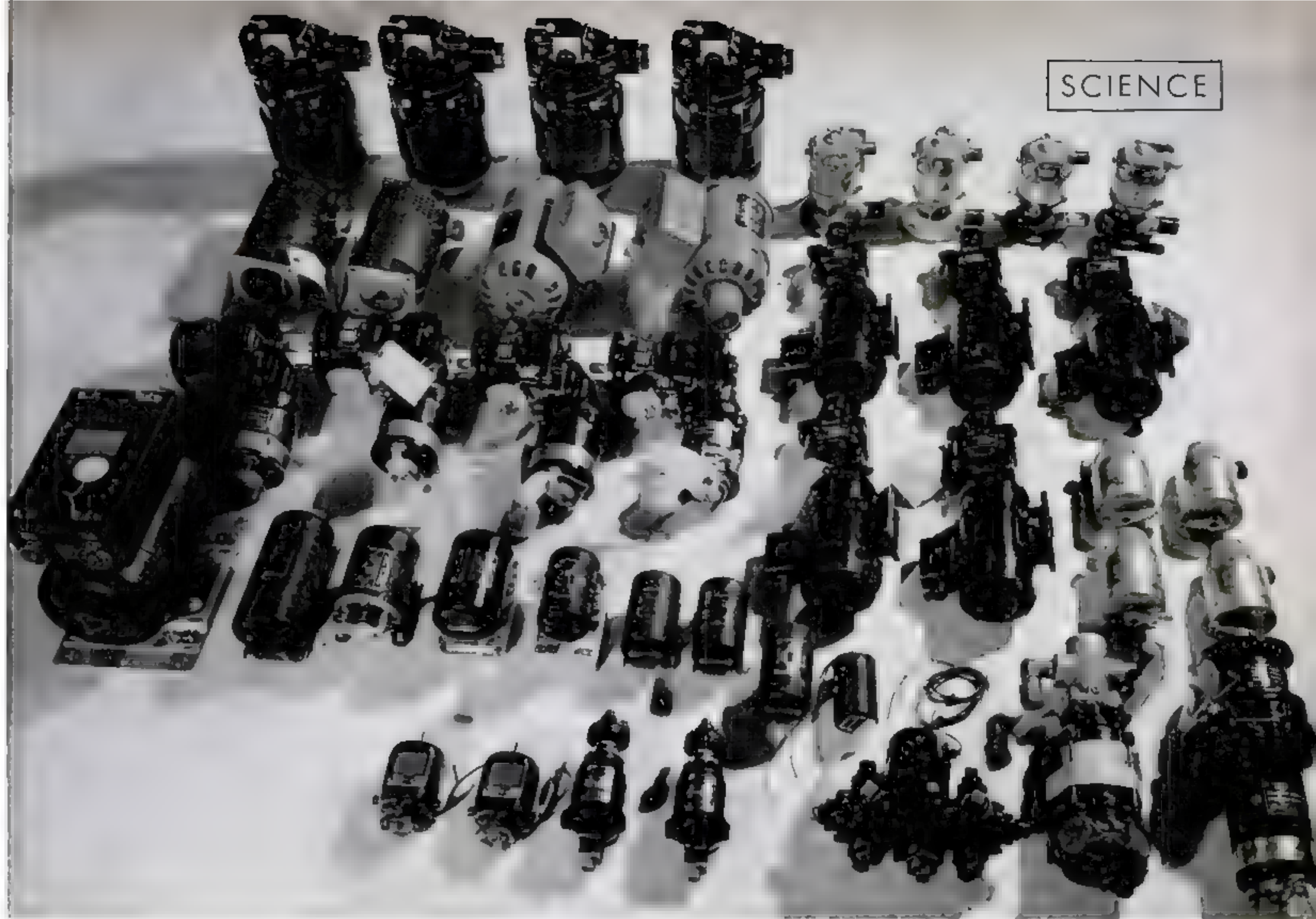
MANHATTAN COCKTAIL: 3/4 rye or bourbon, 1/2 sweet Vermouth by Dubonnet, 3 dashes bitters, stir in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, dress with cherry

DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL: 3/4 dry gin, 1/2 dry Vermouth by Dubonnet, stir in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, dress with olive.

PRODUCTS OF THE U. S. A. Dubonnet Aperitif Wine and Vermouth by Dubonnet.

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Compared to the gasoline motor or the steam engine, the electric motor, with only one moving part, is wonderfully simple and efficient since it converts 90% of the energy supplied to it into useful mechanical

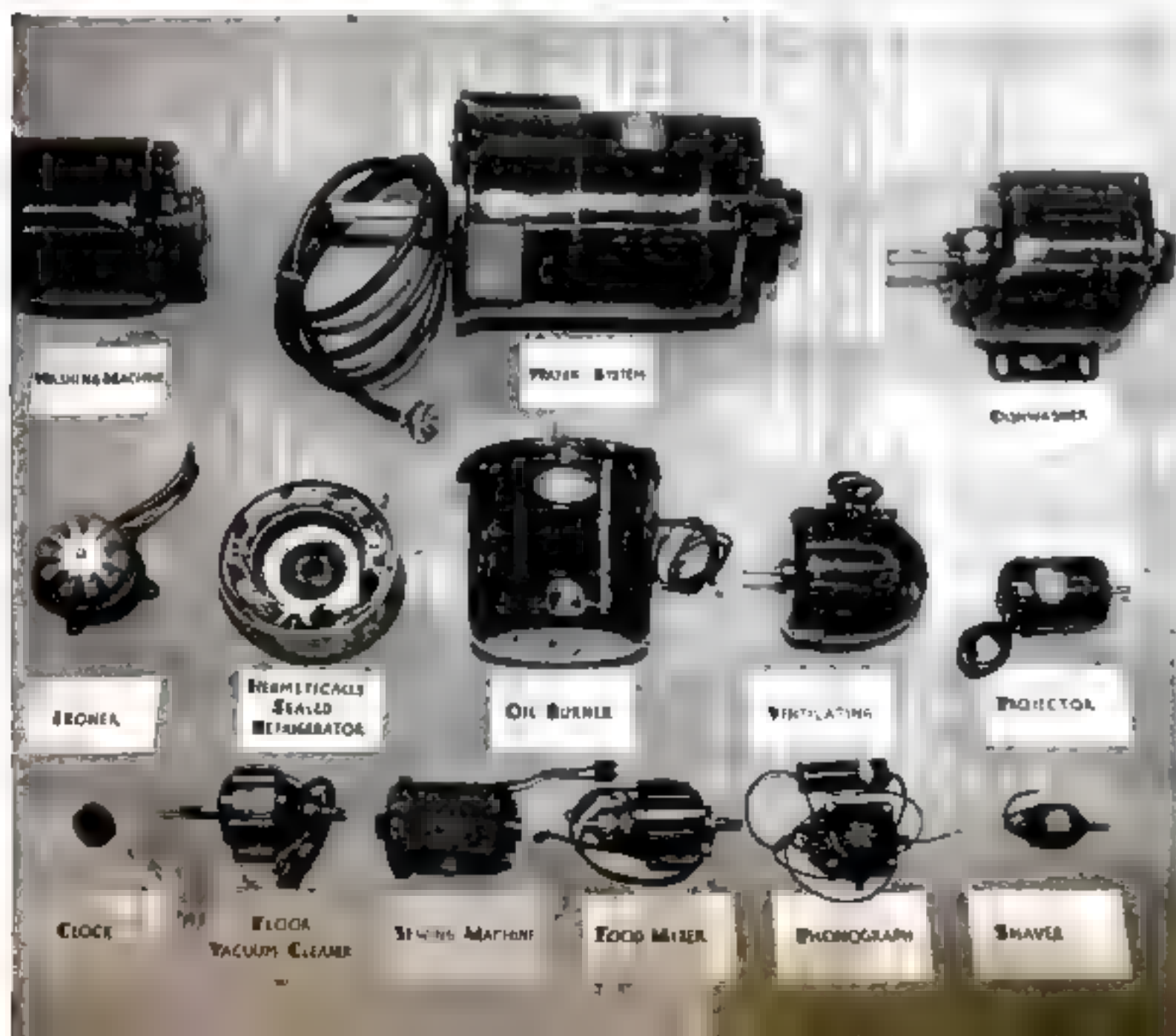
work. This makes it three times more efficient than an automobile motor and five times as efficient as a steam engine. In addition, the electric motor is cheap to make and convenient to use. This has made it popular in industry where it powers factory machinery, replacing the old welter of overhead belts and pulleys. In its newest field of application, the air, it has almost wrested control from the pilot, lifting

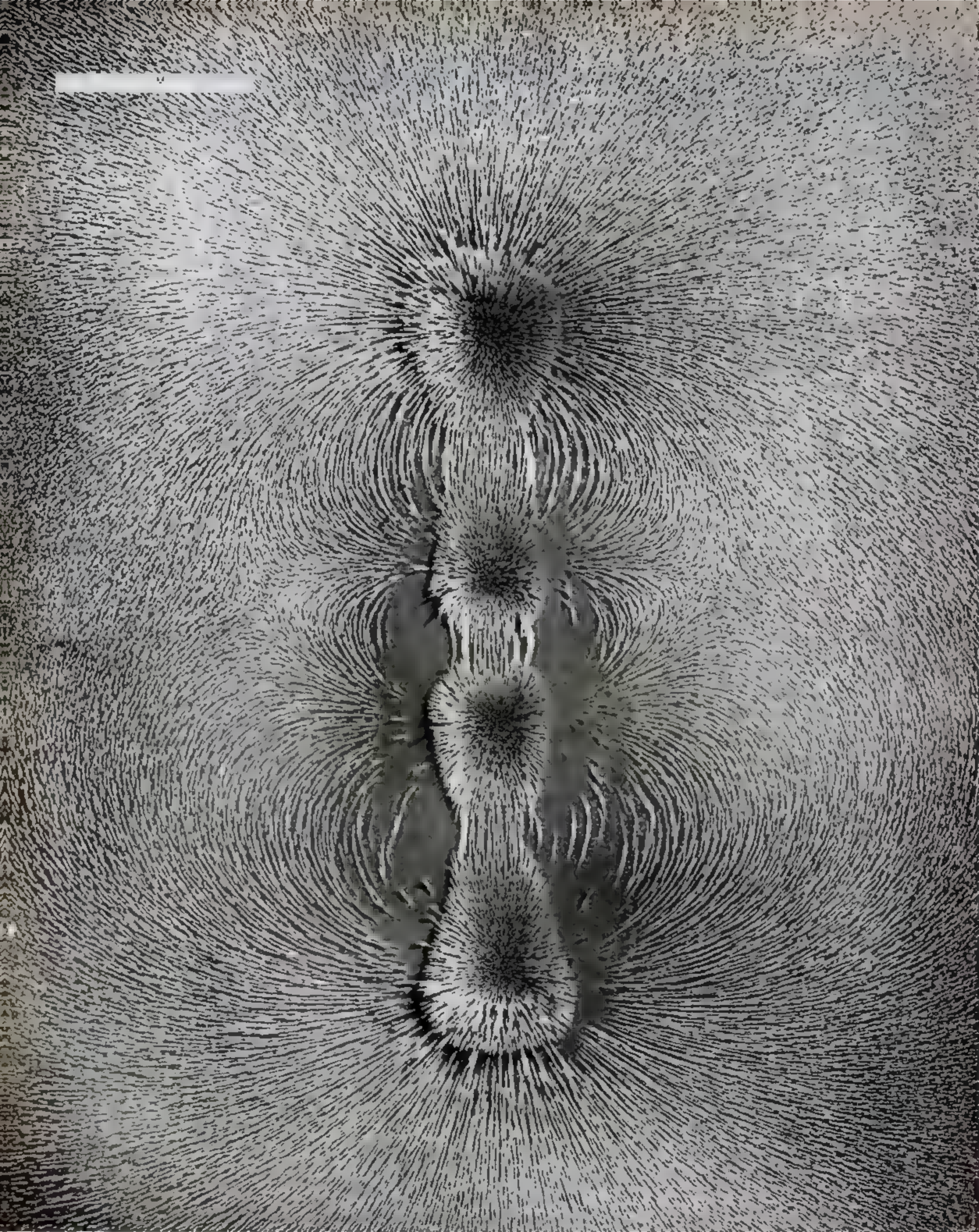
flaps and landing gear, and spinning the gyroscopes that guide the plane automatically on its way.

The basic principle of the electric motor is contained in the attraction and repulsion between magnets. On next three pages, in demonstrations set up by the General Electric Company, LIFE shows how this magnetic force may be controlled, converted into rotation and put to work turning wheels and gears.

Suburban home often contains as many as 14 motors. After the war, light, powerful motors like those used on Fortress may be installed in homes to open garage doors and run small elevators.

City apartment has nine motors. Refrigerator motor (center) is entirely sealed against dust and dirt and requires no oiling or other attention during its 12- to 14-year life.





ATTRACTION

Every magnet has two poles, north and south. In this picture a pair of bar magnets have been placed end to end beneath a piece of paper with their opposite poles—N and S—an inch apart. Iron filings, sprinkled on paper, have

aligned themselves with the forces looping around and between the magnets. The pattern thus traced shows that these two magnets, with their opposite poles adjacent, are attracting each other, and would jump together if released.



REPULSION

In this picture the lower magnet has been reversed so that like poles (S and S) are adjacent. The two magnets are now repelling each other and have a tendency to spring apart. This is clearly shown by the fanned-out pattern of the filings and

by the absence of any bridge of filings across the gap between the magnets, as in the picture on the opposite page. In the electric motor this forceful attraction and repulsion between two magnets is controlled and thus made to spin the rotor.



Current produces attraction when it flows from top to bottom down through wire wrapped around upper magnet. Such a magnet, produced by electric current, is called an electromagnet.



Current produces repulsion when its direction around magnet has been reversed by switching the wire connections at the battery. Current now flows from bottom to top around magnet.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR TRANSFORMS MAGNETIC PUSH AND PULL INTO ROTATION

When Thomas Davenport of Brandon, Vt. built the first successful electric motor in 1834 he succeeded in converting the awkward push and pull between magnets into smooth rotation. He did this by first controlling polarity of a magnet (*above*), then mounting it on a swivel between other magnets (*below*).

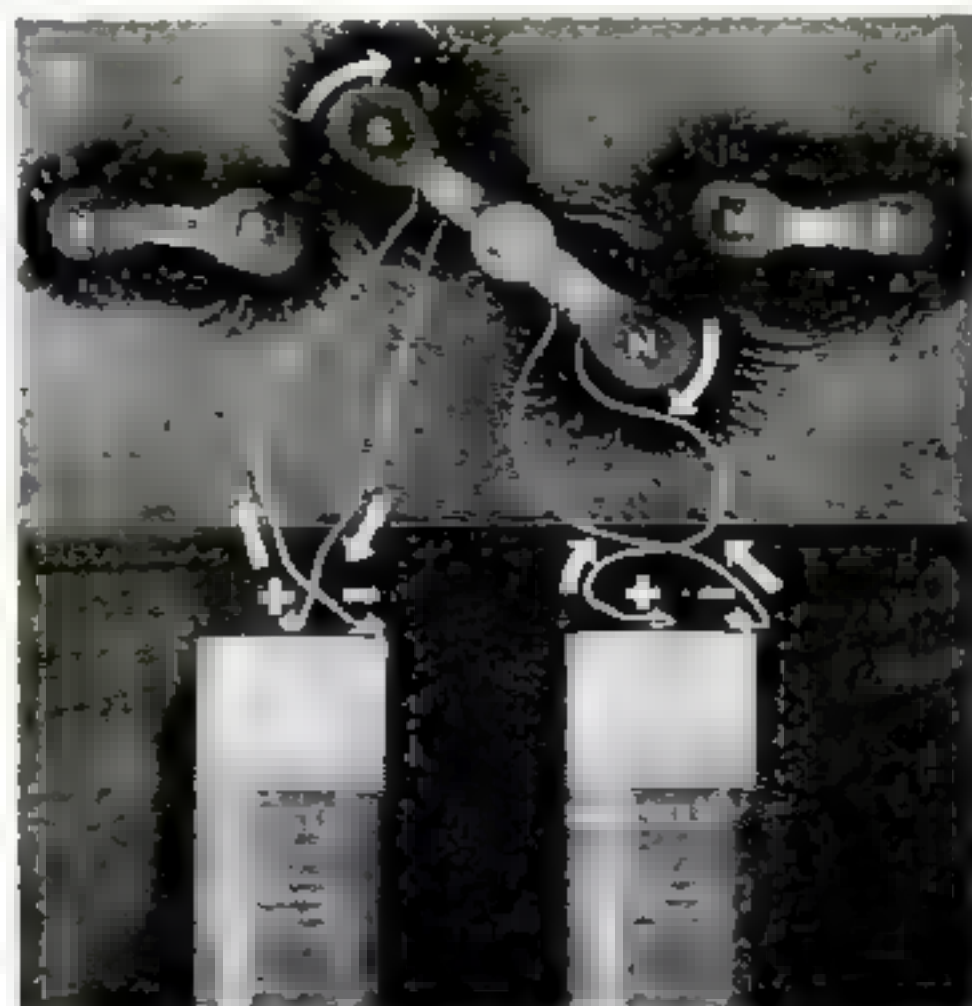
If an electric current is sent through a wire that is wrapped around a bar of iron, the bar will become a magnet. The polarity of this magnet may be con-

trolled (i.e., reversed at will) by changing direction of the current's flow. In the two pictures above, the poles of the top magnet have been reversed by switching the wires on the battery, thereby sending current around the magnet in the opposite direction. In an electric motor two such controllable magnets are mounted on a rotor between magnets in which the polarity remains constant. In the demonstrations 1 to 3 below, the polarity of the magnets on the rotor is switched so

as first to pull them toward the fixed magnets and then push them away. With their polarity constantly alternating between attraction and repulsion, the magnets force the rotor to revolve. In a real motor the two magnets are fixed to a shaft mounted on bearings and their polarity is automatically and continually reversed by a revolving switch called a commutator. In large motors 40 or 50 magnets may be mounted on the shaft, producing great power at reduced speed.



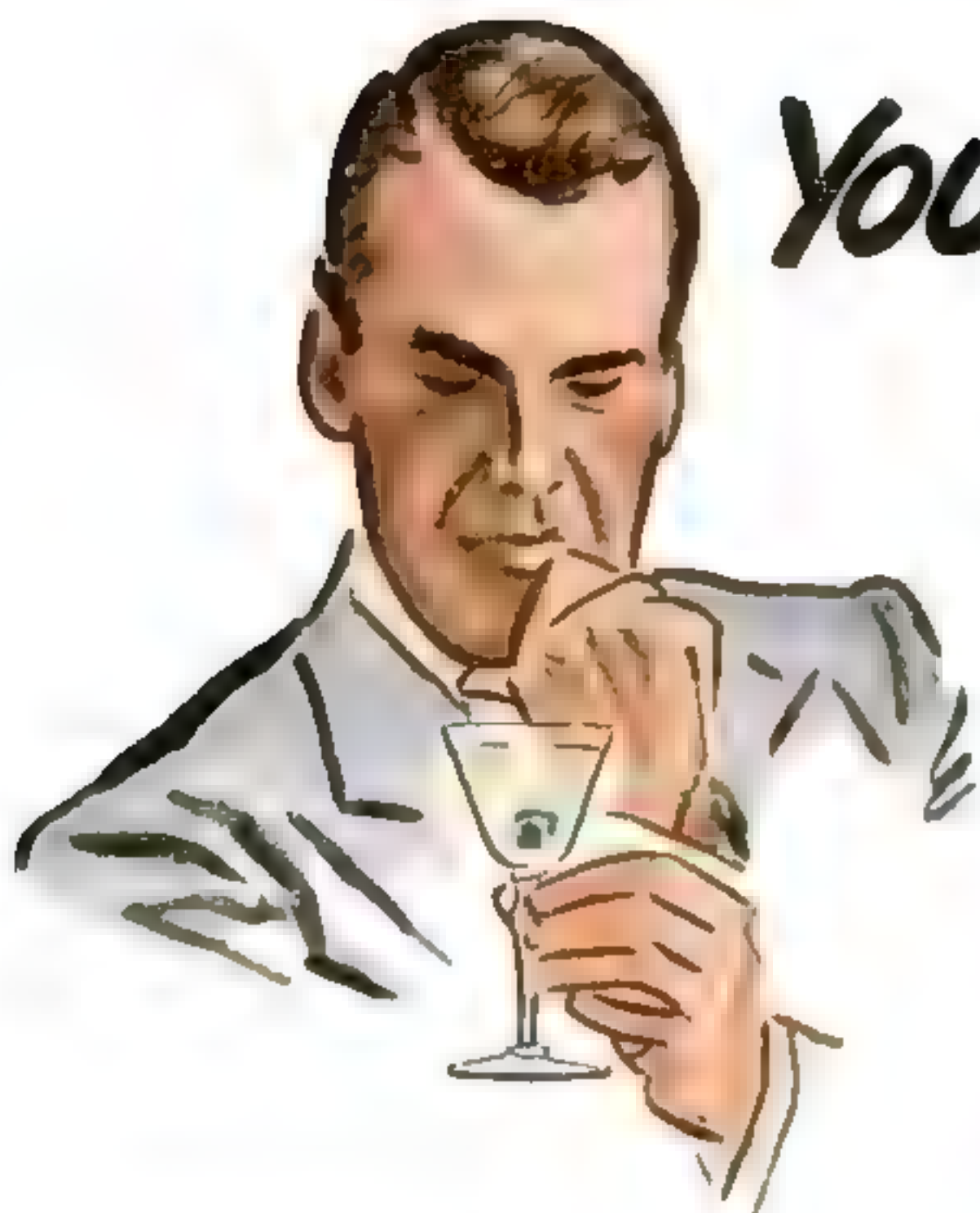
Rotor is attracted toward fixed magnets when its poles are opposite to those of fixed magnets. Note the bridge of filings.



Rotor is repelled when wires are switched, reversing polarity. Switching is done the instant rotor passes fixed magnets.



Rotor completes a revolution and starts another when its poles again become opposite to those of the fixed magnets.



YOU'VE HAD TO CHANGE YOUR MARTINIS!

..BUT OURS ARE JUST THE SAME!



We know what you're up against—it's almost impossible for you to get the Gin and Dry Vermouth you always bought—and your Martinis may not be what they used to be.

But ours are! Our Dry Martinis are made, as always, with scarce and precious Milshire Gin and the world's finest Dry Vermouth.

You can still get a good dry Martini! Just ask your liquor store for HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS—Dry Martinis. You'll thank us for the tip!

Six kinds to choose from:

Manhattan (65 Proof) • Side Car (60 Proof) • Old Fashioned (80 Proof)
Dry Martini (71 Proof) • Martini, med. sweet (60 Proof) • Daiquiri (70 Proof)

★ BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY



Mm-m-m Milshire!

... Milshire—the Pot Still Gin—is used exclusively in these cocktails.



Mm-m-m Marcelous!

... The Vermouth in 'em is really dry.



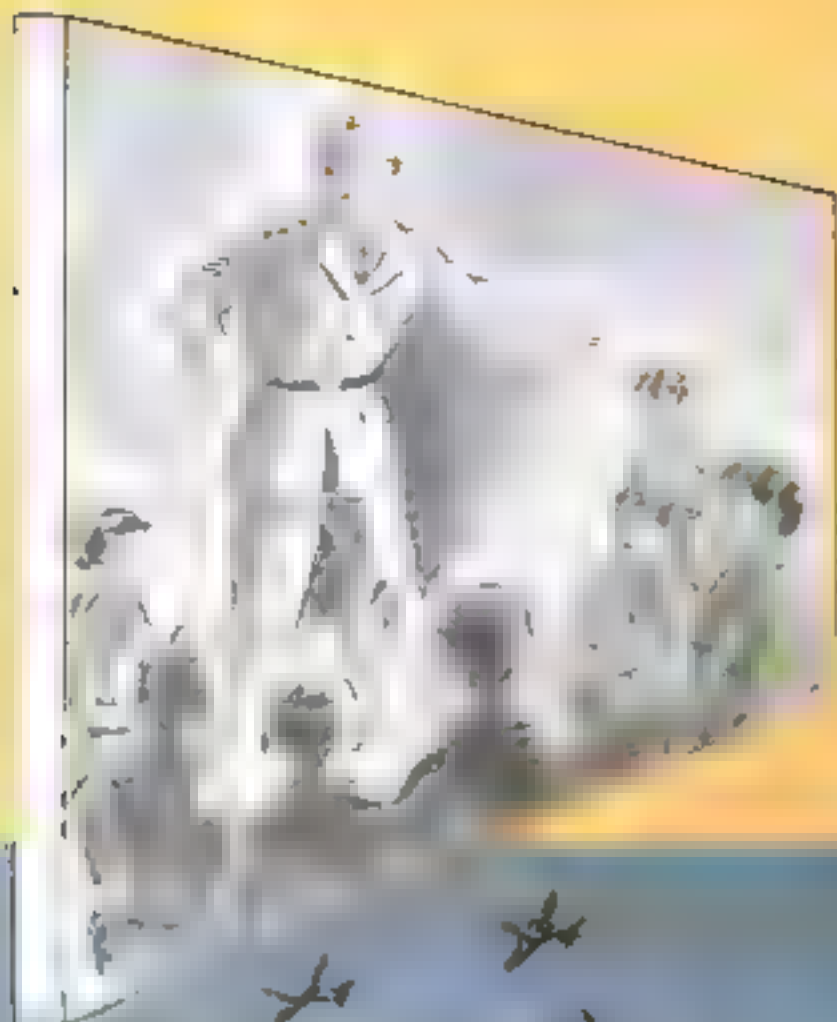
Mm-m-m Magnificent!

... No messing. No guessing. What a blessing!



HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin 40% to 50 Proof 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford 1, Connecticut



"We took the Beaches with Higgins Boats"



"Without the
boats that
Higgins is
manufacturing
the Combined
Operations
Command
could not
exist."

—LORD
MOUNTBATTEN



AFRICA! SOLOMONS! CHANNEL! NEW GUINEA! ATTU! SICILY! SALERNO!



NEW ORLEANS
HUB OF THE AMERICAS

"These Higgins boats are so tough they land directly on rocky beaches, unload troops, tanks and equipment dry shod, retrieving themselves by their own power. They're plenty fast in assault, can turn on a dime to zig zag away from trouble, and I never saw one capsize."

HIGGINS BOATS designed and built for the United Nations were described thus by veterans of Guadalcanal and Africa, who also said, in official records, that these boats were the "Best in the World." This praise comes from men who manned them under fire—from men whose lives often depended upon these boats' unusual maneuverability, stamina and trouble-free operation.

Today Higgins plants are engaged the clock around in manufacturing boats, planes and other products to meet the swiftly changing needs of nations at war. It is this ability to change—to pioneer—to anticipate tomorrow's needs—that makes "Higgins" a name to watch.

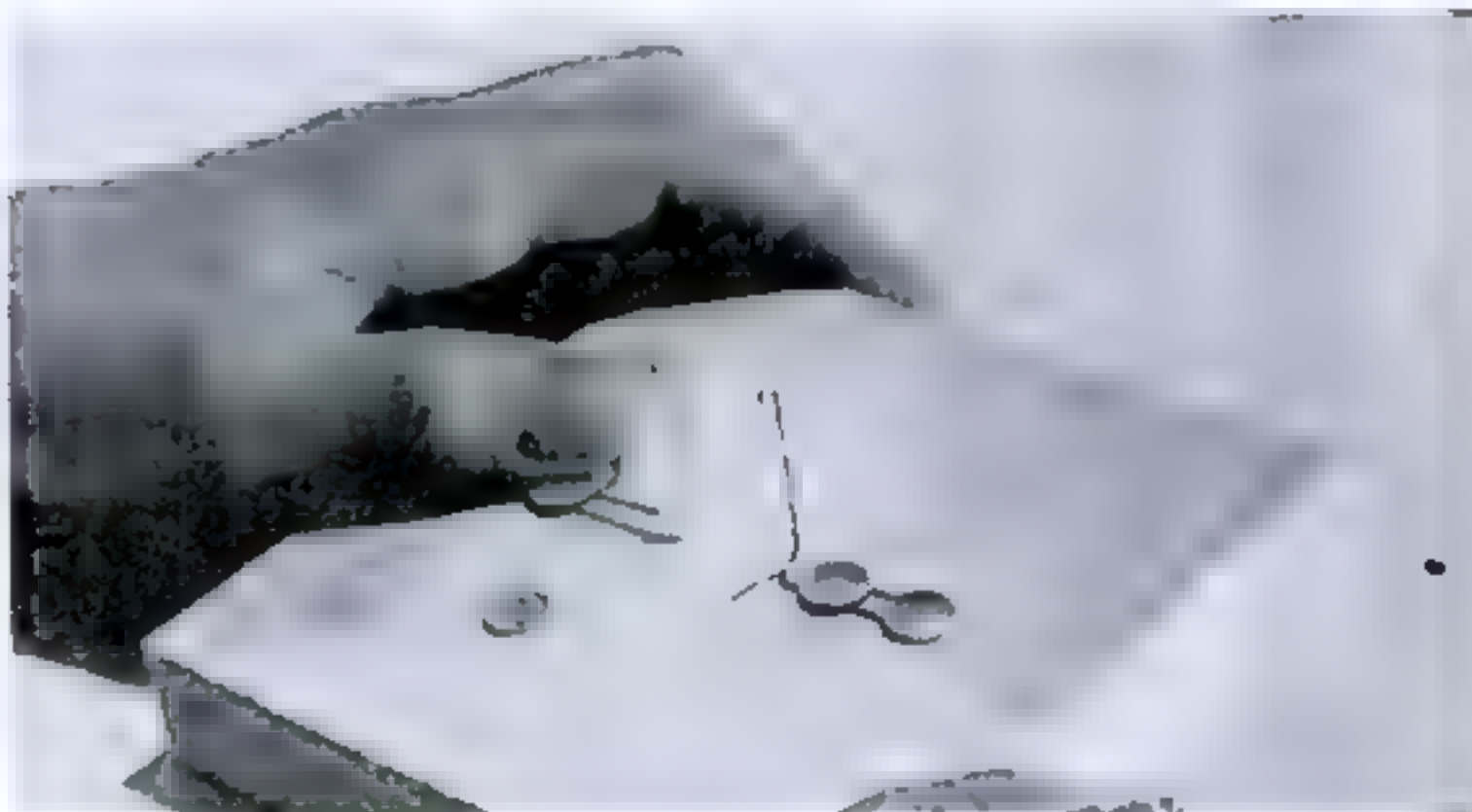
BOATS • ENGINES • AIRPLANES • WOOD ALLOYS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS To Help Pay For The Ever-decreasing Cost That Mass Production Makes Possible

REAL ELECTRIC MOTOR MAY BE MADE FROM PAPER CLIPS, WIRE AND THUMBTACKS



Parts for motor consist of wooden block, 5 paper clips, 13 thumbtacks and a spool of enameled copper wire. A dry cell powers motor and the only tools needed are pliers and a knife.



First step is to bend two clips and set them up as a support for the rotor. The small loops to hold the shaft are made by grasping end of clip and twisting it tightly around nose of pliers.



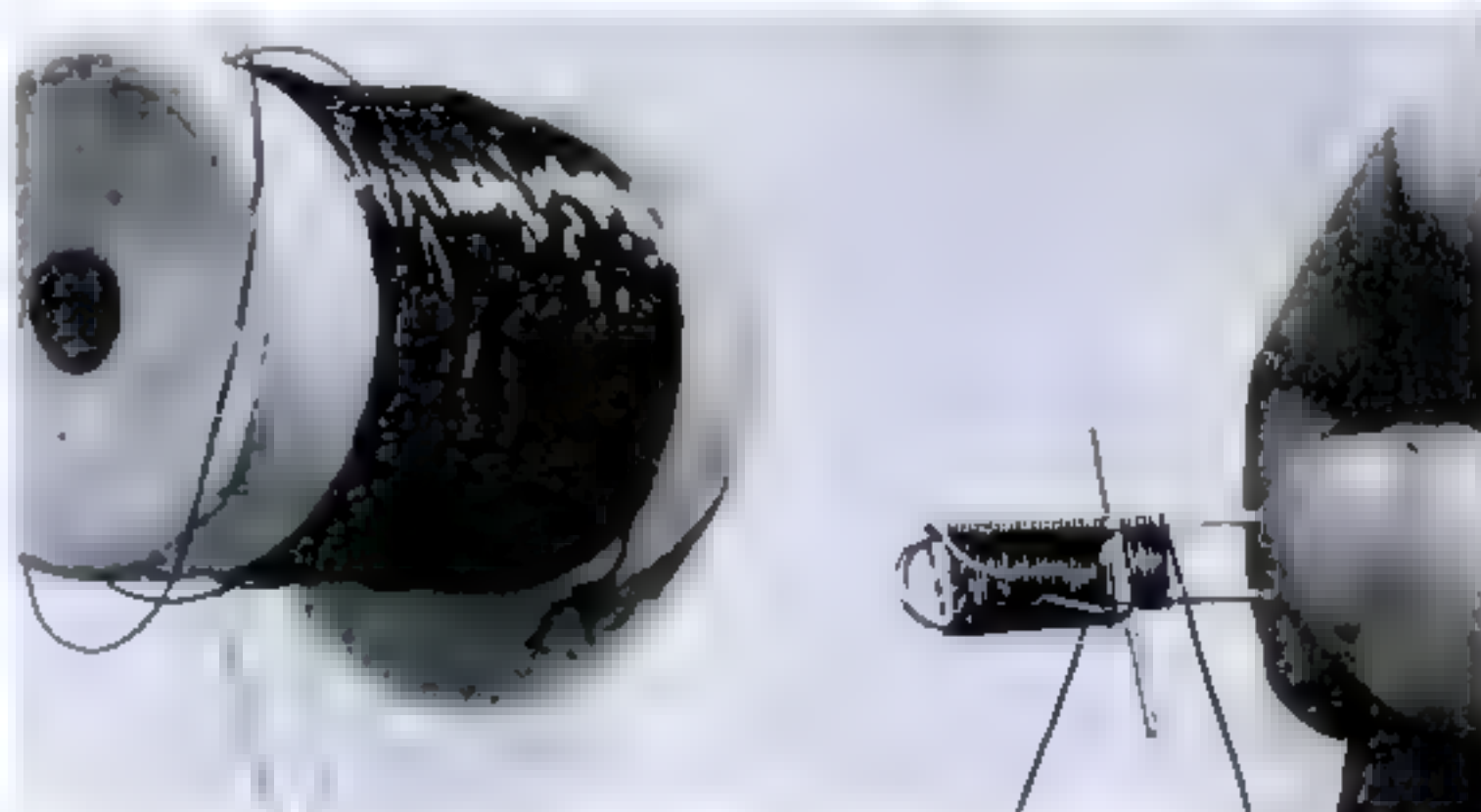
Fixed magnets are made by bending two clips at right angles and then wrapping them with copper wire as shown at the right. They are tacked to board just clear of the rotor (below).



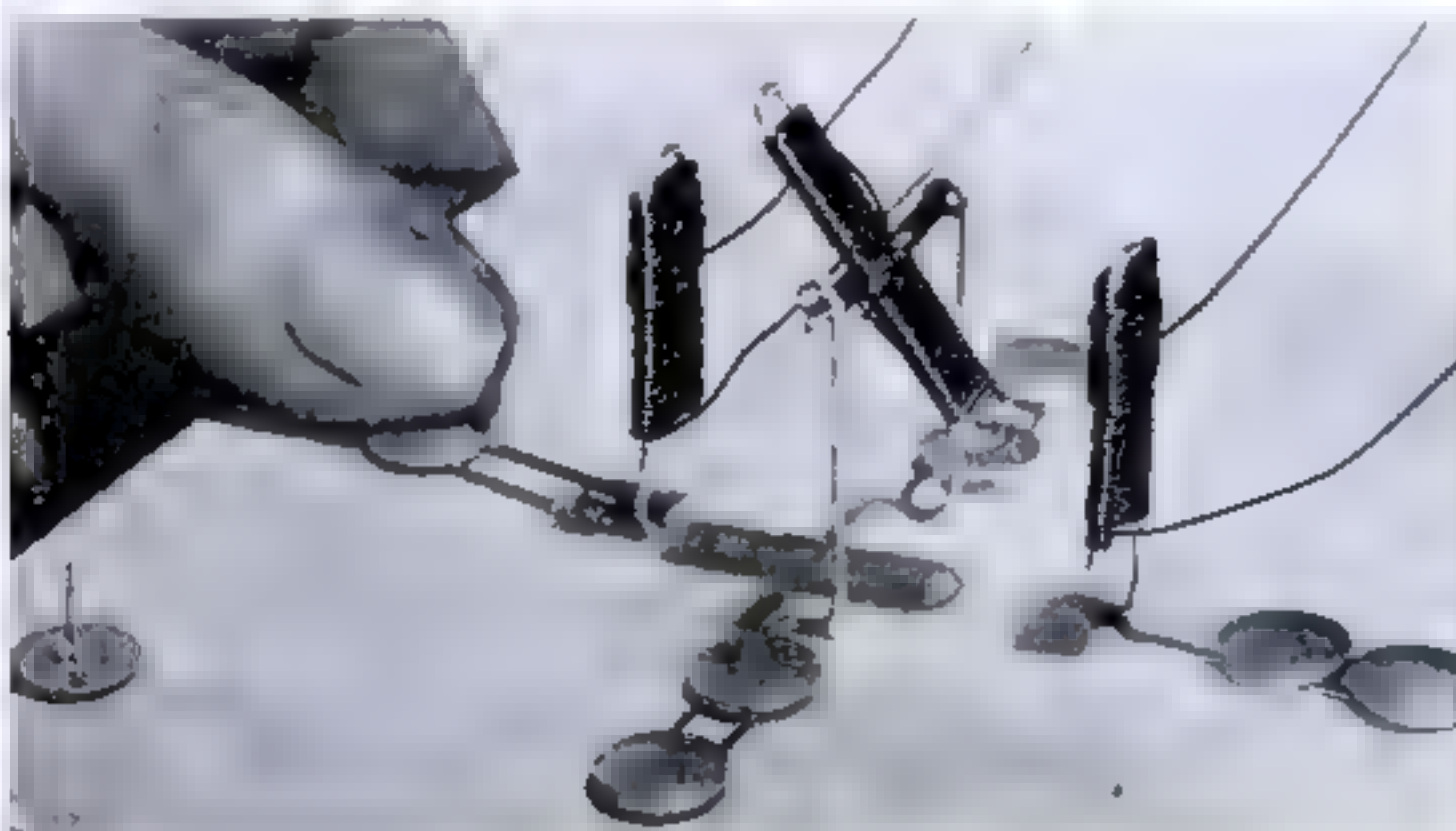
Hundred turns of wire around clip are sufficient to make a strong magnet. In this case the fixed magnets are electromagnets like those on rotor but their polarity remains constant.



Rotor is made by bending the ends of the fifth clip outward to form a shaft. After wrapping (right) it is slipped into the loops on the ends of the support clips as shown below.



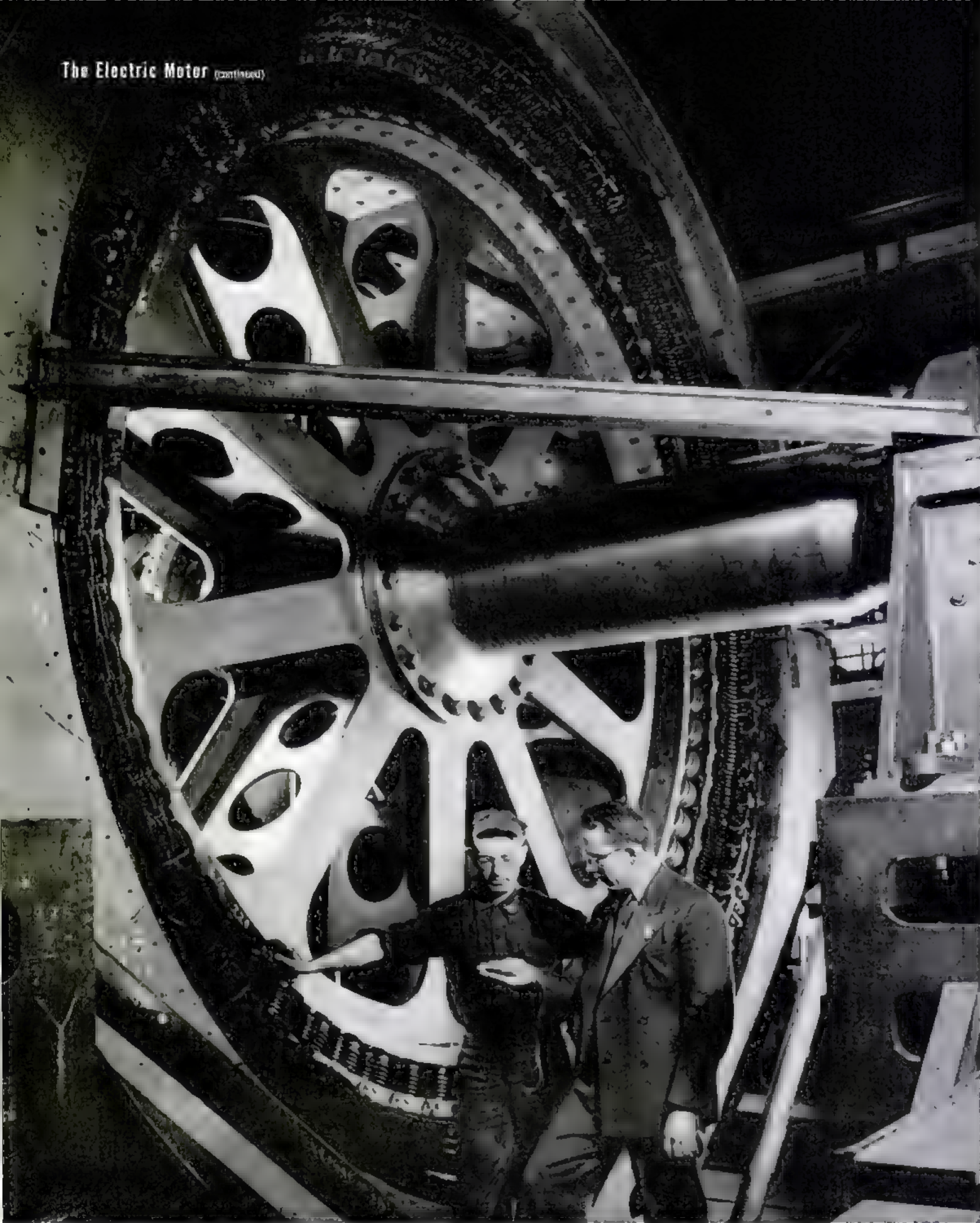
Wrapping on rotor goes from left to right on one side, from right to left on the other. Ends of wire are brought out parallel to one side of shaft, scraped clean to form a commutator.



Rotor is set up between fixed magnets. Two of four wires from fixed magnets are twisted together (right). Of the other two, one is laid against commutator, other goes to battery.



Motor spins at high speed when second battery wire is laid against other side of commutator. Polarity of rotor magnets is changed 4,000 times per minute by spinning commutator.



GIANT ELECTRIC MOTOR IS AS SIMPLE AS A TINY ONE

This 10,000-h. p. motor, built by General Electric, is used to drive the biggest U. S. oil tankers. With the same general shape and the same number of essential parts, it differs only in size from the one in man's hand. It is this astonishing simplicity and range in power that makes the electric motor such a wonder-

ful machine. Its only drawback is confining necessity of drawing electric power by wire from some other bulky mechanism. Already, however, there has been development on way to broadcast electricity through the air. When this becomes a reality the electric motor will be the universal source of mechanical power.

The MERRIEST Man-Hunt in **KISSTORY!**



SHE CHASED HIM CLEAR ACROSS HIS MAP...

*They're Head
over Heels*

in Laughs!

The Comedy Sensations
of "My Sister Eileen"
together again
and funnier
than ever!

Rosalind
RUSSELL

Brian
AHERNE

What a Picture!
IRVING CUMMINGS' What a Woman!

with **WILLARD PARKER**
What a "Find"!...Sensation of the Year!

SCREEN PLAY BY THERESE LEWIS AND BARRY TRIVERS...A COLUMBIA PICTURE

CLOSE-UP



MARY MARTIN

AS STAR OF CURRENT BROADWAY HIT, "ONE TOUCH OF VENUS," SHE EARNS COZY NICHE IN MUSICAL-COMEDY HISTORY

by JEANNE PERKINS

One warm day last summer, a pretty girl dressed in brassiere and panties was singing scales in the studio of Helen Fouts Cahoon, vocal teacher on Manhattan's West 57th Street. Glancing out the window into the neighboring courtyard she noticed a young man, chin in hand, watching appreciatively. She tried without success to stare him down. Finally she grinned, leaned out and said, "Okay, you can look now. But after Oct. 7 it'll cost you four-forty."

Whether the young man paid his \$4.40 is not recorded, but enough other people have to make the incident memorable. Four-forty is the box-office price for a seat to *One Touch of Venus*, standout musical comedy of the New York theatrical season. The young lady who was singing scales is Mary Martin, incumbent of its title role, and currently the top star of the U. S. musical stage.

As compared to movie starlets, pin-up girls, successful models and other types of beauties who achieve ephemeral success, musical-comedy stars have a certain classic importance. Really great ones only arrive at the rate of one to a decade. Because of their rarity, each is entitled to a small but cozily furnished niche in U. S. history. The

niche of the 1890's belongs to Lillian Russell, of the 1900's to Anna Held and of the 1910's to Elsie Janis. Marilyn Miller, whom Miss Martin resembles in several respects besides the initials of her name, was the top star of the 1920's. The 1930's produced Ethel Merman who typified a rough-and-tumble era, but was not quite in the classical tradition. Mary Martin shows signs not only of occupying the star's dressing room of her decade but also of restoring that cubicle to its old-time prestige.

"I beat my brains out"

Instead of taking milk baths or running about town with some contemporary Diamond Jim Brady, Miss Martin rejects the whole idea of exhibitionism off the stage and says: "I hate mannerisms. I hope I never get 'em." With her husband, Richard Halliday, she lives in a three-room apartment at an obscure theatrical hotel called the Gorham. Mr. Halliday, an amateur decorator, is now doing the place over in French Provincial and "Venus pink" and has sent for 12 original Holbein etchings from Hollywood, but this is so

far the family's only concession to Miss Martin's new obligations. Mary Martin not only likes to do her hair but also to make her own hats. She gets an average of 10 letters a day telling her how wonderful she is, which she answers herself with the aid of a part-time stenographer. Her favorite expression is "I beat my brains out," the process to which she attributes her success.

The greatest musical-comedy star of the 1940's usually breakfasts in bed at 10 o'clock or so instead of 2 p. m. While so engaged she glances through the *Daily News*, *Daily Mirror* and *New York Times* in that order. Breakfast may be followed by an interview. Interviews have become so routine that Mary Martin rarely bothers to find out what paper is concerned. Miss Martin's diet at all three meals is painfully nutritious. Left to herself she likes things like chocolate pudding or salads made of grapes with the seeds removed and replaced by cheese. Her husband also compels her to eat raw eggs in the hope, so far deferred, of fattening her up since she weighs only 105 pounds. In his capacity as family business manager, Halliday pays the bills, gives her a \$15-a-week allowance and invests the rest of her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



"My Heart Belongs to Daddy," Siberian strip-tease act in *Leave It To Me* (1938), was first public display of Mary Martin's diminutive (105-lb.) figure



"Venus," a supernatural strip-tease, is in Miss Martin's current musical comedy



"Miss the Boys Goodbye" was old-fashioned Southern strip-tease staged in the movie by that name. Miss Martin has never seen a burlesque show.

**1. SWAMPED WITH LAST
MINUTE SHOPPING?**



**2. GOT A TREE THAT
NEEDS CHOPPING?**



**3. AND SIX KIDS WITH
EYES POPPING?**



**4. WANT TO QUIT AND
START FLOPPING?**



**WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH
LIPTON'S!**



—and read this hopeful news for 1944!



YOU KNOW how quickly a cup of rich, flavory Lipton Tea can perk you up when you're tired out. And how this fine, fragrant tea helps soothe you and calm your jitters. Well—

We're mighty glad to tell you that this coming year it looks like you're going to have an *easier*

time getting your favorite brand—Lipton's.

Yes, increased shipping space indicates that there may be more Lipton Tea available for you folks at home in 1944!

So if there were times in 1943 when you missed seeing the familiar red-and-yellow Lipton package on your grocer's shelves—cheer up! It won't be so hard to get in 1944.

MARILYN MILLER: SHE WAS TOP MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR OF 1920'S



SHE HAD BLUE EYES AND BLONDE CURLS / AS EVE IN THE SHOW OF WONDERS, IN 1917, AT THE WINTER GARDEN IN NEW YORK WITH MICKEY MOUSE, AS THOUSANDS CHEER



PASSING SHOW OF 1918, WINTER GARDEN SALLY IN SALLY, RAN 3 YEARS; 1920-1922 / ROSEALIE BY GEORGE GERSHWIN, IN 1922 SHE WAS MOST FAMOUS FOR HER DANCING

MARY MARTIN continued

\$4,000-a-week income in real estate or war bonds.

Miss Martin has a limited social life. In order to conserve her strength for her career, her husband refuses to allow her to give parties. As a compromise she entertains her friends—mostly humdrum members of the upper-bracket working classes like Cole Porter, Dorothy Fields, Noel Coward or Princess Paley—between acts at the theater.

Noted theatrical personages frequently become the subject of biographical movies. Lillian Russell and Anna Held have both been subjected to such cinematic treatment. Mary Martin's present standing is substantiated by the fact that she is being urged to undertake the role of Marilyn Miller, in Warner Bros' forthcoming screen tribute to Miss Martin's predecessor.

Marilyn Miller and Mary Martin have enough in common to suggest not only that the latter should be able to impersonate the former successfully but also that, superimposed, their biographies amount to a sort of master pattern for success on Broadway. The similarities are so marked as to establish as prerequisite such items as 1) a career as a child actress, 2) phenomenally

expert maternal solicitude and 3) long years of painful toil.

Then, of course, there are the obvious differences. To her decade Marilyn Miller represented innocent refreshment. In her new show Mary Martin says with composure, "Love isn't the dying moan of a distant violin—it's the triumphant twang of a bedspring"—words on which Miss Miller would have choked. While Marilyn danced better than she sang, Mary sings better than she dances. One had three husbands; the other has only had two so far.

She wriggles out of medieval history

Marilyn Miller was just on the verge of making her name at the old Winter Garden when Mary Martin was born in the small town of Weatherford, Texas on Dec. 1, 1913. Eleven years younger than her sister Geraldine and something of a surprise to her parents, she began by pretending she was her sister, her mother or anyone else in her widening circle of acquaintances. This encouraged Mrs. Martin to give vicarious expression to her own ambitions. An amateur violinist, she saw to it that Mary received the best Weatherford had to offer in singing and dancing

instruction, accompanied by frequent opportunities to practice in front of audiences by singing at Mother's Day church service or taking the lead in school plays. Mary Martin's father, a lawyer, was chairman of the school board.

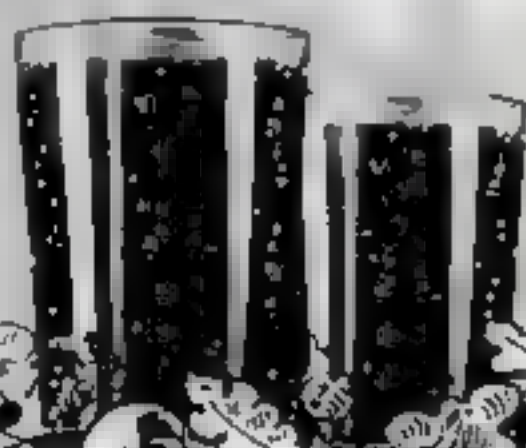
When Mary was 15, Mrs. Martin decided she had worked all she could in Weatherford, packed her off to Ward-Belmont School for girls in Nashville. Here, to Mary's surprise, she found that she was expected to work on things like arithmetic, English and medieval history, in addition to acting. When her best friend wriggled out of writing a term paper by going home with an infected foot, Mary decided to wriggle out of it by getting married. Her accomplice in this plot was a young man named Ben Hageman whom she divorced two years later and who is now a major in the U. S. Army. Beyond enabling her to escape her exam, the marriage resulted in a son named Larry, now at Black-Foxe Military Institute. When Mary was 18, her father paid her expenses to Hollywood and helped her get her divorce.

In Hollywood, Mary Martin strained her voice singing over night-club noise and tried to restore it by studying opera with her old Ward-Belmont teacher, "Doc" Humphrey. She took dozens of tests at every studio but invariably got turned

The **TASTE**
that is pleasing

The **TANG**
that's refreshing

The better a product... the bigger the demand for it. The popularity of HIRES has created so great a demand, our ability to meet it, with production limited by war time restrictions, is sometimes overtaxed. That's why you can't always get HIRES when you want it. If your dealer says, "Sorry, all out this week"... try again next week. He'll probably have a new supply.



Hires
ROOT BEER
WITH REAL ROOT JUICES

SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS
OF LEADERSHIP



At 12, Mary Martin aspired to an operatic career and practiced singing with a church choir. She still takes daily lessons from same teacher, now established in New York.

MARY MARTIN (continued)

down because her neck was too thin, her chin too small, her nose too long, her forehead too high, her hair too dark, her chest too flat or because she had a falling behind. She had so many unsuccessful auditions that she became known as "Audition Mary" but finally, down to her last \$10, she invested it in accordion-pleating an old taffeta skirt, bought a white blouse, attached it to the skirt with a red sash, topped the costume with a black velvet calor and set out for the Sunday "guest night" at the Trocadero. Her ensemble was so different from the deep-necked evening dresses of the other contestants that people stopped eating to look at her. For her first song she chose "I went to Havana on one of those cruises," a naughty lyric about a secretary on the loose which she did with large horn-rimmed glasses. For her second she swung *Il Bacio*. Both went over well. Lawrence Schwab, a Broadway producer who was in the audience, offered her the lead in his new show and, reversing the usual pattern for aspiring actresses, Miss Martin left Hollywood for New York.

In New York, Schwab's show failed to materialize but Mary Martin got something even better. This was a part in *Leave It To Me* vacated during rehearsals when June Knight married a Texas oil magnate and lost interest in the play. In *Leave It To Me*, Mary Martin sang a song called *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, a sensational success which enabled Mary Martin to sing on the radio and at the Rainbow Room, get herself a sable-dyed skunk coat and enjoy minor romances with Winthrop Rockefeller and Fred Drake, general manager of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 181



Home-town residents staged elaborate "Welcome Home" for premiere of Mary Martin's first picture, *The Great Victor Herbert*. She wore pink tulle dress with 75-yard skirt.



The Fortress sticks its chin out

Flying Fortresses have always been tough—ask any Nazi fighter pilot.

But today they're tougher than ever, with a new chin turret that juts out defiantly with deadly machine guns.

The free movement of the guns must be protected against the elements and the cold of the sub-stratosphere. And they are protected—by a zipper. By Crown's revolutionary new double-acting zipper that moves in either direction. When a gun is raised or lowered, the zipper opens ahead of the barrel while simultaneously closing behind it. And no amount of ice ever causes it to freeze or jam.

This amazing two-way zipper is so reliable that it's used not only on gun turrets but on airplane engine covers, half-track tops and other applications where life itself depends on it!

After the war, you'll be using this new zipper that works every time. You'll find it in all sorts of civilian applications, bringing you undreamed-of convenience and reliability. Look for it.

THE ZIPPER OF TOMORROW
CROWN  **ZIPPER**

The Spool Cotton Company • 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
 (Crown Fastener Division)



"Handsome couple present" at El Morocco, Mary Martin and Winthrop Rockefeller won contest on first date. Columnists predicted elopement, fostered only minor romance.

MARY MARTIN (continued)

Harper's Bazaar. She met Mr. Rockefeller while singing at the family bistro, the Rainbow Room. When she went dancing with him at El Morocco a few nights later they were voted the "Handsome Couple Present," but as the acquaintanceship progressed her enthusiasm waned. One night Mr. Rockefeller, unaware of her indifference, decided to give a large dinner party in her honor. She had a radio show to do soon after dinner, so he sent her to the studio in his limousine. After the broadcast she slipped out the back way, grabbed a taxi and went home. Then she phoned Mr. Rockefeller at the party.

"Hello there, honey," Miss Martin began, "guess where I am."

Mr. Rockefeller could not imagine.

"In bed," said Miss Martin, "and I don't want to come back to any old party. Do you mind?"

The Martin romance with Mr. Drake came to a more dramatic end. He courted her assiduously, helped solve her business problems and considered himself engaged to her. When *Leave It To Me* closed Miss Martin succumbed to Paramount's \$15,000-for-six-weeks offer and went back to California. Soon rumors began drifting back to New York about her admiration for Richard Halliday of Paramount. Somewhat perturbed, Drake flew out to investigate. After four days with Miss Martin, however, he concluded that the stories were without foundation and went on to Weatherford to introduce himself to his future in-laws. While Drake was on the plane, Mary and Halliday eloped to Las Vegas. Drake learned of it in the morning paper.

So far the Halliday marriage has been a satisfactory one with typical theatrical variations. Having decided that a successful marriage was desirable, Miss Martin proceeded to apply the same industry and enthusiasm to effecting it as she directs toward her career. After the conventional beginning—large parties, important friends, frequent public appearances—the Hallidays settled down to quiet evenings at home, often shared with their best friends, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



At Hollywood premiere with husband Richard Halliday, Mary Martin displayed first "sexy" dress, a chartreuse satin he selected. The resultant publicity still embarrasses her.

OLD American FAVORITES



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COMPANY INC.
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Now Available . . . OFFICIAL BARTENDER'S GUIDE 753 Tested Recipes for practically every drink known to man . . . Send 35c in stamps or coin to The American Distilling Co., 247 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
 BOURBON SUPREME • A Blend of Straight Whiskies • 90.4 Proof • Good Old GUCKENHEIMER • Bottled in Bond • Straight Bourbon Whiskey or Straight Rye Whiskey • 100 Proof • RUM CARIOCA • Puerto Rican Rum • White and Gold Label • 86 Proof

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD

Go after it these basic ways advised by physicians in addition to temporary relief measures. These 5 steps help your system throw off the infection. And lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue. It is also a primary anti-infection vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
If cold does not respond, see your doctor.	

USE LEMON THIS EFFECTIVE WAY

Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration... take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then - continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and Soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalinize, they aid elimination—3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, first thing on arising.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quits.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS



California
Sun-kist
Lemons

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



At family farm in New Canaan, Conn., Miss Martin sings for her sister-in-law, mother, her sister Geraldine. Her accompanist is her broker brother-in-law Newell Whitcomb.

MARY MARTIN (continued)

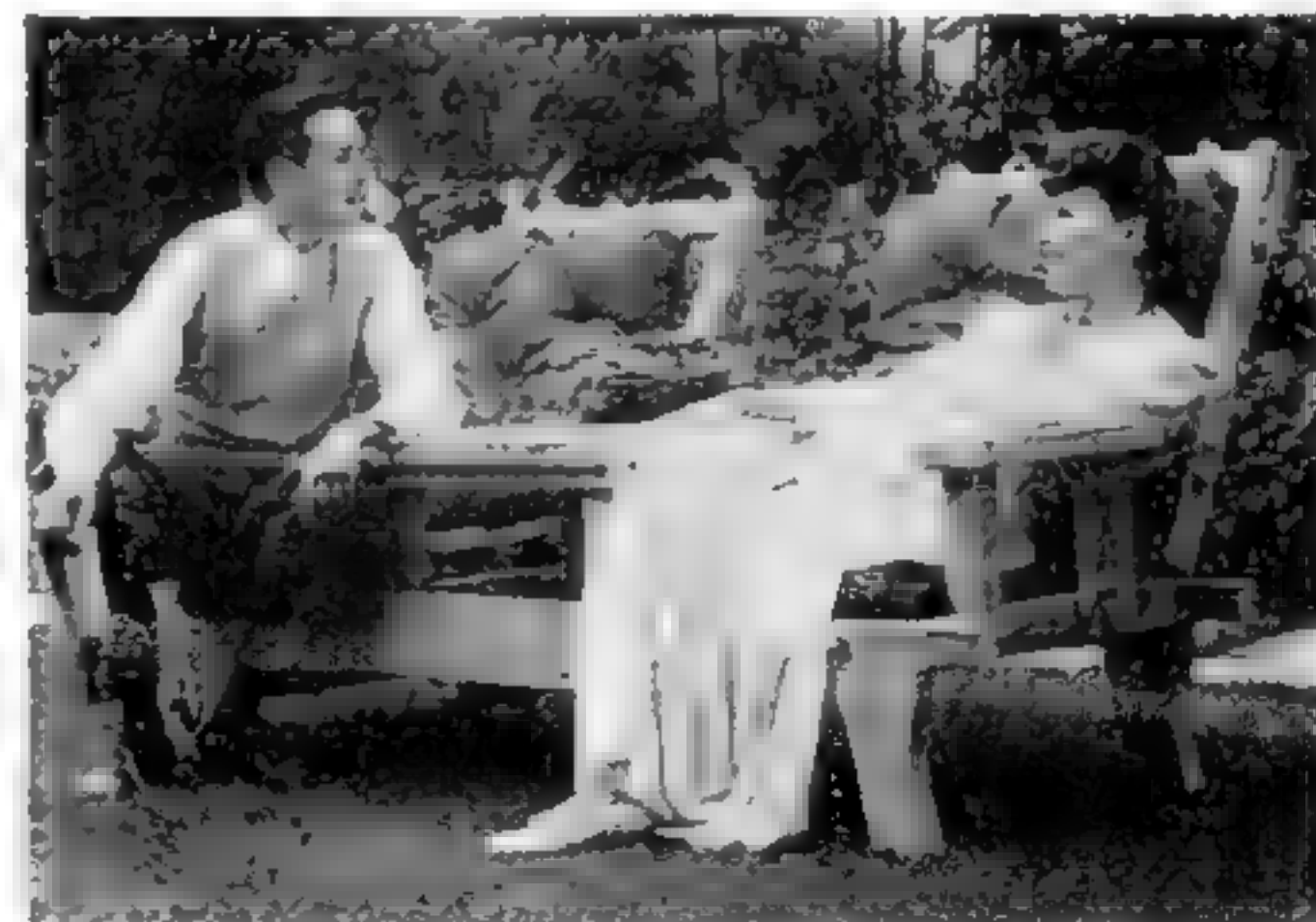
Frank Rosses. Mrs. Ross, whose screen name is Jean Arthur, has been Mary Martin's closest friend ever since she went to Hollywood. Frank Ross is a producer at RKO.

While Ross and Halliday talked business, their wives tried on hats in the bedroom or contributed thoughts to their husbands' conferences while standing on their heads in two wing-back chairs in the library to improve their figures.

Miss Martin is a perfectionist, and to have the perfect marriage she decided she should have another child. Accordingly she took time out a year and a half after her wedding and had a girl whom she named "Heller," causing a mild flurry among the more conservative residents of Weatherford. Heller justified her name by the manner of her arrival on the scene. One night Mrs. Halliday's husband rushed her to the hospital. When they got there he found he had picked up his briefcase instead of the prepared overnight bag. He rushed back to get nightgown and toothbrush, returned to find things very much as he had left them. They waited all night. Morning found them playing gin rummy. Eventually that afternoon Mrs. Halliday said, "Sorry, false alarm," and went calmly home to await Heller's convenience. Heller, born a fortnight later, cost \$30,000 for the months Miss Martin did not work.

Miss Martin's second sojourn in Hollywood, unlike her first, was financially and socially satisfactory. It might indeed have been regarded as the happy ending of an ordinary success story had it not been for the fact that about a year ago another producer, Vinton Freedley, offered her a part in another musical comedy called *Dancing in the Streets*. Miss Martin left Hollywood for New York a second time. *Dancing in the Streets* was a miserable failure. Indirectly it was this failure that transformed Mary Martin from a mildly successful little movie actress into the musical-comedy star of her decade by making her available for her present role.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188



In Hollywood, the Hallidays bought a large house, entertained lavishly. A year after their marriage they moved to a small bungalow, refinished furniture, raised tropical fish.



The Jobs that Grew on Trees!



MILLIONS OF American jobs that grew on trees—the rubber trees of the Far East—were destroyed when the Japs took over.

BUT THESE VITAL JOBS were replaced—re-created if you please—by the chemical miracle of synthetic rubber, and the production miracle of its increase in eleven short months from a pilot plant trickle to a tonnage basis.



DAYTON RUBBER has reason to believe that its current and accumulative knowledge and manufacturing experience now serving the war effort, can help make peace-time jobs more plentiful through the imaginative application of natural or synthetic rubbers to countless new products.

IT HAPPENS that long before Pearl Harbor, Dayton Rubber—the builder of the first American all-synthetic rubber automobile tires—was creating jobs for hundreds of workers who

were especially trained in the processing of various types of synthetic rubbers.

DAYTON RUBBER'S early synthetic rubber developments provide a substantial foundation upon which to build more job opportunities and better business after the war.

THE FACT IS that for 37 years Dayton Rubber has been continuously creating new and better job opportunities through the investment of millions of man-hours in rubber research and development.

FOR EXAMPLE, in one year—on one product—Dayton Rubber has invested more than 166,000 man-hours in research and development work. In addition, during the same period, we made over 1,000 separate laboratory tests and 1,200 field tests on it.

THE RESULT IS not merely one improved and highly efficient product by Dayton Rubber, but an ever increasing backlog of priceless experience in the processing and application of all available natural or synthetic rubbers and fabrics.

IT IS THIS vast fund of up-to-the-minute knowledge and experience which Dayton Rubber freely offers to any manufacturer who is today concerned with the development of new or improved products of natural or synthetic rubber which will help provide more jobs and better living for more people in post-war America.

★ ★ ★
THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
DAYTON 1, OHIO

One of the operators of the first Government Dual-unit type Synthetic Rubber Production Plants.

WE'RE IN DAYTON FOR GOOD

Dayton Rubber

MAKERS OF TIRES, TEXTILE MACHINERY PARTS, PRINTING ROLLERS AND V-BELTS FOR AUTOMOTIVE, RAILWAY AND INDUSTRIAL USE

ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive



PAUL LUKAS, famous stage and screen star, tells us "Removing make-up makes my face extremely sensitive. But Williams lets me shave closely without irritation. Its Lanolin soothes my skin, leaves it feeling soft and pliant."

—that's why Paul Lukas shaves with Williams, made with soothing LANOLIN

IF CLOSE SHAVING makes your skin tender and taut, perhaps Lanolin can help you!

Lanolin has long been prescribed by doctors for its ability to soothe and soften the skin. In fact, Lanolin closely resembles the skin's natural oil.

Now blended into Williams Shaving

Cream, Lanolin lets you shave closely without soreness. It soothes your skin, leaves it feeling softer, smoother. Try Williams soon!

CONTAINS LANOLIN

WILLIAMS Shaving cream

...same familiar tube

IT'S SMOOTHER—
IT'S CREAMIER—

MAKES
THRIFTY

WARTIME
MEALS
TASTE
DELICIOUS!

MILLIONS
PREFER IT!
LARGEST SELLING
PREPARED MUSTARD
IN U.S.A.



**Klikit THE ACE OF
SNAP FASTENERS!**



Right now it's trumps with our fighting men. Rau's Klikit fasteners will be back post-haste, post-war, to fasten America's garments in trim security. Remember—Klikits are laundry-proof, rust-proof, and velvet-smooth in action.

RAU FASTENER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MARY MARTIN (continued)

Mary Martin got the role of Venus only after considerable backing and filling both on her part and on the part of the show's composer, librettist and author—Kurt Weill, Ogden Nash and S. J. Perelman. The part had been written for Marlene Dietrich who turned it down. It had to be rewritten for Mary Martin, whose figure and bearing seemed incongruous with those of the goddess. Nibbling onions at her sister-in-law's farm at New Canaan, Conn., Mary Martin herself debated the advisability of spending a long, hot wartime summer rehearsing and studying in New York. Once having decided to try it, Miss Martin made up for her deficiencies by pure diligence and theatrical savvy. Through the hottest days of August she never missed her afternoon visit to the Ballet Arts dancing school, followed by the singing lesson which afforded the young man of 57th Street his unique preview of Broadway's new star.

The perfect way to sing "That's Him"

One of the most perplexing problems was how to stage the show-stopping song, *That's Him*, in the intimate way the lyrics required. After director, producer and writers had struggled with one unsuccessful idea after another, Miss Martin said, "Why don't I just take a chair, put it downstage and sit on it?" Kurt Weill was skeptical. "How would you do it?" he asked. "Like this," she said, picking up the chair and sitting on it. "That's perfect," Weill said, and that is the way she does it in the show. It is the high point of her performance.

The only uncertainty about Miss Martin is why she seems to register better upon the middle-aged than upon youth. Perhaps this is because her first hit song, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, was clearly aimed at a segment of the population which had reached the age of indiscretions. Perhaps it is also because the younger generation which would normally form the rank and file of her public is currently away at the war.

Indeed, such is the time lag in the case of Miss Martin that she herself has not yet been able to assay her own significance, much less to equip herself with the mannerisms befitting her position. A few weeks ago she was hurrying into the Daily News building to be photographed for their Sunday edition, when she noticed two adolescent girls waiting with autograph books. Miss Martin did not have time to stop but when she came out two hours later, the autograph collectors were still there. "You're Mary Martin, aren't you?" they asked. The star nodded.

"Do you like Frank Sinatra?"

"Why . . . yes," Miss Martin answered, somewhat puzzled.

"Good, we would like you to sign our books, then. We collect autographs, but only from people who like Frankie."



Mrs. Martin and her daughter discuss child care. Mrs. Martin has charge of Mary's 12-year-old son Larry, who teaches his grandmother how to play good boogie-woogie on the violin. Small picture on table shows Miss Martin with baby daughter "Heiler."

THEY TOOK THE U-BOATS' MEASURE WITH MILLIONTHS OF AN INCH



LAST month when the lights went on again up and down the Atlantic Coast, most of us here on the home front took it as a welcome relaxation of a war measure, but few of us realized that it marked one of the great victories of the war.

Ever since the early days of 1942 when pot-hunting U-boats inside the 3-mile limit forced us to suspend shipping 'til we could reorganize our defenses, it had been touch-and-go on the Atlantic. Air-based planes brushed the Nazi wolves off the shore line, but still the sinkings mounted. And Britain needed 800 ships a month to go on living and fighting, and just what our growing overseas forces needed, the censor wouldn't let us say, even if we knew.

Then, one morning a U-boat surfaced in mid-Atlantic for a breath of air and a "look see" only to find itself the target for a Grumman Avenger's depth bombs. America's new weapon—the CVE, the new baby "flat-top" that guards the convoys, was in action and the U-boats were on the way out!

One reason, of course, for the brilliant success of the new convoy escort carriers in clearing the seas is the ever-increasing use of gages in America's aircraft plants! Gages are the key to the manufacturing precision that means extra performance in battle and the manufacturing speed that means more planes in the Atlantic skies! Gages are little gadgets of shining steel that tell you down to within a few millionths of an inch whether a manufacturing operation has been done right. With gages you can get hand-made perfection at machine-made speed . . . you can make more aircraft engines, rifles, tanks, range-finders, artillery . . . more of everything the Army, Navy and Air Force needs . . . and make it finer and faster.

Vinco makes all types of gages and many exclusive inspection devices of its own invention. For over 25 years Vinco has been selling millionths-of-an-inch precision to American industry. Since Pearl Harbor Vinco engineers have been working with the engineering staffs of America's great aircraft producers. For many of them, Vinco has been able to solve baffling inspection problems, and today there's a little bit of Vinco in every plane that flies. If you have need of such precision experience in either war-time or post-war production problems, write us.

One of the exclusive inspection devices produced by VINCO—the OPTICAL MASTER INSPECTION DIVIDING HEAD, which is used to measure spacing in gears, splines, index plates, cams, camshafts, etc., and is accurate to within $\pm 1/250,000$ ths parts of the circle.

Copyright 1943 Vinco Corporation



MILLIONTHS OF AN INCH
FOR SALE BY
VINCO



CHICAGO DETROIT NEW YORK

HOW TO BUILD A FIRE

Simple tricks are little known

Nearly all men think they know how to build a fire. It is an ancient social art, like that of carving a turkey. Yet very few can do it well. Anyone can start a respectable little blaze on the hearth, but to build one which draws properly and burns slowly with maximum heat is a matter for thought and planning. In these days of fuel shortages this is important for a well-built fire may mean the difference between a chilly room and a comfortable one.

Shown below are a few simple steps which should enable anyone to build a masterful fire with wood. In greater detail, points which should interest dilettante

fire builders are: 1) A small log should be placed on the floor of the hearth behind the andirons (*upper left*) to keep the draft from drawing fire directly into the masonry. 2) Paper and kindling should be used sparingly for a sustained even fire. 3) Logs should not be placed against the back of the fireplace, but in a pyramid of three a few inches in front of it (*upper right and center left*). 4) Before starting the fire, a lighted newspaper should be held up the flue to warm the air and set the draft current in motion (*center*). 5, Finally, firebuilders should be reminded always to open their chimney drafts and to keep a good bed of ashes.



ANDIRONS ARE SET PARALLEL AGAINST BACKLOG



LITTLE KINDLING IS USED TO KEEP FIRE FROM FLARING TOO HIGH



TWO LOGS ARE SET SLIGHTLY APART ABOVE KINDLING



THIRD LOG IS PLACED TO FORM PYRAMID OF THREE



LIGHTED NEWSPAPER IS HELD IN THE CHIMNEY TO START DRAFT



FIRE IS LIGHTED WITH BURNING END OF NEWSPAPER



FIRE STARTS EASILY BECAUSE OF SLIGHT DRAFT



KINDLING MAKES FIRE FLARE AT FIRST, BUT IT SETTLES QUICKLY



MORE WOOD IS ADDED ONLY WHEN FIRE DIES DOWN

First among fine Gifts...
War Bonds



THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 50% Cane Products Neutral Spirits. Oldelmya Distillers, Inc., Aladdin, Pa. • ALL OUR DISTILLERIES ARE CONCENTRATING 100% ON THE PRODUCTION OF WAR ALCOHOL

WHAT SINGLE CONTAINER



stands up under
... ALL THE TESTS OF WAR?



1. CONTENTS ARRIVE SAFELY—when they're packed in cans. That's why food for our fighting men goes overseas in cans. Yes, food and sulfa, blood plasma, first-aid kits, gasoline, signal flares—and so on. Hundreds of items that must have sure protection against germs, dirt, gas poisons, moisture, heat and cold.



2. WHEREVER THE BOYS ARE . . . in the sizzling tropics . . . the frozen arctic . . . on the fighting fronts . . . the sturdy can goes too. A large variety of essential supplies moves forward to combat troops under the dependable protection of the familiar "tin can"—which is actually more than 98% steel and less than 2% tin.



3. WHAT A BEATING! Under fire . . . over rocky terrain . . . the problems of supply call for a container that will stand up under terrific punishment. Because vital war needs get the first call on cans today, many civilian items such as talcum, beer, tea, oil, and tobacco are packed temporarily in substitute containers.

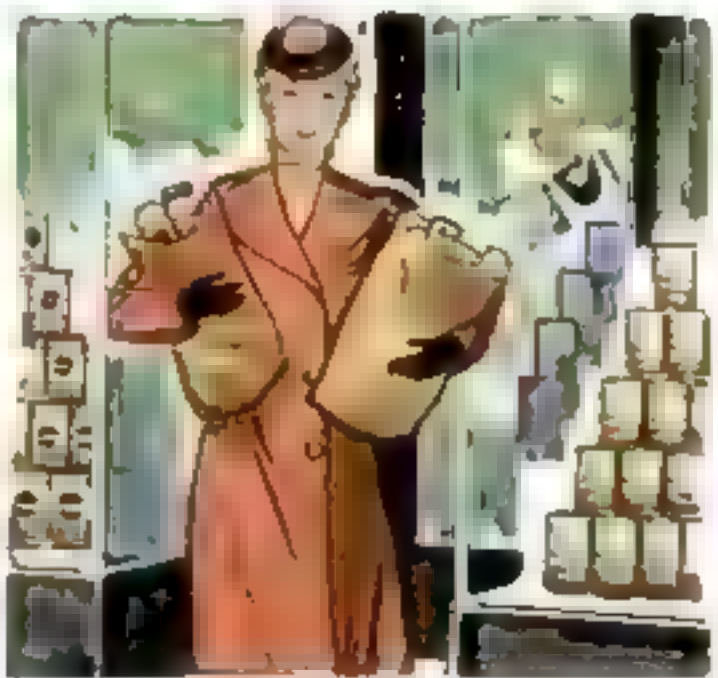


4. FOOD TO FIGHT ON! The goodness, the freshness, the nourishment of foods are ideally safeguarded by cans. Approximately six pounds of food are authorized for every U. S. fighting man, every day. His food must be pure—safe. Most of this food is protected in that familiar tin-coated steel container—the can.

... ALL THE TESTS OF PEACE?



5. CONTENTS KEEP SAFELY—ready to use at your convenience. Cans are hermetically sealed—non-porous. They protect against loss of flavor, color, vitamins, and minerals. And they're so easy to heat or ice, so easy to dispose of. Women wise in the ways of housekeeping know that no other container is so convenient as the can.



6. WHEREVER YOU ARE, whatever the season, the can makes available an exciting variety of foods to help keep meals tempting and nutritious, at very little cost. And canned foods are so readily digestible . . . excellent for children because they retain the high vitamin and mineral content of the fresh food itself.



7. THEY JUST DON'T BREAK! Drop a can and there's no harm done! Stack one on top of another in tight closet space. Cans are easy to handle in every way—easy to carry, easy to store, easy to open. That is just part of the reason why some forty-five million cans are normally used every single day in this country.



8. FOOD TO GROW ON! Meats, fish, and milk . . . canned foods are selected for quality. Many fruits and vegetables are specially grown from pedigreed seed . . . preserved at the peak of their flavor goodness. Delicious—nutritious—inexpensive. Buy wisely—don't waste . . . and save your cans for salvage.
CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC.

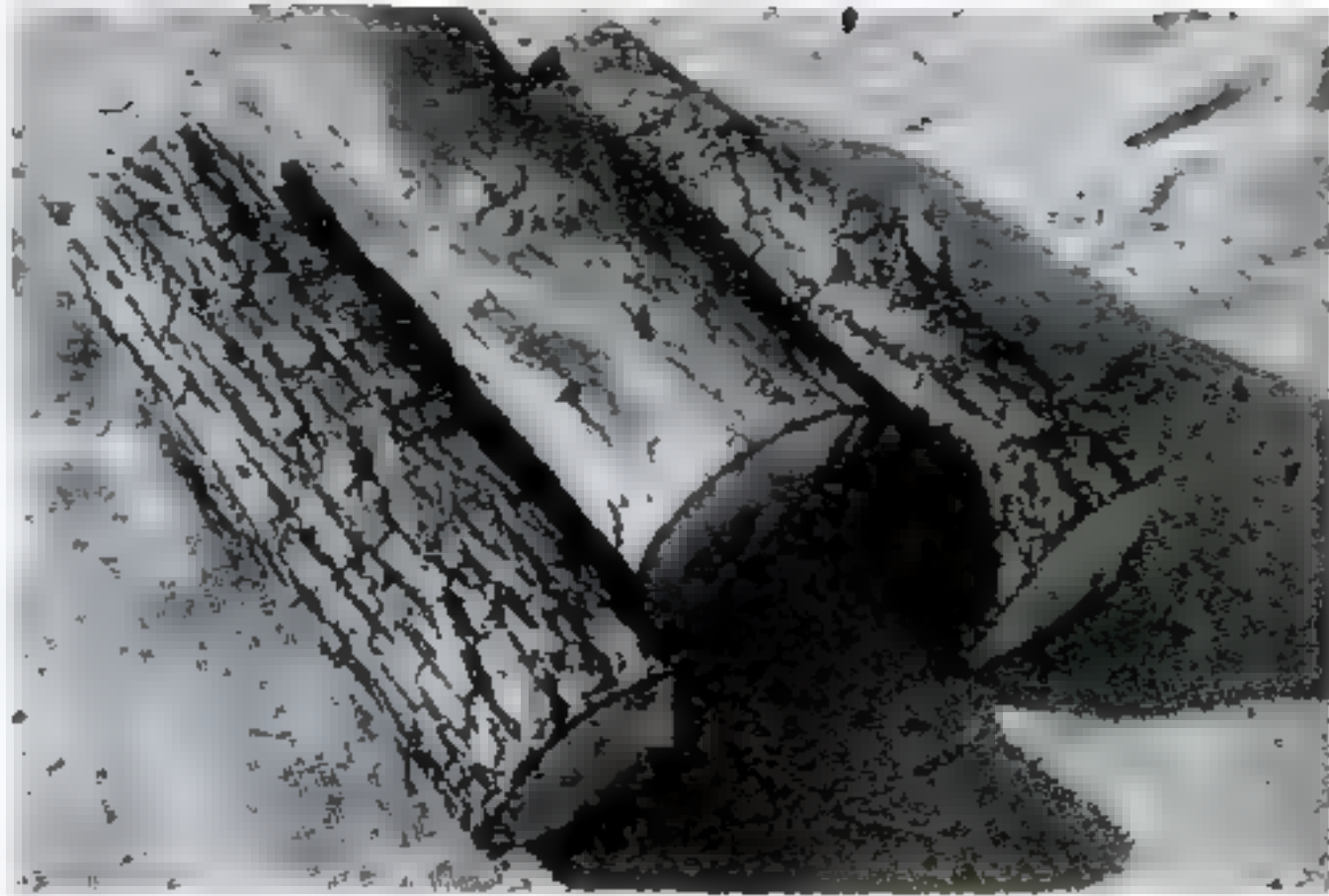
NO OTHER CONTAINER



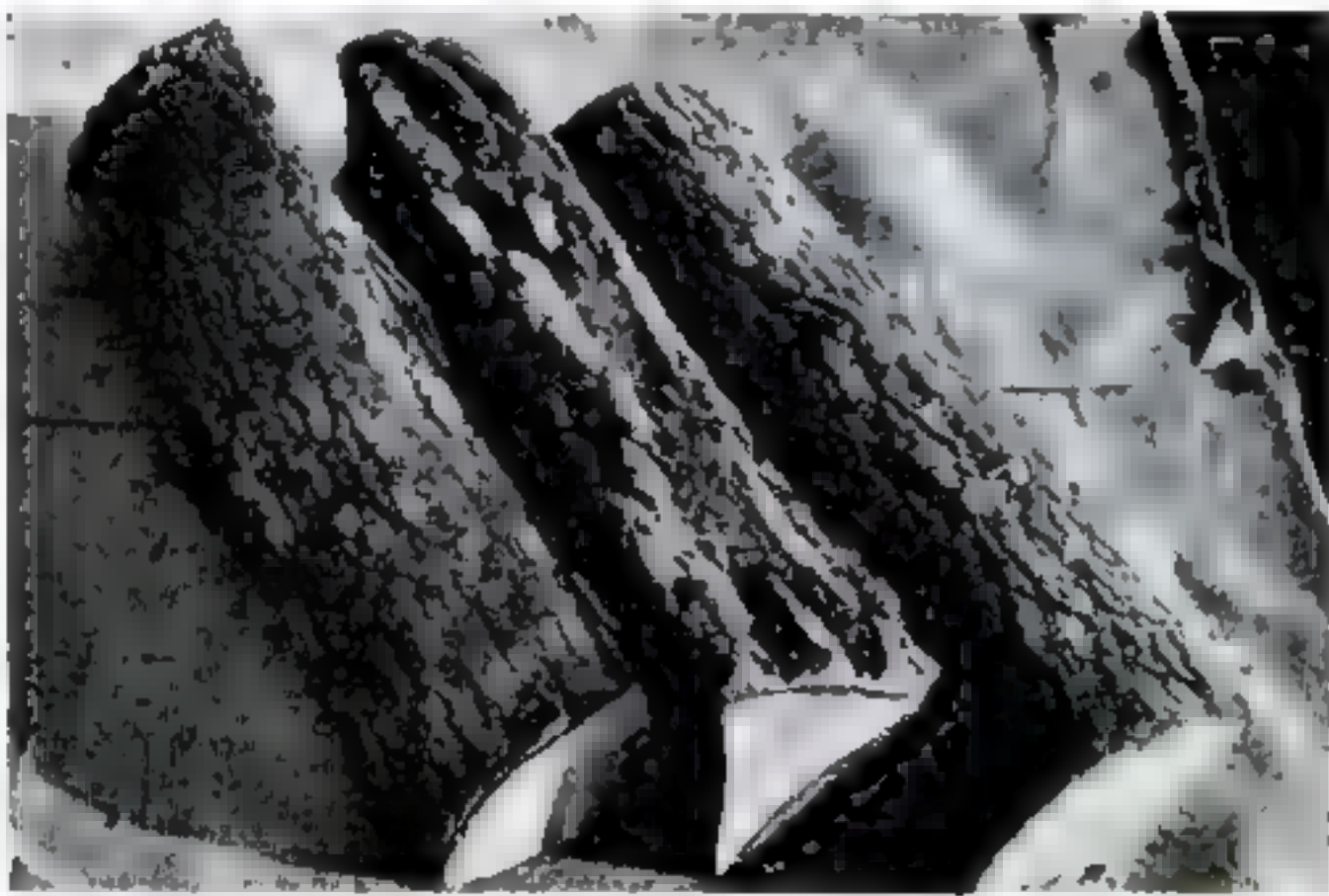
PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

AFTER VICTORY — THEY'LL ALL BE BACK!

How to Build a Fire (continued)



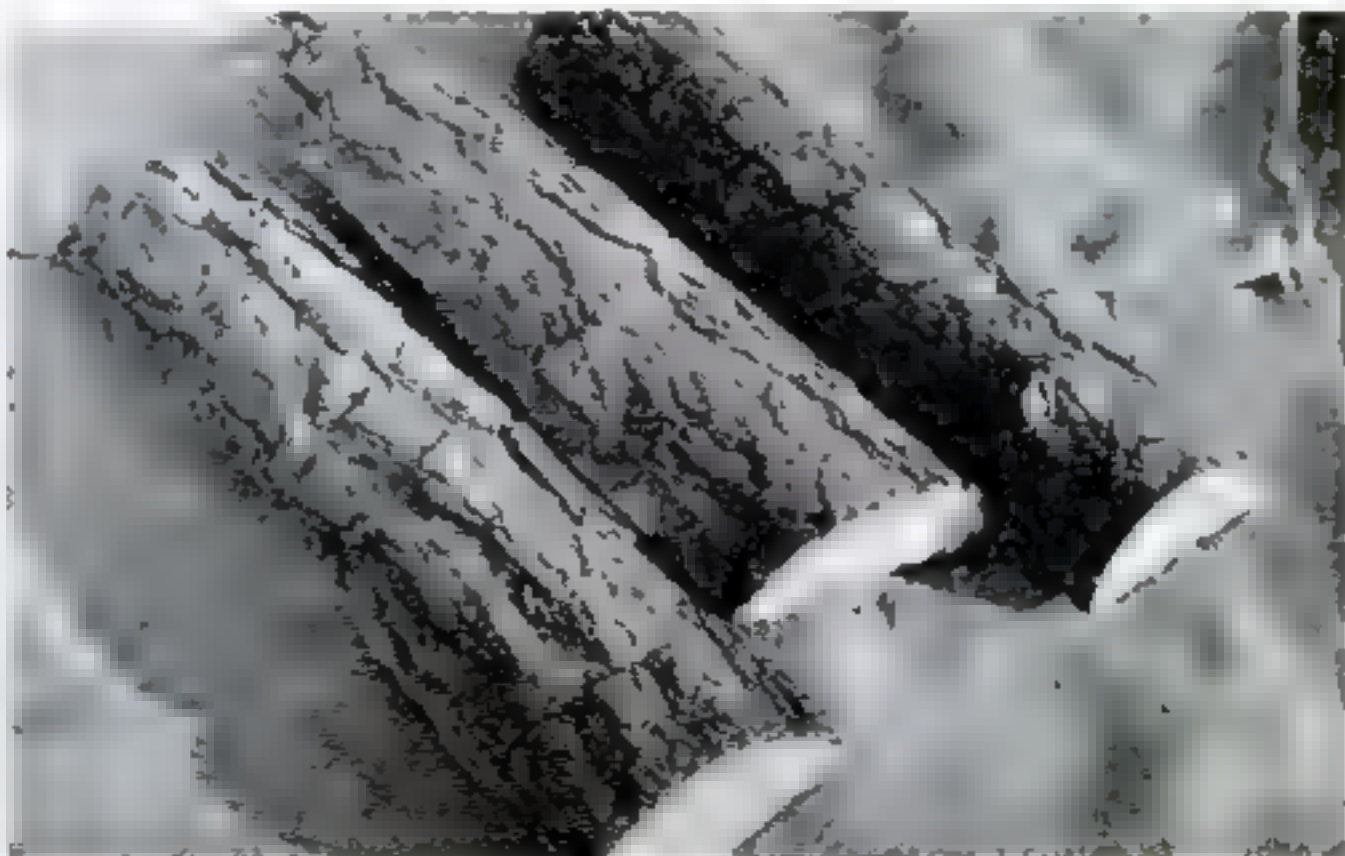
Hickory is the best for firewood among common North American trees. It is hard and dense, burns slowly and with a penetrating heat. Hickory is hard to get these days.



Oak is also hard and slow-burning. Like other hardwoods, it is dangerous to use without a screen because of sparks. Maple and apple are other good fireplace hardwoods.



Birch is fairly good firewood, but is more often used to decorate fireplaces which are not in active use. It dries out quickly after cutting and should be burned while green.



Pine, which burns too fast, should be used only for kindling wood. Some pines also burn with a resinous smoke which leaves inflammable gouts of sticky soot in flues.

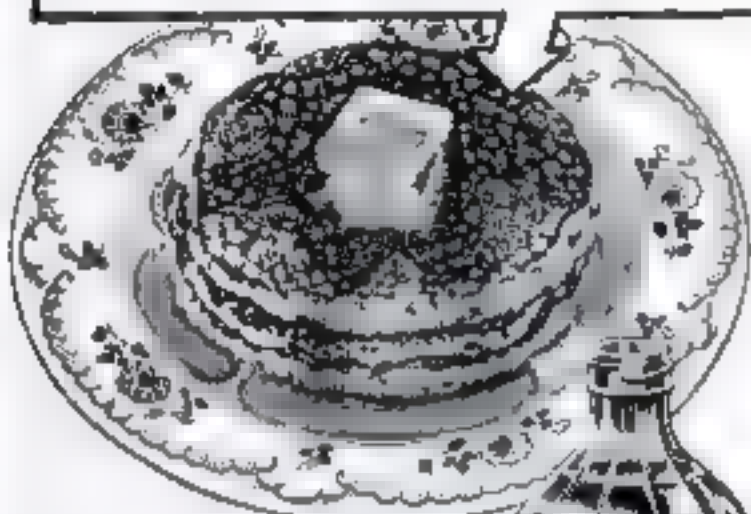
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THEY JUST
NATURALLY
GO TOGETHER!

PEACHES and CREAM



PANCAKES and
VERMONT MAID SYRUP



There's no finer dish than hot pancakes crowned to perfection with the true maple sugar flavor of Vermont Maid Syrup.

For cheery morning smiles from your family—serve delicious Vermont Maid Syrup often. Packed in Vermont.

Vermont Maid
Syrup

Drink
Desbitt's



5¢

MADE FROM
Real ORANGES

**FIGHT
4 O'CLOCK
FATIGUE!**

It may be due to Vitamin Deficiencies



"FEEL FIT AS A MAJOR"

Let Major B-Complex Vitamins help develop your resistance against fatigue

You don't have to droop like a wilted flower before the day is hardly done! Combat the "let-down feeling" of 4 o'clock fatigue! Major B-Complex Vitamin Tablets, those wonderful natural B-Complex energy Vitamins help promote vigor, steadier nerves and help build-up your resistance against fatigue. Scientifically formulated and absolutely guaranteed for purity and potency, Major B-Complex Vitamins help give you and your family the energy to feel fit as a Major.



Guaranteed by one of the world's largest producers of B-Complex Vitamins.

8-day supply... 24 Tablets

29¢

Full Month's Supply 100 Tablets

89¢

The Family Size 200 Tablets

\$1.75



Save money—buy Major B-Complex Vitamin Tablets at department stores, chain and grocery stores.

MAJOR VITAMINS, Inc., 215 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

RELIEVES CHAPPED SORE LIPS



A soothing aid for the whole family...

Here's a simple way to overcome one of life's irritations... cracked lips and fever blisters. Keep your personal tube of Roger & Gallet original Lip Pomade handy, and smooth it on at the first hint of dryness or chapping. An invisible film of gentle medication starts the healing process immediately... soothes the tender membranes. No matter how the weather misbehaves, your lips will be well protected. Get a tube for yourself, and send one to some man or woman in Service.

The Original
LIP
POMADE
ROGER & GALLET

Only 25c

How to Build a Fire (continued)



Cannel Coal, a grade of soft coal which comes in big lumps, is a hot and efficient fireplace fuel. It is burned in a grate and may be lighted easily with kindling (above).



Cannel Coal fire is best started with a small amount of coal to allow the draft to draw freely. It is not necessary to light kindling before putting the coal into grate.



After starting draft with lighted newspaper as shown on page 110, paper and kindling is touched off. Cape Cod Lighter shown above is handy, but a match will do.



Quickly fired by paper and kindling, Cannel Coal burns with a bright, hot flame. When the fire is well under way, enough coal is added to form evenly burning bed.

For
the Taste
Connoisseur

RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. 1A1 Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 66, 90 and 151 Proof.

Trade Mark of Ronrico Corporation

BRIGHT STAR
FLASHLIGHTS
and
BATTERIES

NOW SERVING OUR MEN
ON EVERY FRONT

BRIGHT STAR
BATTERIES

WHEN THE WAR IS
OVER THEY'LL SERVE
AT HOME AGAIN!

BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO., CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY

**How to KEEP AWAKE
ON THE "GRAVEYARD SHIFT"**

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDox Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do—don't take a chance. TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER!

NODOZ
AWAKENERS

AT YOUR
DRUGGIST
25c

Convenient, easy-to-take tablets

Over 50,000,000 NoDox Awakeners have been used since 1933!

IRON GLUE
MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING

Needs no mixing. Mends wood, glass, china, toys, etc. Ask for Iron Glue—largest selling 1½ gal. size. Sold 'most everywhere. McCormick Sales Co., 408 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



Interlude

A moment of grace...an interlude like this... can mean much to women who are giving abundantly of their strength and devotion to the greatest of causes.

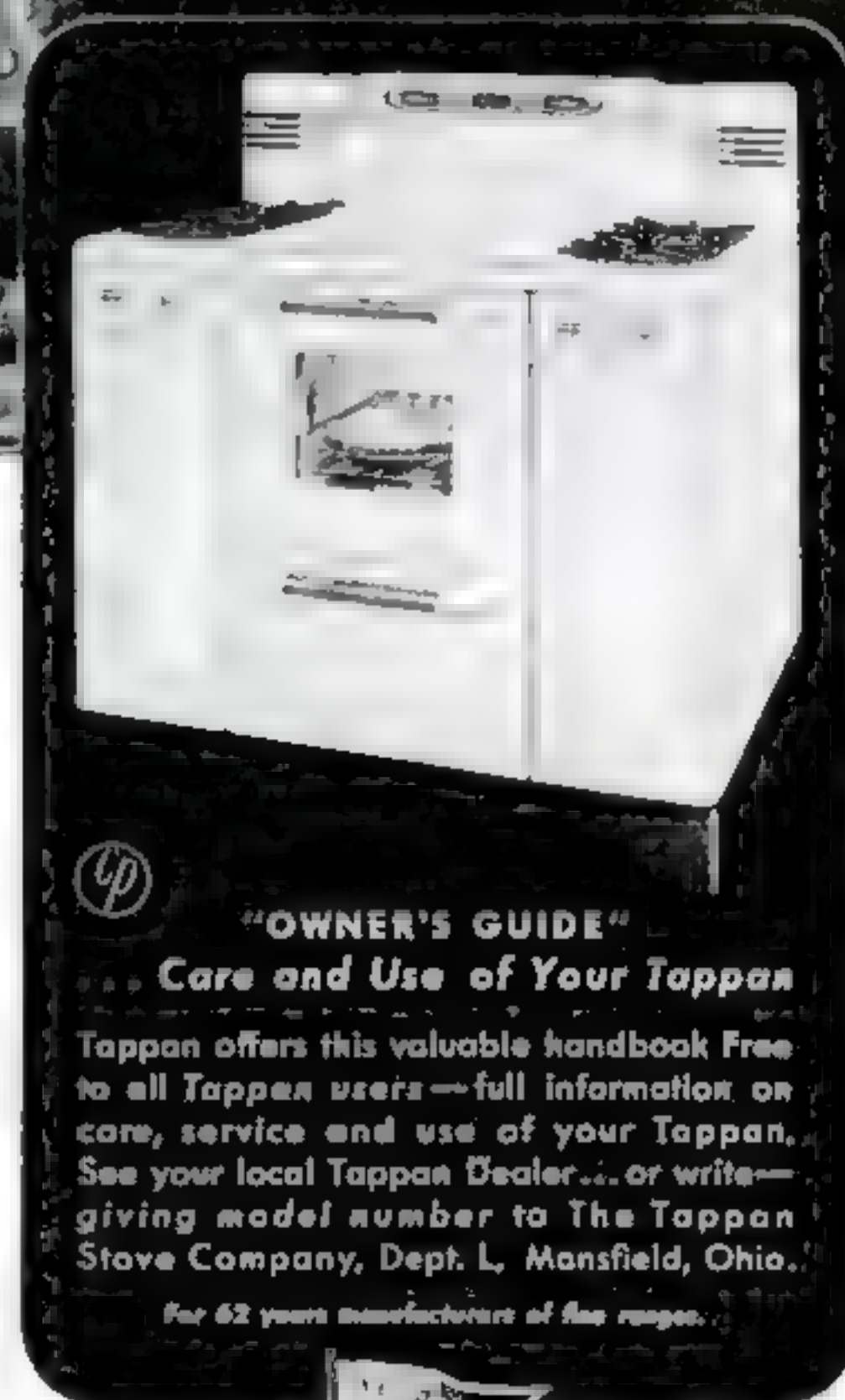
And when women pause for a moment of relaxation, their talk is not altogether of war. It often turns to things which make their war work possible...things like a wonderful modern

Tappan range with so many convenience features for saving time and food and nutrition and flavor...at a time when such savings mean so much

And those not fortunate enough to own such a range resolve to put aside more War Bonds toward the purchase of a distinctive and lovely Tappan...to grace that beautiful, completely fitted kitchen they are planning after the war

"WHEN GOOD COOKS GET TOGETHER...TAPPAN'S THE TOPIC"

★ **TAPPAN** Ranges ★



"OWNER'S GUIDE"

Care and Use of Your Tappan

Tappan offers this valuable handbook Free to all Tappan users—full information on care, service and use of your Tappan. See your local Tappan Dealer...or write—giving model number to The Tappan Stove Company, Dept. L, Mansfield, Ohio.

For 62 years manufacturers of fine ranges.





ALL DRESSED UP, THE GIRLS GET BEAMING APPROVAL FROM IRMA'S MOTHER



The fingernails get a coat of dark polish. Since nothing goes fast enough for impatient Irma, she blows on them so they will dry quickly. Until they dry, she can't do anything else or the polish will smudge.



The hair, washed and put up the day before, is put up again in curlers to make sure that every strand is right. Then the head is wrapped in a kerchief while other work proceeds.

That First Party Dress

Two excited little girls from Valley Stream deck themselves out in their new formal finery

Irma Olswang, 16, and friend Jane Fest, 15, of Valley Stream, Long Island, are like thousands of American high-school girls who now at Christmas-party time are having a great feminine experience—the wearing of the first long party dress. Young girls are always absolutely sure they will never in their whole lives forget that first party dress. As years go by many of their youthful certainties turn out to be wrong but in this

they are quite right. There are very few women whose emotions ever fail to echo the warm and wonderful feeling that the first party dress brings.

Jane's and Irma's party dresses are long with wide and frilly skirts and waists that fit very snugly. They are the kind of dress that goes best with just a simple string of pearls, the kind that transforms scornful tom-boys into dreamy-eyed females. A party dress like these

calls for an elaborate ceremony of preparation which starts hours before the party does. It involves an endless fixing of hair, nails, eyes, lips and a doing, undoing and desperate redoing of everything. The dress becomes even more important than the date and, after the excitement of admiring and of being admired, the party itself—the blessed occasion that has made the dress necessary—seems almost like an anticlimax.

The ears are given a delicate dab of borrowed perfume which, Jane confidently hopes, will create an aura of glamor and allure but which the boys at party will not notice or only make fun of if they do.

The lips get a covering of unaccustomed thickness and brightness, put on with a hand already worldly-wise in make-up. Mother will probably make Irma tone the lips down.





The flower in the hair, touched so often that it is always coming loose, is gingerly fastened in again with bobby pins. Irma performs the operation while Jane watches critically

in the hand mirror. Girls prefer to dress by themselves but there is always a last-minute bedroom meeting for mutual admiring, final primping, jewelry swapping and joint gig-

ghing. Jane and Irma live on the same block, go to Woodmere High School. Like other American high-school girls, they find their social life only a little disrupted by the war

In the days of wooden ships, nimble-footed 'powderboys' raced to the loaders with boxes of explosives—and it was one gunner's job to see to it that there were no monkey-shines from these youngsters.
(Ordnance instructions, U. S. Navy, 1864.)



The Ammunition is being passed

There's no monkey-business about the way the ammunition is being passed in this war, either. For example, the Navy's 5-inch 38 caliber gun throws shells at planes or surface craft at a terrific rate. Its powder and shells must come to the gun in a steady stream. How is it done? With an ingenious hoist whose tolerances are so close that the mechanism is comparable to the movement of a fine watch.

* * *

Ammunition hoists for the Navy are being pro-

duced so fast and efficiently by the Busch-Sulzer Bros. Diesel Engine Company that the organization has been awarded a second star in its Navy E pennant. Busch-Sulzer, which made engines for submarines in the last war, was founded by Adolphus Busch, the founder of Anheuser-Busch. He was the first to build Diesels in America—and the first American-made Diesel went into the Home of Budweiser. Now as then, the quest for better methods and facilities to produce the world's most popular beer never ceases.



Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch provides materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

Samsonite, too!

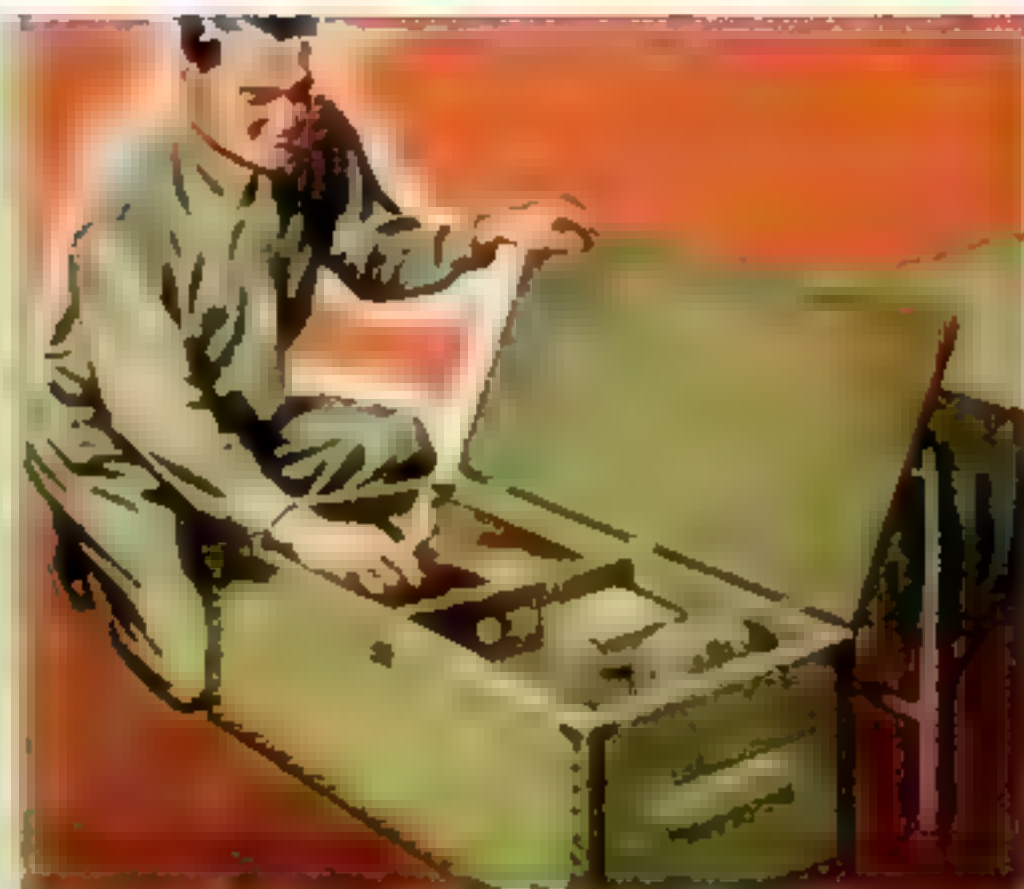
SAMSONITE PRODUCTS FAMILIAR TO MILLIONS . . . ARE NOW PLAYING A VITAL PART FOR EARLY VICTORY



HE'S STILL GOING PLACES!

But this time he's bound for Victory
His convenience is all that counts these days.
So SAMSONITE provides him with a Locker
for his needs and keepsakes.

For the duration, the rest of us will be glad
to carry on without new SAMSONITE Luggage . . . so that he can carry on to Berlin.



BULLETS ARE TRUMPS!

So SAMSONITE will follow suit with Ammunition Boxes instead of Card Tables
"Strong Enough To Stand On" . . . until
the enemy turns in his chips.

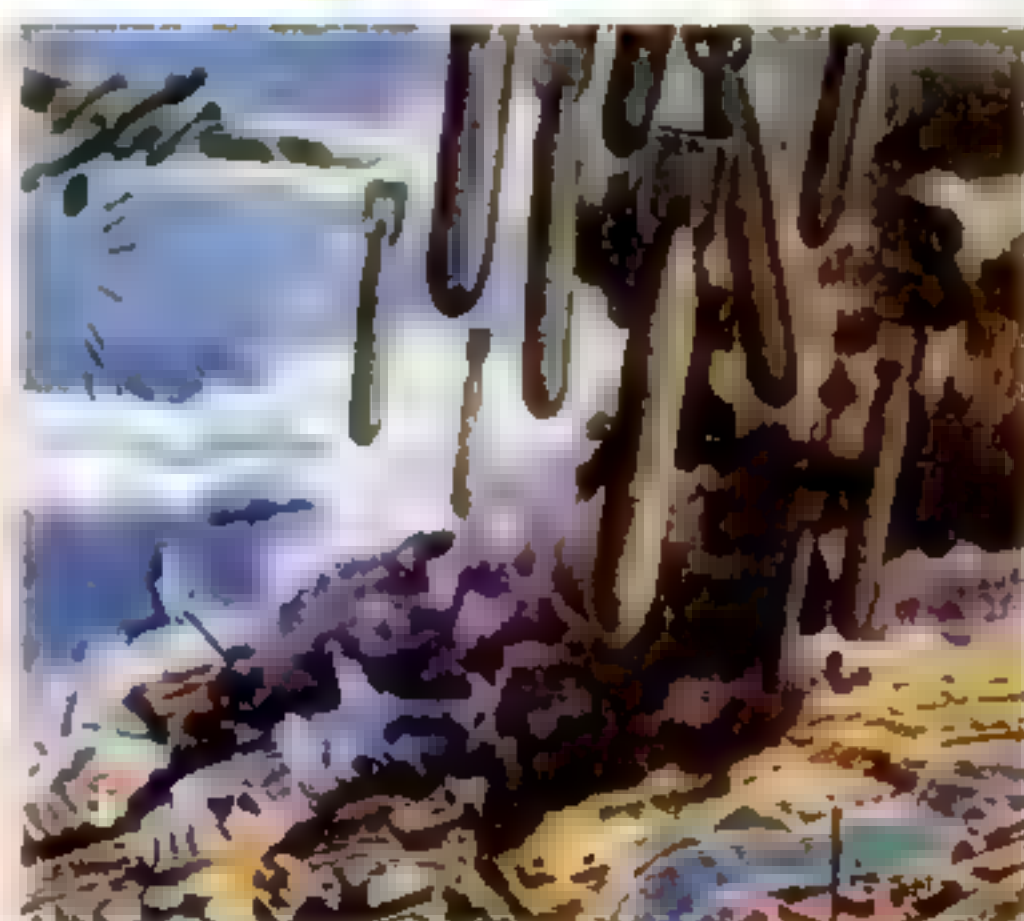
Whenever and wherever the word comes to
pass the ammunition . . . SAMSONITE Ammunition Boxes will be there ready to deliver.



IT'S BOMBS AWAY!

We can now reveal that we are at it hammer
and tongs, turning out fiery, incendiary
bombs to make it hot for Hitler and Tojo.

That's why those comfortable, modern
SAMSONITE Folding Chairs are so scarce.
We know you'll bear with us while we're
bearing down on this vital wartime job.



HELP MAKE VICTORY DAY COME SOONER by pitching
into that war job harder than ever . . . lives depend on it! Pitch
in more of your dollars for war bonds and stamps. Remember . . .
the more we pitch in here at home, the more our boys can dish it
out over there . . . and the sooner Victory will be ours!

When that time comes, and you can travel again, we'll turn
from war production to give you all the fine SAMSONITE Luggage

you'll need. There'll also be plenty of SAMSONITE Card Tables
for your evening's fun, as well as comfortable SAMSONITE Folding
Chairs in which to lounge around and relax.

*And you can expect many new, exciting creations of PLASTIC
luggage and card tables, too. These already are perfected
and will be yours to have and enjoy . . . as soon as we win this
war. Help hasten that day . . . buy all the War Bonds you can!*

Denver ★ **SHWAYDER BROS., INC.** ★ Detroit

MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, CARD TABLES AND FOLDING CHAIRS

That First Party Dress (continued)



Dress is hung on door after pressing because in closet it gets crushed, drags on floor. Here also it can be constantly seen and admired. The photograph is of Irma's brother.



Evening bag is filled with comb, handkerchief, bobby pins. Compact and lipstick are stuffed in later. Then it is all emptied to make sure that nothing has been left out.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

★ ★ ★ ★

RONSON
WORLD'S
GREATEST LIGHTER

★ ★ ★ ★

Built for Service
NOW and POST WAR



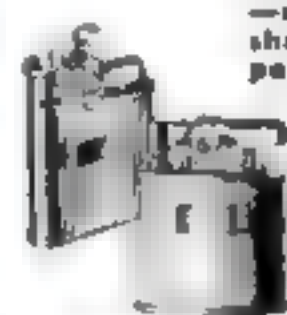
RONSON, World's Greatest Lighter, is rendering distinguished service among our armed forces the world over. Its "one finger—one motion" action is the safest, most convenient made, built to stand the toughest handling. That's why "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"—and may it be soon—his RONSON will continue to serve him as his faithful companion, thru added years of peacetime enjoyment.

RONSONS are made today for our armed forces only and are obtainable thru authorized government channels by servicemen themselves, in or destined for overseas duty. (We regret we cannot supply lighters direct to individuals—civilians or servicemen.) Available to civilians, as usual, after Victory.

If you want to present a boy serving overseas, with a RONSON (and if your dealer cannot supply you), send him \$5 so he can buy his own. \$5 will more than cover.

TO CIVILIAN AND MILITARY OWNERS—(if your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark 2, New Jersey) for servicing at minimum cost.

IN ANY WEATHER—
"Press, it's lit—Release, it's out!"



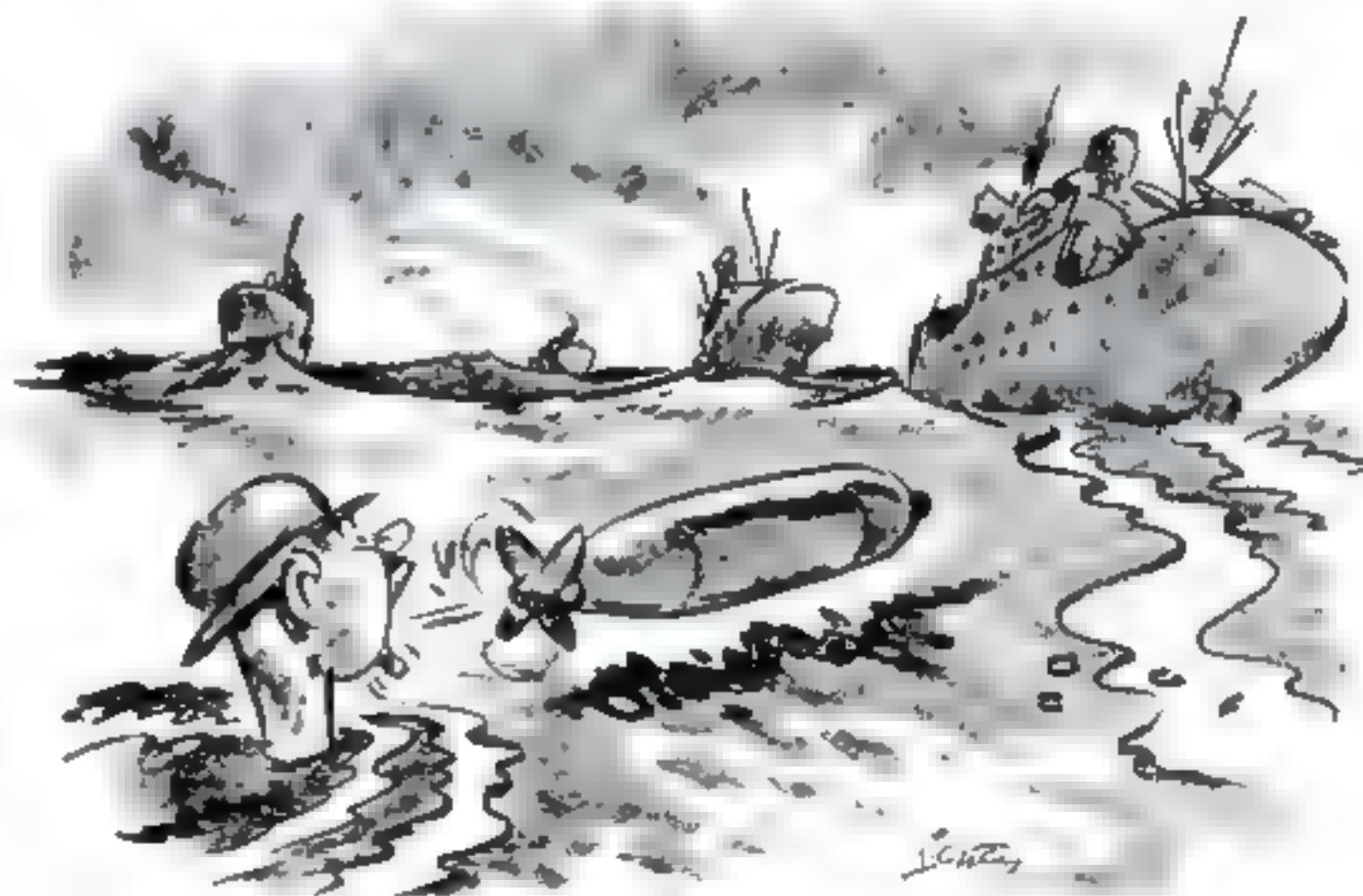
RONSON WHIRLWIND—disappearing windshield, large fuel capacity, \$5.95.

RONSON STANDARD—another popular "service" lighter, \$4.00.

These are maximum OPA ceiling prices. WARNING to civilians—don't pay more!

Buy genuine RONSON "FLINTS", WICKS and RONSONOL (Fuel)—Tops for all lighters!

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS



**LOOSE LIPS
SINK SHIPS
DON'T TALK TODAY
IF YOU MUST TALK
STEP UP AND SAY
"BURMA-SHAVE!"**

★ Two little words, "Burma-Shave," give you days of soothing, smoothing shaving pleasure. No scrape, no pull, no sting, no burn. So much easier that you get more shaves per blade. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year and the number's still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, Minneapolis, Minn.



**AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER,
POST EXCHANGE, OR
SHIP'S SERVICE STORE**

Back the Attack!... Buy More War Bonds!



The COLA drink
with Canada Dry
Quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



The first flowers, whose arrival is almost as momentous as wearing dress, are opened. They are gardenias, which the florists recommend as safest to inexperienced swains.



Last touch is pinning on the flowers which requires two people, involves worry, indecision and pricked fingers. Then the two girls go downstairs to wait for their dates.

Motorola Radio delivers!



... from
A RECENT NEWS RELEASE

The first portable two-way radioset made by the Galvin Manufacturing Corporation, known as Walkie-Talkie, was developed in 1933 in the laboratories of the Signal Corps. Galvin did most of the development for the Signal Corps. Walkie-Talkie was the name given by the soldiers to these sets, and as the popularity of the device grew, 'walkie-talkie' became official Army jargon.

The Handie-Talkie is basically a Galvin idea, having been hatched in 1940 by the Company's chief engineer while he was watching infantry maneuvers in Wisconsin.

FROM the Motorola Engineering Laboratories there has come a steady stream of vital Electronic developments. As a result of our extensive pre-war pioneering in the engineering and production of Home and Car Radio, and Mobile 2-Way F-M Communications Systems for city, state and government agencies, the entire Motorola organization was fit and ready. It is a matter of record that when our government called, Motorola delivered and is still delivering in volume, the Military Radio Communications so urgently needed for Victory. It is a Motorola habit to be First!

What Electronics in War Means to Motorola Radio in Peace

Everything we have learned and are learning about Electronics during the War cannot possibly be incorporated into the first Post-War Motorola Radios. But you may be certain that because of our new Electronic knowledge, the new Motorolas will look smarter, sound better and bring you the maximum in Radio listening pleasure.



EXPECT BIG THINGS FROM MOTOROLA. THEY'RE IN THE MAKING!

For the continued development and production of Radio Communications and other special Electronic equipment for our Armed Forces, the Motorola organization has been awarded two stars for its Army-Navy "E" Flag. Motorola is proud of the part it has been privileged to play in the speeding of Victory.



Motorola

GALVIN

RADIO

FOR HOME & CAR

MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Generation after Generation

THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR



OLD CROW

BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

*To taste Old Crow today is
to savor the same perfection in
whiskey which generations
of critical drinkers have
known and applauded.*



The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have all you want of Old Crow when you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

TARAWA CAMERA CREW

Sirs:

One of the finest service-produced pictorial records of actual combat in this or any war was done by these Marine Corps photographers who "shot" Tarawa (LIFE, Dec. 13, pp. 27-29, 32, 34). Captain Louis Hayward, movie actor turned marine, commanded the de-

tail of 14 men, which included Staff Sgt. Norman Hatch and John Ercole who attended the March of Time School of Pictorial Journalism for the armed forces. One photographer was killed.

RICHARD DE ROCHEMONT
New York, N. Y.



TARAWA CAPTURED, CAPTAIN HAYWARD RESTS AMIDST WRECKAGE OF BATTLE



PHOTO GROUP: ERCOLE FOURTH FROM LEFT, FRONT; HATCH FAR RIGHT, BACK



TWO MARINES LIE DEAD ON THIS BEACH. ONE OF THEM WAS A PHOTOGRAPHER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125



Heavy bombs—vital cargo of war headed for naval action—are loaded safely, held securely in transit by Evans Utility Loader equipment.



Odd-shaped, heavy, uncrated farm machinery, double the ordinary load, is held firmly by Evans Utility Loader, rolls safely to destination.



Evans Utility Loader permits shipping twice as many Army aircraft engines per box car—in perfect safety—without expensive boxing.



song of the rails!

The throaty bark of a whistle pierces the still, cold air; sparks fly skyward, lights flicker; a rush and a roar, the clickety-click of speeding wheels on ribbons of steel . . . a long, shadowy form rolls through the night . . . it's the song of the rails!

Transporting precious cargoes of men, materials and munitions . . . in a ceaseless parade across the nation . . . American railroads are a mighty force in the fight for freedom.

And in this great network of wartime transportation the Evans Utility Loader is playing an important role. To railroads and shippers it brings a new efficiency to the ordinary box car . . . permits loading from *end to end—top to bottom* . . . adds an average of $\frac{1}{3}$ more payload per car.

Freight . . . odd shapes, sizes and weights . . . without dunnage or crating . . . is held firmly protected against vibration and shock . . . all slack is removed.

Damage in transit is eliminated . . . cost of cargo handling reduced by the Utility Loader. It *modernizes* box cars!

Vision to Anticipate the Needs of Tomorrow
Creates New Industries Today



**EVANS PRODUCTS
COMPANY**

DETROIT

Evans War Products: Machine Gun Mounts • Tank and Automotive Heating and Ventilating Equipment • Evansoil Water Heaters • Aircraft Engine Mounts • Airplane Landing Gear Beams • Battery Separators • Prefabricated Houses • Plywood • Skyloader • Utility Loader • Auto Loader • Auto-Railer • Auto-Stop • Stampings

W. Evans PRESIDENT

Here at last, was the rum
we had been searching for:
a "mountain rum"
of rare excellence!



We had heard, from native Puerto Ricans, that high up in the mountains of the island, there was a small distillery making a unique rum that had never before been exported to the States. We found the distillery, we tasted the rum, and discovered it to be truly superb. That was three years ago. Today this discovery, Ron Merito, is known to Americans from coast to coast. Enthusiastically they agree that rum drinks taste better when made with Ron Merito. It's the mountain-distilling that does it!

Ron
MERITO
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM



Available in both Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. Address Dept. L-5, National Distillers Products Corp., P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

LADDER VIEW

Sirs

Told to get an aerial view of the new State Guard Armory but forbidden by war restrictions from using an airplane, I inveigled the Chattanooga fire department into lending me its seven-story-high ladder from which I (top picture) took my air view (bottom picture)

LEE ANDERSON

Chattanooga News-Free Press
Chattanooga, Tenn.



Filter in ROYAL DEMUTH
makes pipe function superbly
ULTRA FINE IMPORTED BRIAR

FILTERS FOR
ROYAL DEMUTH PIPES

\$3.50

Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of **MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER**

Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved **PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS** specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N. Y. 3

Sky-Rite AIR MAIL ENVELOPES

20 SHEETS and one ENVELOPE
Weigh 1 oz.

Strong, brilliant white with a fine crackle leaves instantly for copywriting or pen. 20 sheets and one envelope weigh 1 ounce. Sky-Rite is RIGHT for Air Mail—many styles, both and business. Distributors from Coast to Coast. Sold at or better values. AGENCY PAPER COMPANY, New York and Chicago.

"FIRST in FUDGE"

Welch's Fudge

WELCH'S



WHAT'S UNUSUAL ABOUT THIS?

This looks like a nut.

It is a nut.

But it has something nuts have lacked in the past.

This nut holds fast. It never shakes loose — even where there is violent vibration.

It is an Elastic Stop Nut.

It has an elastic red collar in the top. This molds itself around the bolt threads. It grips the bolt. Being plastic, it cushions chattering vibration.

That's why nothing makes it loosen and turn.

Elastic Stop Nuts lock automatically anywhere on a bolt. You can put them on and take them off time and time again and they still lock.

We make millions of them every day. Every American airplane is fastened with them — some take as many as 50,000 for a single ship.

Literally billions of them are in use. And not one in a million has ever failed.

After the war, Elastic Stop Nuts will be

available for the many peacetime products to come.

They will do what they are now doing for America's war goods. They will make these products tighter, safer, quieter and free from the need of frequent attention.

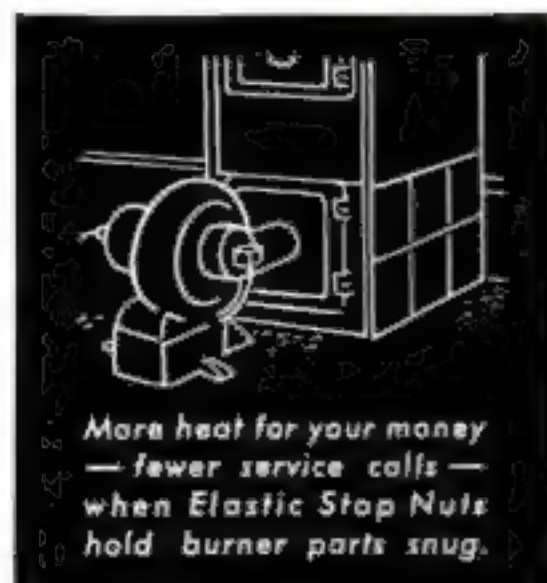
ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last



BACK THE ATTACK . . . BUY WAR BONDS

ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA





Kalamazoo

Stoves and Furnaces

QUALITY LEADERS SINCE 1901



Thousands of young couples today are planning future homes. Kalamazoo is planning, too... new stoves and furnaces of striking modern design, with far reaching improvements and "day-after-tomorrow" conveniences...but possessing, also, all the famous quality and craftsmanship that have been a noteworthy Kalamazoo tradition for generations.

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Invest in Victory—Buy War Bonds Today!



TODAY—Three great plants producing for war.

TOMORROW—Finer products than ever before.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

CORRIGAN'S CHIN

Sirs:

When Steve Corrigan was in the Royal Artillery, one of the things he learned to do was to balance the big wheel of an 18-pounder gun carriage—about the size of your 75-mm. gun—on his strong chin. The wheel weighs about 150 pounds. This picture was taken in an Edinburgh

square. Most of the Scottish spectators were very calm about the performance. But a boy and a girl in front are terribly worried that Corrigan's chin won't be able to take it.

PETER STERLING
Edinburgh, Scotland



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our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use only



... may I suggest the best gift
of all, U. S. War Bonds.

I.W. Harper



it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey



Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond
under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. | Tune in Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C. B. S.

Copyrighted material

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

TAIL-GUN
TOMMY
TALKING...

"LAST man to get there—last man back—that's me! I'm the tail gunner in a Flying Fort. And, if you could get an inside look at that bird-cage of mine, you'd know what I mean when I say that a pack of Camels is a lot of company. Because, when I can lean back and light up a Camel, everything's okay. Extra mild and full of flavor, they've got what it takes for my kind of smoking. And, from what I see, Camels are practically standard equipment in this end of the game."

Right, Sergeant Tommy. Camels are first in *all* the services.



IT'S
ALWAYS
CAMELS WITH
ME. THEY
SUIT ME TO A
'T' ON EVERY
COUNT



Camels

Have you
made the
'T-ZONE'
test?



• If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, give them a try today. Compare them critically... for taste... for your throat... for your "T-Zone." That's the real test of a cigarette... of any cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today!



"STINGER"—that's the 2-gun emplacement in the tail of the Boeing Flying Fortress—see circle in aerial photograph above—close-up view below.



FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



CAMELS
ARE SO EASY
ON MY THROAT
AND ALWAYS
TASTE SO FRESH
AND FLAVORFUL



THE GIRL BEHIND THE MAN WITH THE GUN is Elsie Clark, metal moulder at Boeing, home of the Flying Fortress. And she's just as partial to Camel cigarettes as the sergeant gunner above at the left.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.